The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV—NO. 26. MASSILLON, OHIO, DECEMBER 17, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1,222.

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COLE & REINOEHL, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law. Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

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UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. $150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

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JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23 West Main street.

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HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in General Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main Street.

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H. B. GARRIGUS, M. D. **Physician and Surgeon,** Office hours, 8:30 to 10:30 A. M. 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barrick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 241 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D. **SURGEON.** Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M. 12 M. to 2 P. M. 5 P. M. to 7 P. M. Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homœopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.. Office open day and night.

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JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie Street.

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MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

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MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

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DATWATER & SON. Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

ALBRIGHT & CO., Cash Grocery and Provision Dealers, Queensware, etc., No. 25 East Main street. Goods delivered free of charge.

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MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 352, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and Tate streets.

Cluverius in His Cell.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 13.—Thomas J. Cluverius, the condemned murderer of Fannie Lillian Madison, sees no one now but his spiritual adviser, Dr. Hatcher, and his brother, Willie Cluverius. The belief is general that the prisoner has confessed to Dr. Hatcher. Cluverius was a member of the Baptist church at the time he was arrested, and Dr. Hatcher is a prominent minister of that denomination and has known the prisoner for some years.



MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Legal Notice.

William H. Clay, residing at Leesburgh, Kosciusko county, in the state of Indiana, will take notice that on the 16th day of September, 1886, Michael Young commenced an action and caused an order of attachment to be issued against him for the sum of $39.51, by Robert H. Folger, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Perry township, Stark county, Ohio; that on the 21st day of September, 1886, such proceedings were had Peace said Justice of the Peace in said action, that said proceedings were by said Justice of the Peace certified to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, under Section 6511 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio. That on the 27th day of September said Michael Young filed his petition and caused an order of attachment to issue in said court against said William H. Clay, cause No. 1868, for the amount aforesaid and costs, and that on the 28th day of September, 1886, the Sheriff of said county attached the following real estate of said William H. Clay, to wit: The undivided seventh part of the southeast quarter of section thirty-three in Jackson township, Stark county, Ohio.

Said petition prays for judgment against said William H. Clay for $39.51 amount and costs.

Said William H. Clay is required to answer on or before the 8th day of January, 1887, or judgment will be entered against him.

22-6t MICHAEL YOUNG.

Attachment Notice.

Ellen Mylon, Plff, } Before W. S. S. Rogers, J. P.
versus } of Perry Township, Stark
Geo. Thompson, Dft } County, Ohio.

On the 1st day of December, 1886, said Justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of $53.10. ELLEN MYLON.

Massillon, Dec. 1, 1886.—24t

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of George A. Ralston, Dec'd

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administratrix of the estate of George A. Ralston, late of Stark county, deceased.

Dated this 9th day of November A. D. 1886. 24t3 MARGARET M. RALSTON.

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual election of Directors of the Union National Bank of Massillon, Ohio, will be held at the banking office of said bank at 10 a. m., January 11, 1887.

J. H. HUNT, Cashier.

Massillon, O., Nov. 29, 1886.—24t3

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual election of Directors of the First National Bank of Massillon, Ohio, will be held at the banking office of said bank at 10 a. m., January 11, 1887.

C. STEESE, Cashier.

Massillon, O., Nov. 29, 1886. 24t3

A JUDGE GRESHAM BOOM.

THAT DECISION AGAINST GOULD STARTS IT AGAIN.

The First Judge to Take a Decided Stand Against the Many Millionaire—What is Said in Wall Street About the Matter. The Times' Comment.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The World says: Judge Gresham's decision, removing Solon Humphreys from the receivership of the Wabash railroad, was received with acclaim by the large and growing anti-Gould party in Wall street. It was said that Gresham was the first judge to take a decided stand against Jay Gould in a case involving a part of the millionaire's railroad system. Judge Gresham is the man for whom quite a boom as a Republican presidential candidate was started in 1883. Yesterday the boom was started again.

Henry Clews stood in front of a room full of operators yesterday and made a little speech, in which he said: "I predict that Judge Gresham will be the next Republican nominee for president. He is a man on whom all factions can unite, and this decision will not hurt him in the least. The management of the Wabash railroad has been shameful, and the judge's decision strikes at the very root of the evil."

A representative of the Wabash purchasing committee said there had been no discussion as yet in regard to Gresham's decision as to what should now be done. The committee now has deposited with it in approval of its plans about $10,500,000 of the total $27,000,000 of Wabash securities. Holders of about $3,000,000 of Wabash securities were represented in the Chicago suits against the purchasing committee's plans.

The other security holders do not seem to have taken any side in the controversy, but are waiting for developments. Whether the Wabash committee will buy up or compromise with the dissatisfied holders is not determined, but many believe that the reorganization plans will go through, and they base their belief on the supposition that the Gould interest is too strong to be balked by such a thing as a decision by Judge Gresham.

The Times says: "Wall street has had no news in many a day—save only the announcements that have led to the disaster or developments suddenly whirling the stock market upward—in which so much interest has been manifested as was yesterday shown in the decision of Judge Gresham, of Illinois, in the Wabash receivership case. Such bold words as Judge Gresham used are not often heard from the bench in these days.

"At one blow he knocks out one of the wickedest pieces of scheming and chicanery that this country has ever known in all its long line of corporation corruptions. A black eye for Jay Gould, a kicking of Gould's dependents out of official place, a scathing rebuke to Gould methods, a check to an almost inimitable plan of rascality and robbery—this from the bench has seemed sufficient even for the wonderment of Wall street, where all theories go based on the idea that "the little man" owns courts, and has a sort of a vested right in everything that pertains to judges and judgments.

"But there was not more wonderment than admiration. Judge Gresham's independence was everywhere applauded, outside of the circle where Gould's dependents sing forever the endless song of their master's praises. The story of the Wabash receivership has long been a by-word in Wall street. The receivers have been Gould men for years. One was his lawyer; one has been his figurehead in a dozen enterprises.

"Gould, among kindred clever men, was everywhere applauded when it came about that he had been so able to manipulate things as to keep the bankrupt Wabash system in his own hands 'for the protection' of security holders. 'Protection.' This was the court's phrase. Jay Gould's men wasted no time in hurrying to make plain the cynical humor of it."

THE COWHIDING OF JUDGE REID.

An Act that Drove the Judge to Suicide and Will Send the Culprit to Prison.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 14.—The court of appeals has decided that John L. Cornelison must serve a sentence of three years in the penitentiary for cowhiding Judge Richard Reid. The decison recalls one of the most sensational tragedies in the history of the state. Reid was judge of the superior court, and it became his duty to decide a case in which Cornelison, who was a lawyer at Mount Sterling, was very much interested. Cornelison ascribed improper motives to Reid, and visiting him at his office in Mount Sterling, lashed him with a cowhide. It produced a great sensation at that time. There was but one thing for Reid to do, under the Kentucky code, and that was to kill Cornelison. He was a gentle, Christian man, an upright and honorable judge, and he could not take another's life; but, stung with shame and humiliation, he went to his office and shot himself through the head. Cornelison was arrested and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. The case was appealed, and this decision sends the culprit to prison unless the governor pardons him, which is not probable.

The Medical College Murder.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15.—The murder of the white woman, Emily Brown, by John Thomas Ross and Albert Hawkins principals, and Anderson Perry, accessory, all colored, continues to absorb the public mind. The people are high in their praises of the marvellous and unexcelled work on the part of Marshal Frey and his police in unravelling the mystery and running down the perpetrators of this awful crime. Had it not been for their zeal and alacrity the case would, in all likelihood, have gone on record as a common case of body snatching. The grand jury have also made rapid disposition of the case, and the three negroes, Ross, Hawkins and Perry were presented, indicted and arraigned for the murder. Each and all of them pleaded not guilty. Judge Duffy will appoint counsel for the prisoners in a few days, and a speedy trial is expected.

DR. M'GLYNN'S SUMMONS.

Cardinal Manning Interviewed on This Important Church Subject.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The World's London correspondent cables an interview had with Cardinal Manning upon Dr. McGlynn's summons to Rome and the labor movement in America. The cardinal, in reply to questions, said that he presumed the summons was more for the purpose of allowing Dr. McGlynn to make an explanation than anything else. In itself it did not imply a condemnation. When reminded that the incident had created an impression that the church was opposed to Henry George and to the present labor movement, the cardinal said: "The church is not opposed to them unless they fall into Socialism. It has always been the faithful friend of the working people, but there must be a wide distinction between the Socialists and the workingman. I saw in a telegram sometime ago that Mr. George had said the church had never confirmed the principles of property in land. The reverse is the fact. The whole history of the church shows that it holds and teaches the law of property in land."



REV. EDWARD M'GLYNN.

In regard to Mr. George, the cardinal said that in a personal interview with Mr. George he had understood him to recognize the principle that property is founded in the law of nature and is sanctioned in Revelation, but he contended against the intolerable evils which result from an exaggerated form of the law of property. The cardinal added that he was much pleased by Mr. George's quiet earnestness and reverence with which he spoke of Christ and his teachings.

The World also devotes several columns to opinions by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Leroy, of New Orleans; Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis; Bishop Ryan, of Western New York; Vicar General Conway, of Chicago; Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester; Bishop McNierney, of Albany, and others regarding the Father McGlynn episode and the labor movement. All declined to express any opinion as to the merits of Dr. McGlynn's case, but it was evident that they did not look upon him as condemned. The tenor of their remarks was sympathetic toward the labor movement so far as it employes legal methods.

There are various surmises as to when he will start for Rome. By some it is believed that he will set out either this week or next, while others say that he will not start until after January 1. The doctor is still evidently performing the functions of rector of St. Stephens, and all of his assistants are as punctillious as himself in declining to be seen or spoken to on the subject of his call to Rome.

SIXTY PEOPLE PERISH.

Scores of Women and Children Roasted to Death on a Burning Steamboat.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 15.—Word has reached here that the elegant steamer J. M. White, running between Vicksburg and New Orleans, burned to the water's edge about 12 o'clock last night while lying at the bank near Bayou Sara, La. About sixty lives were lost, consisting largely of women and children. Nearly all the crew were saved. Among the passengers reported lost is the superintendent of the Vandalia railroad at Natchez, who, together with his wife and children, perished in the disaster. The books of the boat were lost.

The origin of the fire is yet a mystery. The flames spread rapidly, and before the passengers in the state rooms could get on the deck the flames had already communicated to their rooms. Efforts were made when the fire was first discovered to awaken the sleeping passengers, but so dense was the smoke and so rapid was the progress of the fire that those who undertook the task had to rush on deck before completing their work.

The scenes which followed are described as heartrending. The cries of the inmates of the state rooms filled the air as they were slowly consumed, while those on deck rushed frantically up and down, wringing their hands and calling on God for protection. Many became frenzied and jumped overboard, only to be drowned. Some of those confined in state rooms succeeded in bursting open their doors, but the flames, which had already filled the passages, cut off all means of escape, and they were either driven back to their rooms to be slowly suffocated, or fell a prey to the flames in their attempts to reach the deck.

The J. M. White was the finest steamer on the Mississippi river. She was on route to New Orleans and had a cargo of cotton on board estimated at not less than 2,000 bales. The surviving passengers and crew were conveyed to New Orleans.

SECRETARY LAMAR APPEALED TO.

A Young White Man Wants to Marry Standing Bear's Daughter.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—A rather novel request has been received at the interior department from a young man living in Nebraska, who wants to marry a daughter of Standing Bear, a Sioux chief. He tells who he is and encloses a photograph of the girl, who is very good looking, and was educated at Carlisle. The young man, however, wishes to go and live on the reservation with his prospective wife and her relations, and for this reason it was necessary to obtain the permission of the interior department. White men are not allowed to stay on an Indian reservation unless they have authority from the government to do so; therefore this young man was obliged to take the government into his confidence and reveal his love affairs.

Secretary Lamar considered the matter from its practical rather than its sentimental side, and concluded that while he could not prevent the young man marrying the girl, he could prevent him from going to live with the old folks, and if he was anxious to marry the young woman, as he professed to be, he might scratch around and provide her with a home. The secretary will write a letter to the lover, and, while not discouraging the ardor of his love, will suggest the practical view of the situation, which seems to have escaped him. Until there is some change in the present plans of the young man the paternal benediction of the interior department will be withheld.

A HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

STARTLING REVALATIONS IN A MURDER TRIAL IN PARIS.

A Man Killed With a Crowbar, His Body Sawed to Pieces, Boiled in a Cooking Pot and the Flesh Fed to Hogs—Gashan Kahn Killed By His Own Son—Notes.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—During the trial of Jean Faure and Marie Plancher for the murder of Claude Faure, in the assizes at Privas, department of Ardeche, to-day, the prisoners broke down and confessed their crime. Jean said he struck his victim several times with a crowbar, causing death. He then with a hatchet and saw cut the body into pieces, which the woman boiled in the family cooking pot until the flesh became separated from the bones. The flesh was fed to the pigs, and the bones, together with such parts of the body as the pigs refused to eat, were buried in the barnyard.

The woman told a similar story, supplementing it with the statement that after boiling the pieces of Claude Faure's body she prepared soup for the family, herself included in the same pot without having first cleaned it.

Comte De Paris Still Hopeful.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Comte de Paris, writing to his partisans from Scotland, denounces in scathing terms the alliance of the right and the extreme left in the French chamber of deputies simply for the purpose of hampering the government. He says that monarchy is the government of France in reserve and that the Conservatives ought not to refuse to accept the republic as a working machine until the way is prepared for peaceful return of the monarchy.

A Threatening Letter to the Czar.

BERLIN, Dec. 14.—The Tageblatt is responsible for the story that the Czar of Russia, recently found upon his writing table a letter declaring that the Nihilists would wait no longer for the czar to deliver the people from bondage, but would at once undertake their deliverance themselves. The czar thereupon summoned the council together and ordered them to prepare a constitution.

Gashan Khan Killed By His Son.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 14.—The Syet says that Gashan Khan, the ruler of Coundskout, Central Asia, and England's staunch friend, was recently murdered at the instance of his son, Sander Khan, who is England's sworn enemy. Sander Khan is making preparations to resist the Cashmere vassals of England, should they attempt to interfere to avenge the death of Gashan.

A Herdsman's Bravery.

DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—Two men armed with revolvers and pitchfork handles attacked a herdsman named Cahill, near Limerick. Cahill seized one of his assailants and held him fast. The other fired his revolver at Cahill, but missed him, and fearing arrest, ran away. The police are now tracking him. The man seized by Cahill was turned over to the police.

EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS' RELIEF.

The Committee Make a Formal Report to the Charleston City Council.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 15. The earthquake relief committee, headed by Mayor Courtney, chairman, made a formal report to the city council last night, of the total amount contributed by the country in general, for the relief of the earthquake sufferers, together with the disposition they have made of the same. The labors of the committee are now nearly finished and from their report the following facts are obtained. The total amount of the various sums received by the committee up to date, aggregate $815,000, of this sum New York city contributed $152,070; New York state, outside of New York city, about $30,000; Boston's contribution was $76,902; Baltimore, $37,905; New Orleans, $7,753 and San Francisco, $16,070. The remainder was contributed by the other states and territories of the Union, nearly every one of which sent something. In addition to the above, handsome sums were also received from many countries of the old world. The citizens of South Carolina contributed to the relief fund $18,208, and Charleston $5,000.

In addition to the above, the following considerable amounts were contributed to private parties and for rebuilding shattered churches and charitable institutions, viz: To Episcopal churches, $35,000; Catholic, $20,000; Presbyterian, $11,000; Baptist, $10,000; Methodist, $8,464; Hugenot, $16,100; Lutheran, $5,357; Hazel Street Synagogue, $5,000; Hebrew Benevolent society, $4,500; Confederate home, $5,000; Medical college, $25,000; other charitable organizations, $20,000; for Masonic relief, $15,048. From the funds received the committee have furnished food, houses and shelter to 13,000 who would otherwise have been destitute. The balance remaining on hand now is $180,000 and from this amount the committee have appropriated $86,000 to complete repairs to injured houses, and the remainder to be devoted to building a city hospital in place of the one destroyed by the earthquake. The new hospital will be a memorial to the magnificent charity of the American people.

DABNEY'S DENIAL.

A Letter From the Medical Examiner of the Pension Office.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The following letter from Medical Examiner Dabney to Commissioner Black, of the pension office, has been made public:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, PENSION OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1886.

"Hon. John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions:

"DEAR SIR.—Inasmuch as the press of this country have made many false statements about me, I deem it my duty to you to state, upon my honor, that I was born on a cotton plantation in Hinds county, Mississippi, May 16, 1850; that I never was enlisted in any army; that I never was at Andersonville in my life; that I never served as a guard anywhere; that I never fired a gun at any person in my life; that, so far as I know, no political influence was brought to bear to procure my present appointment; that a Republican civil service commission testified to my fitness; that Gen. Street, Republican, commander of a post of G. A. R. in New Orleans, recommended me, by letter, to you as being a suitable man for the position of United States examining surgeon; that, so far as I know, no one in your department knew my political faith when I was appointed to this office. I have the honor to subscribe myself, very respectfully,

"T. S. DABNEY, Medical Examiner."

Shot for a Witch.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 15. The wife of Wilson Corn, a colored man, living four miles from Georges, with her two children, started from their home to attend church last night. They had proceeded only a short distance when Mrs. Corn was shot and killed by some unknown person. The children say that a big black man did it. Mrs. Corn was looked upon by her ignorant neighbors as a dangerous person, being able to "use you up, put things on you, work spells," etc., and it is thought she may have been taken for a witch.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Third Day.

A bill was introduced for the redemption of trade dollars. After some resolutions had been offered, the senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Morrill's tariff resolution. Messrs. Morrill, Beck and Sherman made speeches. Senator Dawes got the floor, and the senate at 5:30 p. m., adjourned until Monday.

In the house the bill extending the free delivery system was passed. Also a bill authorizing the employment of mail messengers in the postal service. The electoral count bill was passed without division. The bill creating a department of agriculture and labor was taken up and discussed. Pending debate, the sundry civil appropriation bill was reported, and at 5 p. m. the house adjourned.

Fourth Day.

The senate was not in session. In the house, after the reading of the journal, the death of Representative Dowdney, of New York, was announced. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and at 12:20 the house adjourned as a mark of respect to the deceased.

Fifth Day.

In the house a bill was passed opening the public land strip in Kansas to entry. Conferees were appointed on the bill taxing fractional parts of a gallon. The bill forfeiting the Ontonagon and the Brule river land grant was passed without division. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up and discussed until 3 o'clock p. m., when the house adjourned.

Sixth Day.

In the senate the credentials were presented of Senator Edmunds for the full term commencing March 4, 1887. A number of bills were introduced. The electoral count bill was reported from the house. The Morrill tariff resolution was discussed by Messrs. Dawes and McPherson. Mr. Morrill moved to refer his resolution to the finance committee, but withdrew his motion and the resolution went over. Notice of the death of Mr. Dowdney being received, a committee was appointed to attend the funeral, and as a mark of respect the senate adjourned at 3:35 p. m.

In the house a number of bills were introduced under the call of states, after which the committee on the District of Columbia took the floor. An attempt to pass a school board bill for the district was opposed by filibustering until 5 p. m., when the house adjourned.

Seventh Day.

In the senate memorials were presented and bills introduced and referred. Bills for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollar and to prevent frauds on the American manufacturers were reported from the committee on finance. The amendments to the electoral count bill were non-concurred in and a conference committee appointed. The bill to repeal the tenure of office law was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Edmunds, Hoar and George. At 3 p. m. the senate went into executive session and shortly after adjourned.

In the house the estimates were referred to the committee on rules to report a resolution for their distribution among the committees. A bill was passed appropriating $10,000 for grading and paving the approaches to the National cemetery at Danville, Va. A resolution was reported back calling on the secretary of the treasury for the interpretation of the department as to the duty on fresh fish. The bill granting right of way through the Yellowstone Park to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad company was beaten in committee of the whole, but before action could be taken by the house the morning hour expired. Mr. Morrison gave notice that he would call up his revenue bill on Saturday next. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up and debated. Appropriations for several public buildings were increased before adjournment at 5 p. m.

A Train Load of Passengers Robbed.

BELLEVUE STATION, Tex., Dec. 14.—Three robbers, unmasked and unknown, entered a train here yesterday and with drawn pistols forced the passengers to surrender their valuables. After they had gone an inventory was taken. Male passengers lost $105 cash, three gold watches, ten silver watches, five revolvers and a gold ring. The lady passengers were not molested. This courtesy on the part of the bold brigands, who were evidently novices, saved the passengers $12,000 and $4,000 jewelry, many of the ladies on the train taking temporary charge of their males friends' valuables. Among the passengers were four United States soldiers, who quietly gave up their pistols when asked to. One lady, Mrs. Witlick, of Carthage, Mo., was greatly incensed at the proceedings, and boldly stood up in the car and asked if forty men men were going to tamely submit to such an outrage at the hands of three highwaymen.

A Priest Who Cursed a Saloon.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 15.—At the close of one of the masses in the church of Our Lady of the Valley, Rev. Father Cullen, the pastor, referred pointedly to the alarming violations of the law and to the extensive sale of liquors to minors. In speaking of a certain saloon in Orange Valley, he described it in such a manner that the members of his congregation could not but know to what place he referred. Suddenly turning the alter, he laid his hand upon it, and, to the surprise of the congregation, uttered a curse on the saloon. The matter has been the chief topic of conversation in all the Oranges.

Jeff Davis Invited to Come North.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Jefferson Davis is reported to be much elated over the cordial reception of his daughter at the North, and the family who have been specially attentive to Miss Winnie were treated a few days ago to a long letter from the Ex-Confederate president filled with thanks and appreciative sentiment. A letter sent in answer to the epistle urges Mr. Davis himself to come North before the winter is over, "and get some new ideas about old enemies."

Coryphees in a Box Car.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The discharged coryphees from the National Opera company have arrived here from Chicago in a box car, having traveled in this uncomfortable style all the way. They were a disconsolate and forlorn looking crowd. They admitted that their discharge was not in violation of contract, but they made inquiries for Counsel Eaton of the company, to whom they will claim that they have not received their full salaries.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A Modern Metamorphosis.



Rhyme of a miracle of to-day
More wond'rous than any in ancient lay.

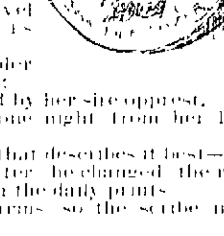
She was a common-place country lass,
One you but glance at as you pass;
A face that rarely achieved repose,
Blue-green eyes and a tip up nose,
Hair that a girl-friend did once imply
Had grown near the suburbs of Auburn, N. Y.,
A shortish form in a gingham gown—
She wasn't a beauty to win renown.

He was her love. Not far away
He worked in a saw-mill for untold pay;
He'd whitish hair and watery eyes
And freckles of notable number and size;
Each whisker grew in a little spot,
And he was as tall as she was not.
He wasn't remarkably neatly drest,
Even when he was rigged in his Sunday best.
With humble aims and an aspect tame
You would hardly predict for him wealth and fame.

He had first been struck by her artless way
When she watched him sawing for half a day;
And she watched with an interest warm and frank
As he changed from lathing to four-inch plank;
And his passion grew stronger the self-same way
As he watched her watching him day by day,
Till at last an "understanding" came
In sawdust was kindled a mutual flame.
But her father, a deal like the usual sire,
Had aims for his daughter a trifle higher—
In his own small burgh he seemed quite rich—
And he and her lover "didn't hitch."

*

A year has passed, a love's short year,
And what is this wonderful change we hear:
He is a handsome and manly youth,
The mainspring of life in his town, in truth,
With raven hair and an eagle eye
That no fair damsel could long deny.
And he rides a steed of such wondrous power
That a score of miles can it score each hour.
She's a beautiful rural maid,
The belle of the country for miles, 'tis said,
Rich brown hair and a dainty form,
And eyes that carry her world by storm:
A perfect vision of loveliness,
With diamond rings and a silken dress
Which her wealthy sire, though close he be,
Has decked his child with tenderly
Now, why this change from their previous state?
Were they millionaires at a recent date,
And has art and travel so wrought their fate?
Or was Doctor, (now, reader, don't stop in a huff,
This isn't a patent medicine puff),



Was Dr. Skaverhed's Elixir
The cause of this change in their form and mien?
Not either: the marvel so strange is wrought
In a way of a simpler and surer sort;
Her lover grew bold by her sire oppressed,
And changed her one night from her little nest
Eloped is the word that describes it best—
And the news reporter he changed the rest!
For, eloping pairs in the daily prints
Must have all charms so the scribe never stints.

Puck.

WHAT THEY FIND TO SAY.

Several Brief Conversations Overheard on Broadway the Other Morning.

"Why, Clara, is that you?"

"Why, Minnie!" (*they kiss.*)

"I haven't seen you since you came back from the country. Did you have a nice time?"



"Perfectly lovely. Did you?"

"Perfectly magnificent. How is that dear little Fido of yours?"

"Oh, he's just as lovely as ever. I'm teaching him to walk on his hind legs now."

"Oh, isn't that too sweet for anything! How are the children?"

"All well but Johnny; he has the croup."

"Oh, isn't that perfectly awful! Have you got the same cook?"

"That horrid German creature? Thank goodness, no. I have a French woman now."

"Is she good?"

"Elegant. Oh, Minnie, have you seen Mrs. Delaney's new hat? It's last year's made over, with her old white ostrich-feather dyed brown—I knew it the moment I set my eyes on it—and that same old piece of red velvet that she's worn for the last five years. Isn't it ridiculous? Is Mr. Delaney in straitened circumstances, or is it economy?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I think she's perfectly horrid, anyway. What a perfectly lovely hat yours is?"

"It's awfully nice in you to say so. Yours is simply grand. But I must be going. Do come and see me soon."

"I'm going to. Good-bye, dear."

"By-bye."

"Soy, Jimmy!"

"Hullo, Mike, is dat you? Where yer bin sence 'lection?"

"Me? Oh, I've bin layin' low."



"Dey tell me yer got inter some kind ur a muss."

"Ye'r right I did. I was workin' all 'lection day fer me brudder-in-law, Hooligan, an' I—"

"Is Hooligan yer brudder-in-law?"

"Why, cert; he married me sister Kate. When he got der nomination, he ses, ses he: 'Do what yer kin fer me, Mike, an' ef I gets in, I'll have yer put on der *police*.' I t'ought he was white, an' I worked for him all day at der polls. Towards der last der inspectors got onter me racket, an' I had ter skip. As soon as I heard Hooligan was elected I went ter him, an' ses I: 'Ef it hadn'ter bin fer me, yer wudn'ter got yer majority. Now,' ses I, 'I'm in trouble, an' yer've got ter see me t'rough.' 'Naw,' ses he; 'I'm sorry fer yer, Mike, but in me present position,' ses he, 'I can't afford ter be mixed up in der matter.' Blankety, blankety, blank!"

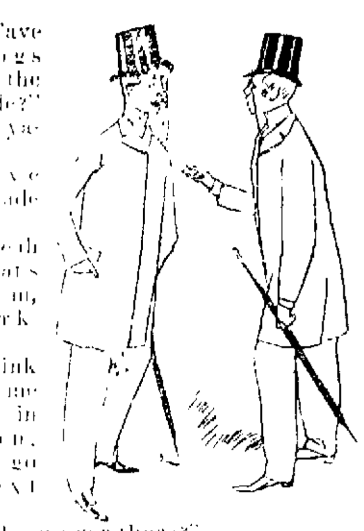
"Blankety, blankety, blank!" (*sympathetically.*)

"Ah, old chappie, you heah?".

"Ya-as, deah boy. Beastly mawning."

"Oh, shocking. I say, though, that's a new top coat you'ave on."

"Ya-as. Like it, deah boy? Got it from the custom 'ouse, yesterday."



"You 'ave your togs made on the other side?"

"Oh ya-as."

"I 'ave mine made heah."

"Oh deah boy, that's bad form, don che'r know. I think I'll leave me measure in London, when I go over next yeah."

"Evah been over there?"

"No 'ave you?"

"Nevah."

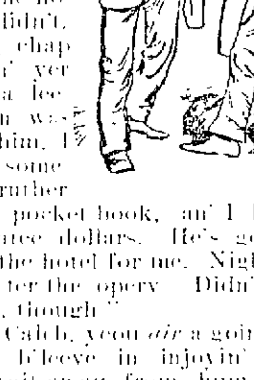
"Wa-al Reuben I didn't calc'late ter meet *you* here."

"Why, I wanter know ef that's yeou, Caleb. When'd yer come ter the city?"

"Day before yest'dy. But sa-ay, Reuben, didn't I see yeou a comin' aout o' that licker store over yender?"

"Wa-al er, Caleb the fact is, I wa'n't feelin' very well."

"Sakes alive, Reuben, yeou needn't be afeard o' *me*. *I* shan't say nothin' ter the folks 't hum. Ben a goin' it a leetle mite myself since I ben daown here. Went ter one o' these here burlesque shows last night. Struck up an acquaintance with a young feller there an' we went aout ev'ry time the curtain went daown, an' got some o' this here lager beer. I drunk 's many 's five glasses—did, by hokey, Reuben—an' I tell yeou it flew ter my head, an' I didn't know but what I was goin' ter have trouble ter git back ter the hotel. But I didn't. The young chap I was tellin' yer 'baout got a leetle more 'n was good for him, I guess, for some haow 'r nuther he lost his pocket-book, an' I had ter lend him three dollars. He's goin' ter leave it at the hotel for me. Night afore last I went ter the opery. Didn't think much on it, though."



"Wa-al, Caleb, yeou *air* a goin' it."

"Yes, I b'leeve in injoyin' myself when I *do* git away from hum once'n awhile. Say, come in here an' have somethin' at my 'xpense."

"Wa-al, I'll be darned, Caleb, ef you *ain't* a goin' it! Go ahead then. I won't 'nsult yer by refusin'. Haw, haw, haw!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"—*Puck.*

Women in the School Board.

There is an increasing sentiment in favor of putting women in our school boards. They certainly have as great, if not a greater, interest in the education of children than the sterner sex, and with experience, they probably would serve the public interests involved with efficiency.

A report reaches us from a country neighborhood "down East," that has recently elected a female school board, and our correspondent sends us the following list of questions which they have drawn up to propound to any young man applying for the position of teacher in the district school

I. Have you any prejudice against boarding around?

II. Would you object to splitting kindling wood if you could do it evenings?

III. Would you be willing to excuse the big girls half a day Mondays to help wash?

IV. Do you approve of Union under garments for children?

V. How many eggs would you use in a batch of pumpkin pies?

VI. What is the best month to bile soap?

VII. Would you lay skirts in pleats, or cut them goring?

VIII. Do you favor oleomargarine or lard for shortening?

IX. Would you set out cabbage plants before or after a rain?

X. When would you set hens?



Before the Board.

XI. Do you favor the basque or polonaise?

XII. Would you speak a piece at the meeting of our Dorcas Sewing Society?

XIII. Could you help in the choir?

XIV. Would you set the sponge over night for yeast bread, or do you advocate salt rising?

XV. Do you favor women voting, and what would be a fair remuneration for each vote?

XVI. Is biled dinner indigestible?

XVII. Is coffee or eggshell best for settling coffee?

XVIII. Do you believe in the future punishment of disobedient scholars?

XIX. Or would you give it to 'em as they go along?

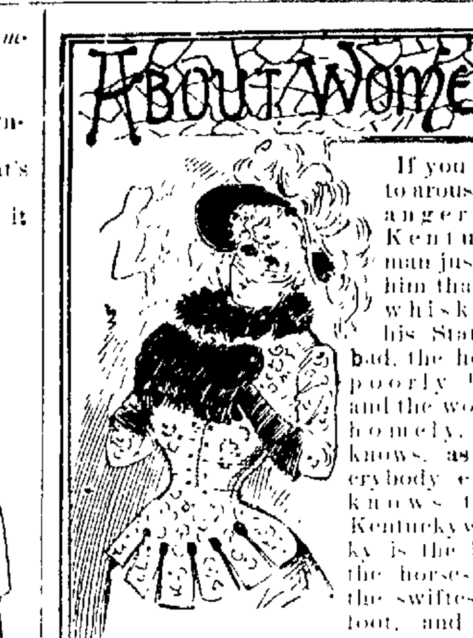
XX. Do you favor double heels and toes in knitting?

XXI. How much for a drawing of tea to each person?

XXII. Are you willing to subscribe to the missionary cause?

XXIII. Are you temperate, and if so, how much?

One can well imagine the state of mind into which such an array of questions would plunge a young man who wanted to teach.—*Texas Siftings.*



If you want to arouse the anger of a Kentucky man just tell him that the whisky in his State is bad, the horses poorly bred, and the women homely. He knows, as everybody else knows that Kentucky whisky is the best, the horses are the swiftest of foot, and the women the handsomest. He may, out of deference to your opinion, allow you to criticise and condemn his horses or his whisky, but his women, never! And yet Kentucky is hardly the best State in the Union where beautiful women are found. Step over the line into Ohio and spend a few days at Cincinnati if you want to see female loveliness of a typical kind.

Cincinnati women have perfect complexions. In accounting for the unusual fairness a clubman there said: "It may be that our proximity to Kentucky has something to do with the matter. You see, Covington is only across the river, and we are enabled to import handsome women without much trouble. But Ohio is not indebted to Kentucky alone for the beauty of her women. She is the oldest of what were once termed 'the new Western States.' Some of the best and bluest of New England blood came here in early days. This has been improved from year to year until you see the result before you."

It is certainly wonderful how Cincinnati women can keep or preserve such clear and brilliant complexions in such a city. The rolling mills and factories so fill the air with black smoke that even the sun is obscured. The soot from the soft coal smoke finds its way into the houses through every open window and door. The waiter at your hotel covers up the mouth of your bottle in order to keep out this all pervading soot. Ladies when out upon the street, or even at home, are obliged to exercise great care to avoid touching their hands or handkerchiefs. The presence of a big black smootch on a women's face is the commonest kind of sight, but is not conducive to personal beauty.

The merits of St. Louis and Chicago women have been too widely discussed to need further notice. Still it must be admitted that, while the St. Louis girls are fairer, the Chicago girls are more stylish and more vivacious. One need remain in Chicago hardly a week to discover this fact. Drive along Prairie avenue, or through the parks, or out on the boulevards any afternoon and you will see the characteristics of New York society reproduced almost exactly. Yonder speed the same carriages, with the same bobtailed, English looking horses and still more English looking coachmen and footmen. Were it not for the unusual width of the streets, the vista of the lake, dotted with sail, and the spaciousness of the grounds of private residences, you might think that you were in New York. Even the faces in the coaches are familiar. Chicago approaches nearer to New York in its general features than any other city in the country.

In San Francisco the men of great fortunes are those who came to California during the mining excitement without a cent. Yankees, Irishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Chinese, and Englishmen. Fortune smiled upon them and they have adorned Nob Hill with splendid palaces, and have set up great establishments with retinues of servants. These men, many of whose ancestors were ignorant, stupid laborers, are now playing the role of the grand seignior. Vulgarity and coarseness, however, cannot be hidden by silk and broadcloth. There is, nevertheless, in San Francisco a circle of society into which these people cannot enter. It is made up of men and women of refinement and culture who do not believe in an aristocracy of wealth.

The California girl of the average type is not pretty. The main difficulty with which the women of the Pacific slope must contend is the seeming impossibility of bringing out or preserving a good complexion. The fierce winds which blow from the Pacific or from the mountains, combined with a naturally dry atmosphere are enough to ruin the best of complexions in a short time. For this reason the California girl resorts to the use of paints and powders. If she can't produce a good complexion by natural means she will by artificial aids. Stroll down Market or Montgomery street any afternoon and you will observe that eight out of every ten women you meet have painted cheeks. A popular druggist said that he had 110 different preparations for the face in stock in his store.

But although a California girl's face may be plain, her figure is divine. No matter where you go you will always find women with beautiful forms. One would think that the State would become a refuge for women who complain of being scrawny and angular. A two-year's residence there makes a marvelous change in the outlines of the figure. California girls are even more vivacious than those of Chicago. They are witty, quick at repartee, and fond of adventure. Merry-hearted and jolly, they are never vulgar. They use good, vigorous English, and are not averse to slang. There is a frankness of manner about some of them which would shock some of their eastern sisters.

Wine is so cheap throughout the State that nearly all women in San Francisco drink it, and when occasion demands even stronger liquids. Champagne flows as freely as water at all kinds of parties, and the dinner-table is never without it. In traveling the ladies invariably carry with them a small pocket flask containing whisky or brandy. They are not ashamed of it either. The first morning after leaving San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railroad the tourists arose quite early in order to see the famous Yehichipa "loop." A pretty girl belonging to one of the first families in San Francisco came out on the platform of the car where several people were standing and seated herself upon one of the steps. By and by she opened the little bag and took out a flask with a silver top. Deftly unscrewing the stopper, she placed the flask of whisky to her lips and drank a swallow without the slighest hesitation.

"Gad!" exclaimed one of the men, "Blamed if I don't like the frankness of the girl. Instead of sneaking off in a corner, she takes a drink before us all."

The California girl's feet are shaped like a chemist's spatula, very long and very narrow. Eastern people are apt to laugh outright when they see those queer-shaped boots for the first time. A long, slim foot cannot, by any standard, be considered beautiful. It does not look as though it was made for use or ornament. It is disappointing. The head of a family soberly said that his children, born in Maine, had Maine feet, broad and ample, while those born in San Francisco had the genuine California foot, long and narrow. Would it not be a good plan for some scientist to study into the matter and determine why this is so?—*N. Y. World.*

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who Are Just Lifting Life's Curtain.

PUNISHMENT SUSPENDED.

A four year-old miss, of Main street, with a serious air, said to her mother the other day. "Ma, I think I ought to get a spanking." Mamma made an effort to look her sharply in the eye, when the little one added: "I guess you needn't mind this time. I won't be naughty again."—*Buffalo Courier.*

ROBBY APPLIES A TEST.

Robby, aged three, complained that his tea, the regulation milk-and-water article, was not to his taste. His mother, beside whom he was seated, said: "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose we change teas," suggested Robby.—*Babyhood.*

A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

In school. The teacher takes out his watch.

"As we have a few minutes before we close, you can ask any question you wish."

One little kid comes forward.

"Teacher, what time is it, please?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A HITCH IN THE PROGRAMME.

There is a little boy down in Lynn who is given to the telling of very large stories and who often has to be chastened for untruthfulness. Not long since his father, to try the effect of a new treatment, gave over the usual method of punishment and told the boy the story of Ananias and Sapphira with all the impressiveness that he could master. The boy seemed to be much edified by the narrative.

"The very next evening, when the father came home, he found his wife leaning over the boy with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" the father asked.

"Oh, Willie has been telling another great big lie," said she.

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and God didn't dead me, either."—*Boston Record.*

WANTED FULL CREDIT.

A benevolent young lady, who had for a long time sought to convey some lasting moral lessons to young boys at the North End who had been gathered into her class, while conversing with one of the youngsters recently, referred to the death of his brother, when he spoke up in a tone expressive of pride and gratification: "Oh, that ain't all the dead I got; I had 'nother brother die awhile ago."—*Boston Journal.*

BIRDIE AT THE FAIR.

Groups of picnicking youngsters dotted the grass in every direction. The tents were possessed by them. Their eager, flushed faces and bright dresses encountered one everywhere as the joyous multitude surged from one attraction to another. Tiny girl-tots of five and six had invested their little all in baby dolls about six inches long, of waxen countenance and wooden legs, and that paucity of attire which usually characterizes the small wax dolls.

"Birdie," said I conciliatorily to a wee damsel who was surveying hers with the most unalloyed satisfaction, "where did you get that?"

"In the main Buildin' f'om a gemplum," said Birdie, turning her dimpled face up at me trustfully.

"And how much did you pay for it?" I inquired.

"Nossin. De gemplum said 'Here's de dolls for little dirls,' so I dess took it.'"

I did not explain the nature of petty larceny to her. She will know soon enough. Let her believe in the beneficence of all mankind towards "little dirls," thought I, as long as she can.—*Toronto Globe.*

HOW MUCH OUT OF THE WAY.

It was at a dinner-table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It is something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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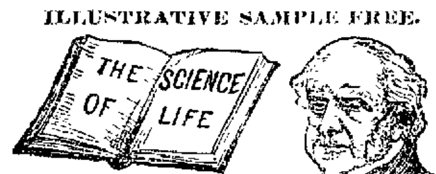
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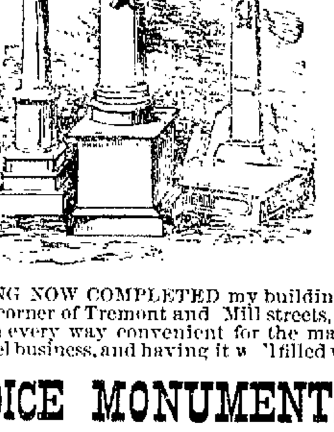
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and fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner and filled it with the latest and neatest patterns of

Slate MANTLES & GRATES,

and having bought them of the eastern manufacturers for cash, thereby enabling me to sell either monuments or mantels at less rates than can be furnished from abroad, of the same style and finish. All I ask is an examination of them and their prices to convince you that you can do better at home than abroad

Works at old stand corner Tremont and Mill streets, Massillon, O.

Q. W. REEVES.

Hurrah Smokers!

If you want a good Cigar call for

Phil. Blumenschein's

Brands of Cigars.

They will give you good satisfaction. Try them and be convinced.

Store room and factory two doors east of Union Hotel,

WEST MAIN STREET, MASSILLON, OHIO

MILLER'S OIL REFINING WORKS, Allegheny City, OFFICE:—328 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.Pa

A. D. MILLER & SONS, Manufacturers of High Test Oils, for export and home consumption. Would call public attention to our brand,

WATER WHITE OLEINE, 150 TEST.

Warranted none better. Gasoline for stoves and gas machines, 74, 86, 87, 88 and 90 gravities. Lubricating oils. Staves and heading wanted. 8y

JOHN H. OGDEN,

UNDERTAKER.



West Side of Canal, Main Street,

NewspaperARCHIVE®

SAVE THE CANAL.

What the Railroads are Trying to do at Akron.

An old boatman writes from Akron to the *Commercial Gazette:*

A controversy is now being carried on at Akron between the railroads on the one hand and the boatmen, friends of the Ohio Canal and citizens of Akron upon the other. The railroads are seeking to build a belt line around the city of Akron, and asked from the Board of Public Works permission to run their lines along the canal for about a quarter of a mile. In doing this they would take from the Ohio canal a large portion of the traffic that is now being carried by the boatmen. Already the canal has felt the effects of the railroad in this city. Statistics show that within the past two years the amount of the lumber hauled by the canal has dropped off nearly three-quarters, and the same freight has been given to railroads. If the railroads could get through to deliver the lumber at the yards, this would practically wipe out the freightage in lumber, shingles, lath and such freights.

The boatmen are making a strenuous effort to preserve their rights and the rights of the Ohio Canal. The Valley Railway people have made great efforts to capture the Board of Public Works, and last week, while the Board were here, they were wined and dined, or at least two members of the Board, by the Valley Railway officials, who were seeking to reach them through their stomachs. It may be stated to the credit of General Jones, of Waverly, O., that he has shown himself to be a firm friend of the canal.

Last year a lease was given for certain State property in Akron, as rumor says, for $100 a year. Other parties have said that they would give at least $15,000 for the property leased for $100, and other parties say that they would pay $1,000 a year for a given number of years for the lease of the same property.

The tax-payers of Ohio and the people who have elected the Board of Public Works to look after the canal and their interests in this matter, are deeply interested in the whole question, because if the railroads get the right to lay their track along the canal it will practically wind up the business on the northern end of the canal. The boatmen are too poor to hire attorneys to fight their battles, but they sent to the Board of Public Works a petition signed by the boatmen along the northern end of the canal, asking that their rights be protected and that the Board of Public Works use their influence with the Legislature to prevent this end of the canal from being abandoned, or the railroads coming in to take away their freight. It is a matter of deep interest to all concerned. If the rights of the State are to be abandoned in the matter, they would be worth thousands of dollars to the railroads, but instead of spending the money wining and dining State officials, it would be much better for the tax-payers to have the money go into the public treasury.

The boatmen are now talking of circulating petitions along the entire length of the canal, asking the Legislature to step in and protect them in their rights. In the meantime the railroads are using renewed energy to influence the Board of Public Works to allow them to steal upon and occupy the ground, and the matter is being brought to the attention of the Attorney General, who seems to be the only power left through which the boatmen can preserve their rights.

In either event the matter will undoubtedly be brought to the attention of the Legislature as soon as they convene, and the boatmen and the boatmen and tax-payers of the State must look to the legislative body for a decision in the matter and the preservation of their rights.

OLD BOATMAN.

He Became Insane.

The following dispatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* concerns a young and very popular traveling man, who for years has made regular trips to this city where he is well known among the business men.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Apart from a motley crowd of criminals gathered in Jefferson Market this morning stood three members of a sorrowing family condoling each other. They were father, mother and daughter, the latter 21 years old. The young woman was Mrs. Banbury, and she was looking for her husband, William L. Banbury, who had been arrested the night previous. Only on the morning of that day the young woman was married to Banbury, but before they reached their hotel in Brooklyn he had become insane and was taken charge of by a policeman. Banbury is 35 years old, and for the past five years has been employed in the dry goods house of E. S. Jaffrey & Co., No. 350 Broadway, as a commercial traveler. His circuit included Ohio and Tennessee. He was looked upon as a model young man, and stood well with the firm.

The couple were married yesterday. In the evening they went to the Lyceum theater. A few minutes after the second act Banbury arose in his seat and went out, but soon after returned and resumed his seat. But in a few moments again jumped up saying, "We want to go now." His wife begged him to remain and see the play out, but he persisted in his desire to leave and she inquired the reasons. "Come, and I'll tell you," he said.

They passed into the lobby and out into the vestibule. Policeman Boyle of Captain Williams' station was the only person there. Walking up to the policeman, Banbury said: "I want you to arrest my wife." The policeman and the young wife both looked with astonishment at each other. The newly married couple accompanied the officer to the station. As they walked down Fifth avenue, the bride sobbing bitterly, Banbury said fiercely addressing her: "I will cut your heart out," and again, "I'll blow out your brains." In the West Thirtieth street station the Sergeant saw in an instant that the man was deranged, and locked him up.

The young wife, after recovering from the terrible shock, returned to the home of the parents. A charge of insanity was made out against Banbury in Jefferson market. He will be sent to an asylum.

AGRICULTURAL

Hens two or three years old will not lay so great a number of eggs as will pullets in the first twelve months after they have commenced to lay. In laying, therefore, young hens will excel in quantity, though perhaps their eggs are inferior for hatching purposes.

Analysis shows that the mangel has nearly twice the nutritive matter contained in the Swedish turnip, and experiments in feeding confirm the results of the laboratory. They will yield from fifty to a hundred percent more in quantity, under ordinary circumstances, and are much the more profitable root to raise.

Dropping eggs, oftentimes at night, is principally caused by a too stimulating diet, also by want of proper materials for the shells, such as lime, oyster shells or gravel, also in many cases by reason of the hens being too fat. Feed sparingly on soft food, if not in severe weather, for a time, not giving them any meat. In most cases it will greatly reduce the weight of the fowls and increase the egg production without injuring the health of the birds in the least.

The culture of radishes under glass is very simple and is easily done either in a greenhouse or hotbed in winter and in spring in a cold frame. There are two varieties in use chiefly for forcing—the long scarlet and the French breakfast. The long scarlet usually sells at nearly double the price of the other in market, but it costs about double to produce it, since it demands more room in the bed and more to grow it in perfection. Growers often have both kinds so as to satisfy all customers.

Mr. Charles Krider, a few days ago gave this bit of wisdom to an INDEPENDENT reporter: "I was helping an old German farmer to butcher the other day, and as we always do in this country, I piled the hams up with the skin down. 'Don't you want the blood to drip out,' said the farmer. 'Certainly' I said, 'we put salt on to draw it out.' 'Well, what is the use of that, why don't you simply turn the flesh side down, and it will run out itself.' I tried the experiment, and it worked as he said it would. The suggestion is a common sense one, and I should like to see it made public."

To grow the long scarlet radish will demand a fine sandy loam, well enriched with fine horse dung. It is the custom of many growers to pass the loam through a gravel screen of three-quarters of an inch mesh, so as to take out all stones and lumps, for wherever a young radish strikes a lump of loam or stone it will bend around it, making a crooked, unsalable radish. Where it is not convenient to screen the loam it may be beaten up fine with forks and rakes by repeated working. To grow the French breakfast radish less care is needed, since they are not spoiled by growing crooked in lumpy soil.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Out and About.

The Fulton *Signal* is poking fun at our parks.

The Salem *Era* says: "but be it sinister or philanthropic, the canals need all the attention they will get."

"The people of Dover do not want any water works" remarks that enterprising journal the *Tuscarawas Democrat.*

A Pittsburgh paper says: "The expenditures of the city of Canton have for some years exceeded the receipts. The people are now crying for reform."

An impudent tramp got a sentence of five days at hard work, with ball and chain, at Massillon last week. Right. If three-fourths of the vagrants were similarly treated, the tramp nuisance might be abated.—*Iron Valley Reporter.*

The grand annual number of the *Graphic News* of Cincinnati, will be out the 15th inst. and will contain sixty pages of pictures by America's greatest artists, with two beautifully colored supplements and stories by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Opie P. Read, of the *Arkansaw Traveler,* Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and other noted writers.

Bud Smith, claiming to be from Texas, was sentenced by Judge Day this morning to six years in the Penitentiary for stealing a buggy from Dr. Leeper residing near Navarre. The buggy was stolen the beginning of September, and on the 8th Smith was arrested and bound over by the Mayor of Navarre, for trial. Smith will be taken to the Penitentiary on Thursday.—*Canton Democrat.*

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

January number, No. 1, Vol. 1, is now ready, and contains "Gambetta Proclaiming the Republic of France," frontispiece drawn by Howard Pyle, engraved by Frank French.

Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris. First paper—The Downfall of the Empire, by E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France, with illustrations from portraits and documents in Mr. Washburne's possessions, and from drawings by Thulstrup, Meeker, Reich and others.

Seth's Brother's Wife, chapters I.—V., by Harold Frederick.

The story of a New York House, I. by H. C. Bunner, illustrated by A. B. Frost, F. Hopkinson Smith, and G. W. Edwards.

Sonnets in Shadow, by Arlo Bates.

Our Defenceless Coasts, by F. V. Greene, Captain U. S. Engineers, with maps, sketches and diagrams.

In a Copy of the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick, by Austin Dobson.

In Mexico. A story, by Thomas A. Janvier.

The Babylonian Seals, by William Hayes Ward, with illustrations from seals in the author's collection, and after De Clercq, Pinches and others.

Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris. Social life and character in the Paris of the Revolution. First paper by Annie Cary Morris, with portrait engraved by G. Kruell, from the painting at old Morrisania.

Socialism, by Francis Walker.

The New Year, by Maybury Fleming.

A Violin Obligato. A story by Margaret Crosby.

$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Remittances should be made by check or money order.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers,
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

The circulation of the INDEPENDENT has increased nearly twenty-five per cent. within the last four months, and it therefore has a larger circulation than any newspaper in the city. Advertisers who desire a large circulation, and that among the most intelligent of our people, will do well to remember the fact.

A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranche and cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering $500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased $50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a $100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining $50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding $5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, fee, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of $25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in $100, $500 or $1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth $3,000,000, and this money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—*The N. Y. Financier.* 29y

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to cell.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Men live lives that are burdens and die deaths that are terrible from diseases called by a hundred names, every one of which has its origin in a diseased liver, and every one of which may be cured by Simmon's Liver Regulator.

This pure vegetable medicine is not a cure-all, it is a specific for the cure of Liver Complaint and all the ailments which that disease produce. Among these are dyspepsia, billiousness, constipation, sick headache, piles, colic, jaundice, common fever and ague. All these diseases are cured by Simmons Liver Regulator. It removes the cause which produces them and permits nature to work her own cure. None genuine except with the Z stamp in red, on front of wrapper, and the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co. on the side.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; he had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store.

Musicale.

A very pleasant musicale was given by the pupils of E. S. Lind, Thursday evening last, at the residence of Mr. Ira Dean, 104 East Tremont Street:

Piano Duett ....Sonata in D..............Mozart
Misses Clara and Laura Leviers.
Piano Solo...........Im Sonnenschein............Lange
Miss Lela Dean.
Vocal Solo........Consider the Lilies..........Topliff
Miss Elna Ray.
Piano Solo..............Alpine Glow..............Oesten
Miss Mamie Brown.
Piano Duett.....Mendelssohn (a) Noturno
(b) Wedding March
Miss Mary Poorman and E. S. Lind.
Vocal Solo..Migonette
Miss Belle Adleman.
Piano Solo.........Chant Du Berger...........De Colas
Miss Eva Dean.
Piano Duett ....Sonata in F..................Diabelli
Miss Clara Leviers and Mamie Brown.
Vocal Solo, Where the Lindens Bloom..Dudley Buck
Miss Carrie Krear.
Piano Trio ....Charge of the Hussars.......Spindler
E. S. Lind, Chas. Silk and Artie Bender.
Piano Solo..........Hayden, Sonata No. 5; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 49 No. 2.
Vocal Duett........... Yours Tenderly.......... Schelin
Miss Carrie Krear and Flo Schriver.
Piano Solo.......Mendelssohn (a) Poet's Harp
" "..................Chopin (b) Waltz, in E flat.
Vocal Solo...................................Polka Mazurka
Miss Belle Adleman.

About our Prosecutor.

The Massillon INDEPENDENT is after Prosecuting Attorney Welty, of Stark county, with a sharp stick; for not bringing before the grand jury the complaint of the State Board of Health, against certain paper-mill owners for poisoning the waters of the Tuscarawas river with the refuse from their mills. The editor intimates that the owners of the mills are wealthy, and that they have seen the prosecutor. For their own interests, the people ought to be more particular in the selection of a candidate for prosecuting attorney, than for any other county office. He has immense power to thwart the will of the public, if he so chooses; and the influence of "boodle" is apt to be tried on him.—*Iron Valley Reporter.*

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealer in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1887 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

The call to arms—"John, take the baby."—*Toledo Blade.*

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administeration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"This is a new wrinkle," sadly remarked the elderly maiden as she surveyed herself in a hand-glass.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The poor sufferer that has been dosing himself with so called Troches and thereby upset his stomach without curing the troublesome cough, should take our advice and use at once Dr. Bull's Syrup and get well.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Impurities, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly. 4-y-1

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucuous membrane the remedy used must be non irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, syringes, astringents, or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who have for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can afflict, testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from the rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at 50c a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Z. T. Baltzly. 5

GILMORE'S AROMATIC is a great success, therefore we challenge the world to produce its equal as a restorative for woman. Sold by druggists.

REV. W. FISK REQUA, of Amora, Ill., says: "I have used Gilmore's Aromatic Wine and find it an excellent household remedy that none ought to do with out. Sold by druggists.

REV. HARRIS PECK, of Pavilion, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with Malaria, Bowel Difficulty and sleepless nights, which I found was wearing me out. After taking Aromatic Wine two days I realized great relief, sleeping well and otherwise feeling like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity." Sold by druggists.

REV. I. M. Derby, of Linden, N. Y., says: The Gillmore Aromatic Wine proved a great blessing to my wife." Sold by druggists.

REV. DR. FREELAND, of Fowlerville, N. Y., writes us that two bottles of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cured his wife of Nervousness and Sleeplessness. Sold by druggists.

HEADACHE

Proceeds from TORPID LIVER AND IMPURITIES OF THE STOMACH. It can be invariably cured if you will

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Let all who suffer remember that

Sick and Nervous Headaches

can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as their simptoms indicate the coming of an attack.

BILLIOUSNESS

MAY BE PROPERLY TERMED AN AFFECTION OF THE LIVER AND CAN BE THOROUGHLY CURED BY THE GRAND REGULATOR OF THE LIVER AND BILIARY ORGANS.

Simmons Liver Regulator

Manufactured only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Price $1.00 at druggists. 26-31

TUN [illegible] STEAM LAUNDRY,

No 2 East Tremont Street. Will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his fine and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c

Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

L. L. SHERTZER,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work in all branches of Photography.

SOUTH ERIE STREET.

TAKE THE

Mt. Vernon & Pan Handle Route

The Great Thrugh Line via

The C. A. & C. RAILWAY

P., C. & St. L. and C., St. L. & P. Railroads for all Points South & Southwest.

The only line running the **celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room Cars Between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.**

Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the **New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars** at a nominal charge, leaving Columbus on the Fast Express at 3:55 p. m. daily, arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis 7 a. m. and Kansas City 7:30 p. m.

No line running through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois can offer such superior facilities or kingly comfort to its patrons. Rates as low as the lowest.

THE SCHEDULE.

Central or 90th Meridian Time.
In effect Nov. 11, 1886.

GOING NORTH. No. 9. Clevel'nd Express	No. 27. Night Express	No. 3. Fast Mail	STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH. No. 2. Fast Mail	No. 28. Night Express	No. 4. Orrville Express
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar C. Depot Lv	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
11 30	6 40	5 15	.**Cleveland** ...	7 10	8 00	2 15
11 16	6 26	5 01	" Euclid ave	7 54	8 14	2 30
11 00	6 10	4 45	" Newburg.	8 09	8 39	2 43
10 30	5 40	4 15	....Hudson.....	8 40	9 00	3 22
10 13	5 22	3 58	Cuyahoga Falls	8 57	9 17	3 39
10 00	5 10	2 45	.....**Akron**.....	9 12	9 46	3 55
9 23	4 31	3 12	.....Warwick.....	9 37	10 21	1 28
9 00	4 10	2 53	le .Orrville...ar	9 57	10 49	4 50
A. M. No. 5 P. M.						p. m. No. 6 A. M.
2 25	3 55	2 15	ar...Orrville. le	10 02	10 55	10 55
1 35	2 59	2 06	...Millersburg...	10 40	12 00	11 51
12 17	1 39	1 08	....Gambier.	11 33	1 12	1 26
12 05	1 30	12 58	..Mt. Vernon ..	11 46	2 00	1 57
11 17	12 56	12 31	. Centerburg....	12 09	2 36	2 26
10 55	12 34	......	......Sunbury		3 02	2 46
10 35	12 15	11 55	..Westerville...	12 46	3 26	3 05
10 10	11 50	11 30	lv Columbus ar	1 10	4 00	3 30
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
10 00	11 35	11 10	ar Columbus lv	1 30	4 20	3 50
8 05	10 00	9 33	......Xenia,.....	3 15	6 00	5 30
6 36	8 36	8 14	.....Loveland....	4 33	7 12	6 49
5 30	7 45	7 25	lv Cincinnati ar	5 30	8 00	7 35
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
....	11 20	11 10	ar Columbus lv	.....	4 40	3 55
....	9 50	9 43	....Urbana.....	....	6 00	5 20
....	9 04	8 50	......Piqua.......	....	6 56	6 04
....	7 30	7 05	.. Richmond....	.....	9 10	8 00
....	4 55	4 30	. Indianapolis..	....	12 00	10 20
....	2 33	1 51	..Terre Haute..	....	2 13	1 42
....	12 20	11 35	....Effingham....	....	1 15	3 49
....	11 22	10 28	....Vandalia....	..	5 08	4 48
....	9 00	8 00	lv St. Louis ar	.....	7 30	7 00
....	A. M.	P. M.		.....	P. M.	A. M.

Trains 27 and 28 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains 7 and 8, known as the Gann and Columbus accommodations, leave Gann at 6:00 a. m., arriving at Columbus at 8:10 a. m.; leave Columbus at 1:30 p. m., arriving at Gann at 7:10 p. m.

Train 9 (Cleveland express) connects with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 10 from Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Train 4 (Orrville Express) connects with P., Ft. W. & C. No. 3 for Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Trains 2, 3, 5 and 6 make connections with P., Ft. W. & C. trains for all points east and west via Orrville.

For further information, address
CHAS. O. WOOD,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Akron, O.

TIME TABLE.

P., Ft. W. & C. Railway.

Schedule in Effect August 15, 1886.
Trains depart from MASSILLON station as follows
CENTRAL TIME.

GOING EAST

No. 8 ....Daily.......................... 2 19 a. m
No. 4 ......Daily except Sunday............ 3 22 p. m
No. 12..... " "................................ 10 56 p. m
No. 10............... Daily......................... 9 25 a. m
Local Freight ..Daily except Sunday ..... 11 28 a. m

GOING WEST

No. 1.........Daily except Sunday........ 1 14 a. m
No. 9.......................Daily.................... 10 21 "
No. 7.........Daily except Sunday......... 1 55 p. m
No 3........................Daily..................... 5 52 "
Local Freight................................... 7 05 a. m

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Hotel Cars attached to through trains run without change, westbound to Chicago; eastbound to Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. Shoemaker, Ticket Agent, Massillon, Ohio.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Monday.

E. A. FORD,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent

JAMES McCREA,
Manager
PITTSBURGH, PA

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorain..............	6 55AM	3 45PM	....	4 00AM
Sheffield...........	7 05*	3 55*	....	4 10
Elyria..............	7 15	4 05	....	4 30
Patterson..........	7 26*	4 15*	....	4 45
Grafton........ar	7 40	4 30	....	5 15
Cleveland..........	6 45	4 00	....	2 00AM
Grafton lv	8 00	5 05	....	5 15
Belden.............	8 08	5 13	....	5 35
Eharte.............	8 18	5 21	....	5 50
York...............	8 26	5 29	....	6 00
Medina............	8 33	5 35	....	6 50
Chippewa Lake	8 42*	5 46*	....	7 05
Camp Chippewa	8 45*	5 49	....	7 10
Seville.............	8 53	5 58	....	7 41
Sterling...........	9 00	6 05	....	8 00
Easton............	9 15	6 16	....	8 40
Warwick..........	9 26	6 26	....	9 26
Canal Fulton.....	9 34	6 33	....	9 50
Pauls..............	9 42*	6 41*	....	10 10
Massillon.........	9 53	6 55	6 10AM	10 50
Navarre...........	10 08*	7 10*	6 25*	11 50
Justus............	10 13	7 20	6 31	12 00
Beach City.......	10 21	7 28	6 40	12 15PM
Strasburgh.......	10 31	7 39	6 52	12 35
Canal Dover......	10 42	7 51	7 01	1 00
New Philadel....	10 51	8 00	7 16	1 45
Goshen...........		8 05*	7 22*	2 00
Tuscarawas......	11 03*	8 10*	7 28*	2 28
Urichville.....ar	11 12	8 20	......	
" lv	11 30	....	7 35	2 45
Newport..........	11 38*	....	7 45*	3 10
Stillwater.........	11 48	....	7 55	3 30
Tippecanoe.......	11 58	....	8 05	3 55
Freeport..........	12 13PM	....	8 22	4 30
Butler.............	12 23	....	8 32	4 55
Clevenger........	....	....	8 40*	5 10
Holloway.........	12 33	....	8 42	5 30
Flushing..........	12 44	....	8 53	5 55
Lafferty...........	12 56	....	9 04	6 30
Bruce.............	1 03	....	9 12	6 45
Fairpoint..........	1 13	....	9 22	7 05
Maynard..........	1 23	....	9 33	7 25
Kidds..............	1 29*	....	9 40*	7 40
Barton............	1 35	....	9 45	7 50
Paseo.............	1 45*	....	9 55	8 05
Bridgeport........	2 00	....	10 10	8 30

Ar. Wheeling by Street Car from Bridgeport.

GOING NORTH.

Le. Wheeling by Street Car for Bridgeport.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	Accom.
Bridgeport........	......	11 35am	4 00pm	4 00am
Paseo..............		11 50*	4 15	4 20
Barton.............		12 00 m	4 25	4 35
Kidds..............		12 05*	4 30*	4 45
Maynard..........		12 12pm	1 36	5 00
Fairpoint..........		12 23	4 47	5 20
Bruce.............		12 32	4 57	5 35
Lafferty...........		12 41*	5 05	5 50
Flushing..........		12 53	5 17	6 10
Holloway.........		1 04	5 30	6 30
Clevenger........		......	5 33*	6 35
Butler.............		1 15	5 41	6 50
Freeport..........		1 26	5 51	7 10
Tippecanoe.......		1 41	6 08	7 35
Stillwater.........		1 51	6 18	7 55
Newport..........		2 00*	6 28*	8 10
Uhrichsville......	5 20 AM	2 20	6 38	8 25
Tuscaraw's......	5 28*	2 28*	6 45	8 50
Goshen...........	5 31	....	6 51	9 00
New Phila........	5 40	2 39	6 57	9 15
C Dover..........	5 50	2 49	7 06	9 50
Strasburg........	6 02	3 00	7 17	10 31
Beach City.......	6 12	3 11	7 28	11 00
Justus............	6 20	3 20	7 37	11 20
Navarre...........	6 25*	3 25*	7 42*	11 50
Massillon.........	6 40	3 40	7 55	12 45pm
Pauls..............	6 52*	3 51*	......	1 15
C Fulton..........	7 00	3 59	......	1 35
Warwick..........	7 08	4 08	......	2 05
Easton............	7 19	4 19	......	2 30
Sterling...........	7 34	4 35	......	3 00
Seville.............	7 41	4 43	......	3 30
Chippewa L......	7 52*	4 51*	......	3 55
Medina............	8 02	5 05	......	5 35
York...............	8 09	5 13	......	5 55
Eharte.............	8 18	5 21	......	6 25
Belden.............	8 26	5 30	......	6 40
ar Grafton........	8 35	5 40	......	7 10
Cleveland.........	9 35am	6 50	..	10 15pm
le Grafton........	8 45	5 50	......	7 10pm
Patterson.........	8 56*	6 01*	......	7 30
Elyria.............	9 05	6 10	......	7 50
Sheffield...........	9 15*	6 20*	......	8 15
Lorain.............	9 25	6 30pm	......	8 30

* Trains stop on signal for passengers.
All trains daily (Sundays excepted).

CONNECTIONS.

At Cleveland with fast trains for the East and West. Also with Cleveland and Detroit Daily Line Steamers.

(1) At Elyria with L. S. & M. S. Railway for Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, &c.

(2) At Grafton with C. C. C. & I. R'y, for Indianapolis, St. Louis and the West.

(3) At Sterling with N. Y. P. & O. R'y, for Akron, Ashland, Mansfield, &c.

(4) At Warwick with C. A. & C. R'y, for Mt. Vernon and Columbus.

(5) At Massillon with P. F. W. & C. R'y, for Canton, Wooster, Alliance, &c.

(6) At Dover with C. & M. R'y, for Cambridge, Marietta, Parkersburg.

(7) At Uhrichsville with P. C. & St. L. R'y, for Steubenville, Coshocton and Zanesville.

At Wheeling with railroads diverging. Also with Ohio River Steamers.

WM. H. GROUT,
Gen'l Freight & Ticket Agent,
OSCAR TOWNSEND, General Manager.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.
In effect Dec. 6, 1886.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.	No. 5.	No. 7.	No. 9.*	No. 1.*
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Toledo...............Lv	7 45	12 30	4 45	....
Fremont.............	9 07	1 47	6 02	....
Clyde................	9 23	2 03	6 18	....
Monroeville........Lv	9 57	2 32	7 01	1 35
Norwalk.............	10 13	2 50	7 20	1 50
Wellington..........	11 03	3 45	9 00	2 32
Creston............Ar	11 52	1 33	10 45	3 15
Orrville............Ar	P. M.	5 05	11 45	*3 45
" Lv	12 40	5 05	am 6 00	6 00
Massillon...........	1 20	5 45	6 40	6 40
Navarre.............	1 35	6 00	6 55	6 55
Valley Junction....	2 10	6 45	8 00	8 00
New Cumberland...	2 25	7 00	8 20	8 20
Sherrodsville.......	2 38	7 15	9 00	9 00
Leesville............	2 47	7 25	9 25	9 25
Bowerstown........	2 55	7 35	9 40	9 40
Canal Dover........	2 31	7 02	11 30	11 30
New Comerstown...	3 13	7 46	12 09	12 09
Cambridge..........	4 08	8 37 pm	1 02 pm	1 02
Macksburg.........	5 39	....	2 30	2 30
Marietta.........Ar	6 55	....	3 38	3 38

GOING NORTH AND WEST.	No. 2.*	No. 4.	No. 8.	No. 6.
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Marietta...........Lv	....	....	11 00	7 00
Macksburg.........	....	....	12 05	8 18
Cambridge..........	....	5 30	pm 1 27	9 52
New Comerstown...	....	6 20	2 20	10 47
Canal Dover........	....	6 55	2 54	11 30
Bowerstown........	....	6 30	3 30	11 55
Leesville............	....	6 38	3 45	12 01
Sherrodsville.......	....	6 48	4 25	12 08
New Cumberland...	....	7 03	4 50	12 20
Valley Junction....	....	7 28	5 50	12 35
Massillon...........	....	8 15	7 10	pm 1 20
Orrville..........Lv	....	8 55*	10 15	2 00
Creston..........Lv	....	9 25	10 45	2 30
Wellington..........	A. M.	10 12	11 28	3 18
Norwalk.............	7 25	11 25	12 10	4 10
Monroeville.........	7 37	11 37	12 25	4 22
Clyde................	8 08	12 10	A. M.	4 56
Fremont.............	8 25	12 30	*	5 13
Toledo............Ar	9 15	pm 1 55	....	6 35

No. 29	No. 27.	Norwalk & Huron.	No. 26.	No. 28.
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
5 15	11 40	Ar......Huron......Lv	6 25	2 05
5 02	11 25	... Fries' Landing....	6 38	2 18
4 50	11 10	.......Milan..........	6 52	2 35
4 30	10 45	Lv.....Norwalk.....Ar	7 15	3 00

*Daily.

This road is now open through from Toledo to Bowerstown, connecting with the Pennsylvania System for all points East.

THROUGH CAR SERVICE.

Between Toledo, Cambridge and Marietta.
" " and Bowerstown.
" " and Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh.
" Chicago, Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh.

JAS. M. HALL, Gen. Passenger Ag't.
M. D. WOODFORD, Gen. Manager.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL E. WEIRICH.

PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER & WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, - - OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year..... $1 50
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The INDEPENDENT is crowded with orders for foreign advertising at this time, to say nothing of local holiday advertising. It becomes necessary, therefore, to require all changes, or new orders to be in this office by every Wednesday noon, instead of Wednesday evening as heretofore, to insure insertion.

Send a receipted bill for a subscription to the Independent for a holiday present.

Massillon has natural gas and will develope it.

Remember the children at the Fairmount Home.

The city of Massillon is very polite to the railroad companies. It lights their tracks for them in the very best style.

Dr. Dabney, it turns out, never was in the army and therefore was never a guard at Andersonville. Dr. Dabney is forgiven.

Natural gas has been piped to Youngstown, and the manufacturers are happy. May Massillon soon reap the benefits of this blessing.

The Canton *Repository* wisely says: "Massillon will have a public library There is no doubt about that, and she could not put her enterprise to a better purpose."

Everybody old or young, rich or poor, interested in Massillon, will be present at the public library meeting to be held in the parlors of the Hotel Conrad, next Friday night.

There seems to be a general desire not confined to the members of the bar by any means, that Judge Joseph Frease be offered the seat on the bench, soon to be vacated by Judge Day.

The popular call is for a library building, and that a good big one too. When Massillon has the building, the books will come themselves The mistake must not be made, of aiming too low for it is fatal.

Massillon must have natural gas From our own wells if possible, and from some other towns' well, if we cannot get it. The Mansfield people are enthusiastic over a pipe line about to be constructed from Findlay to Columbus, taking in their city.

Mr. Charles R Frazer has retired from the ranks of journalism, and so the rumor goes, is devoting himself exclusively to the cultivation of a little boom which he hopes will drop him in the Canton Mayor's office. When Charles R. hears the people call, he responds with an alacrity found only in a true Jacksonion Democrat.

Thus saith Mr. Joseph Gillespie who has emerged from his retreat in Onionville, to take a position on the Canton Democrat:

"Yes, boys, 'Gillespie is here,' and 'in whatever position' heartily responds to your evidently kindly greeting. He, with out spread arms, rushes to you, and clasps you in his warm embrace.

A Democratic thunderer in Canton, Mr. J. E. Monnot, the President of the Young Men's Democratic Club, hurled this at the President, in his annual address:

No doubt if President Cleveland does not drop his Mugwump policy he will be much wiser after the next National Democratic Convention, and will will wish he had more speedily turned the rascals out.

The library is to be absolutely free. Let every workingman, who has the welfare of his children at heart, or his own pleasure in view, begin to lay a little by each week, so as to subscribe for at least one share and have a voice in the management of its affairs. Then when you are receiving its benefits, it will be with the feeling of a proprietor, and not of a privileged character.

Stark county alone, does not need a county work house whatever Commissioner Smith may say to the contrary. If Wayne and Tuscarawas will unite with this county in the matter, no objection will be raised. The *Repository* does not find such serious objections to Commissioner Smith's extravagant plans, so long as Canton township is promised the exclusive benefits.

Cincinnati is about to accept the offer of the Gas Company to cancel the present contract by which they pay a dollar and sixty cents a thousand feet and renew for ten years at a dollar and a quarter. If the smallest consumer in little cities like this, can get gas at a dollar and a half, it would seem a remarkable extortion under the mask of liberality, on the part of the Cincinnati Gas Company, to ask that city to pay a dollar and a quarter.

Main street is in no better condition above the rise of the hill, than before it was "repaired." The gravel dumped upon it, as on every street, is like so much mud in wet weather, and no improvement in dry. The material used is not screened, nor is it especially coarse The whole system is wrong. There is such an excellent foundation throughout the whole city, for good streets, that we ought to have more of them.

It will be but a short time before the waterworks will be ready for use and if up to the contract demands a steam engine service will be unnecessary. Now is the time for the city authorities to at least settle upon what plan of reorganization they ought to adopt. Something must be done, and that soon. Then too if if we are to have an effective fire department we must have a practical alarm system. In some of the larger cities, notably Cincinnati and Chicago the patrol box has in a great measure taken the place of the alarm system At proper distances, a round box, just big enough for one man is built around a lamp post, and in it there is a telephone. Responsible citizens are furnished with keys, and through these telephones, the department or the the police may be called. Our present arrangements are not at all satisfactory, to say nothing of being provincial.

Why Massillon Did Not Get It

A law has recently passed one house of Congress, and will, without question, pass the other, extending the free delivery system to all presidential post-offices, doing a business of ten thousand dollars a year, and having all the characteristics of cities.

It is very mortifying to have to say that Massillon does not come under this list, while smaller, and very inferior towns do. For instance, there is Salem and Wooster, each smaller. Their good future however, is due to peculiar circumstances. In Salem there are certain manufacturing firms, which do a large business in small wares, and ship exclusively by mail. Wooster has no small country offices near it, and the country people go there from long distances in the county, to send their letters.

There is no use, however, of enlarging upon these points. The fact remains that Massillon will not get the system this year, and therefore must do her level best to get it next. The fiscal year ends June 30. The gross receipts of the Massillon postoffice for the last fiscal were $9,053-94, within 946.05 of the required amount. Deputy postmaster Howells thinks that this year's receipts, thus far, are in access of last year's, but suppose we count upon the same receipts, and then settle as to how to make up the balance.

If less than a thousand dollars is made up by seven months we can get the system. This can be done. The gross receipts include registered letter and money order fees. If everybody will exert themselves to use government conveniences, instead of other carriers, considerable can be gained in that way. Do not purchase stamps at a pitiful discount from outsiders who receive large quantities of them. If at the last pull, the year's business still is too small, our manufacturers, who use many stamps could purchase a larger quantity than they need. The stamps will never depreciate, and then purchasers will have the satisfaction of having done a good deed.

This city ought to have a free delivery system within eight months.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Fresh, Crispy Gleanings of Recent Noteworthy Happenings and Events.

Union flour mill boiler at Canal Fulton, O., let go, killing the head miller and severely injuring others.

C. A. Eckinger, acting commissioner of the Miami & Erie canal, says that the canal pays its way and only wants to be let alone and it will take care of itself.

A number of the "Bald Knobbers" of southwestern Missouri have been arrested. It is feared it will precipitate a war between the regulators and the officers of the law.

Caroline A. Wood, of Boston, widow of Caleb Wood, the founder of the Memorial church, in Cambridge, left to Wellesley college, $50,000; Bates college, $35,000; $5,000 to establish a home in Cambridge for aged women, and a fund for poor women.

David Maple, who died near Shelbyville, Ind., recently, is believed, after a post-mortem, to have been poisoned.

Eli Ford, a prominent dry goods merchant, committed suicide at Arcanum, O.

Theodore Huewe has been arrested at Sidney, O., for alleged embezzlement of $4,000.

The funeral of the late J. A. Wales, of New York, was held at Clyde, O., Saturday.

Charles Mason was stabbed by Warren Townsend, a twelve-year-old playmate, at Evansville, Ind.

George Parks and Monroe Smith, negroes, were lynched at Ringold, Ga., Saturday, for robbery and arson.

M. Lewis, of Schulenberg, Tex., was assassinated Thursday night, presumably by C. D. Slayden, his son-in-law.

Practo, a Sioux Indian belonging to the Madison Square Wild West exhibition, broke his neck in New York Saturday.

Robert Kelly, ex-treasurer of Lawrence county, Indiana, acknowledges himself a defaulter, and has made an assignment.

Harry Gibson, a hotel bell boy at Chicago, and John Helland, who was employed to watch him, have both shown evidence of hydrophobia.

J. C. Hill, of Edgewood, a suburb of Pittsburg, mistook his daughter for a burglar, and shot her through the neck, inflicting a dangerous wound.

A passenger train on the Fort Worth & Denver railroad, while stopping at Bellevue, Texas, for water, was boarded by three robbers, who took from the passengers eight awatches and $104 in money.

A general convention of spring and axle workers will be held at Pittsburg, January 4.

George Parks and Morris Smith, negroes, were lynched at Ringgold, Ga., for robbery and arson.

Thirty tramps started a row at Shenandoah, Pa., and escaped after fatally injuring three residents.

The prizes for the National competative drill of militia at Washington, May, 1887, aggregate $26,500.

Ellis Lyons committed suicide at Indianapolis.

Miss Sett Postle, a girl in Detroit, has received word that she has fallen heir to $50,000 in Norwich, England.

A train on the Bells Gap railway, Pa., was thrown over an embankment and four passengers seriously wounded.

Rosabella Kifer, who was kidnapped from her parents in Cincinnati, in 1854, is believed to have been located by detectives in Peoria, Illinois.

A man supposed to be "Jim Cummings" was arrested on a charge of attempted swindling, near Lafayette, Ind., but paid his fine and left before he could be identified.

At the Tobacco Growers' convention, at Lexington, Ky., it was recommended that the present distress in prices should be met by withholding 50 per cent. of the crop of this year from market.

Mrs. Klinge, of Indianapolis, whose daughter was censured in court for having instituted an inquiry as to her sanity, has been recently found to have over $2,000 in her possession while she was begging about the streets

Perrysburg, O., near Toledo, has a coal-oil excitement.

The Lexington, Ky., chamber of commerce adopted a resolution protesting against any action of congress placing hemp on the free list.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock, Produce, and Cattle Markets for December 15.

New York.—Money 15@20 per cent. Exchange dull. Governments steady.

Currency sixes, 124 bid; fours coupons, 128½; fours-and-a-halfs, 110¾ bid.

Bur. & Quincy	134	Mich. Central	90
Canadian Pacific	66	Missouri Pacific	103½
Canadian Southern	51	N. Y. Central	110¼
Central Pacific	45	Northwestern	111½
C., C., C. & I.	67⅝	Northern Pacific	26
Del. & Hudson	100	do preferred	51
Del., Lack. & W	133½	Ohio & Miss	30¾
Denver & Gulf	24	Pacific Mail	47¾
Erie seconds	75⅞	Reading	34
Illinois Central	133⅛	Rock Island	127½
Jersey Central	47½	St. Paul	90
Kansas & Texas	24	do preferred	120
Lake Shore	92	Union Pacific	60¾
Louisville & Nash	54	Western Union	69¼

Cincinnati.

FLOUR—Fancy, $3.75@4.10; family, $3.35@3.65.

WHEAT—No. 3 red, 75@78c; No. 2, 79@80c.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 38c.

OATS—No. 3 mixed, 29@29½c; No. 2 mixed, 30@30½c; No. 3 white, 31@31½c.

PORK—Family, $12 00@12.12½; regular, $11.62@11.75.

LARD—Kettle, 6½@6⅝c.

BACON—Short clear sides, 6¼@6¾c.

CHEESE—Prime to choice Ohio, 11½@12c; New York, 2@13c.

POULTRY—Spring chickens, $1.00@1.25; prime to choice, $1.50@1.75; common to fair old, $2.00@2.25 per dozen; ducks, $4.50@2.75, live turkeys, 5½@6c.

WOOL—Unwashed medium clothing, 25@27c; fine merino, 18@20c; common, 16@18c; fleece-washed medium clothing, 32@34c; combing, 30@32c; fine merino, X and XX, 25@30c; burr and cots, 17@20c; tub washed, 32@36c; pulled, 27@30c.

HAY—No. 1 timothy, $11 00@11.50; No. 2, $10.00@10.50, mixed $8.50; prairie $7.00@7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, $5.00@6.00.

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $3.25@4.00; fair, $2.50@3.15; common, $1.50@2.25; stockers and feeders, $2.75@3.50; yearlings and calves, $2.00@2.75.

HOGS—Select butchers, $4.30@4.45; fair to good packing, $4.15@4.58; fair to good light, $3.80@4.05; common, $3.40@3.75; culls, $2.75@3.35.

SHEEP—Common to fair, $2.75@3.50; good to choice, $3.75@4.50; common to fair lambs, $3.50@4.25; good to choice, $4.50@5.00.

East Liberty.

CATTLE—Fairly active; fair to good, $3.75@4.25; common, $3.00@4.50; few extra prime sold for 5.10; stockers, $3.25@3.50; feeders, $.400. Receipts, 152 head; shipments, 128 head.

HOGS—Firm; receipts, 3,100 head; shipments, 2,600 head; Philadelphias, $4.25@4.30; Yorkers, 4.10@4.30; common to light, $3.30@3.90.

SHEEP—Dull; prime, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, 3.50@4.00; common, $2.00@3.00; lambs, $3 25@5.50; receipts, 3,200 head; shipments, 1,200 head.

New York.

WHEAT—No. 1 red state, 93½c; No. 2 red winter, January, 83½c; February, 95¾c.

CORN—Mixed, cash, 47½c; January, 48¼c.

OATS—No. 1 white state, 33c; No. 2, 30½c.

CATTLE—3.10@4.90 per 100 lbs. live weight.

HOGS—3.30@4.60 per 100 lbs.

SHEEP—4.15@5.15 per 100 lbs live weight.

COTTON—Quiet; Middling uplands, 9¼c; do Orleans, 9 11-16; Decsmber, 9.40c; January, 9.51c; February 9.5 c; March, 9.70c; April, 9.80c; May, 9.90c; June, 10c; July 10.08c.

Chicago.

CATTLE—Choice to extra shipping, $3.25@4.50; common to fair, $1.50@3.25; stockers and feeders, $2.25@3.40; Texans, corn-fed, $2.00@3.60.

HOGS—Fair to good, $3.65@4.10; mixed packing, $3.80@4.20; choice heavy, $4 15@4.50.

SHEEP—Common, $2.25@3 00; lambs, $4.00@5.50.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Quiet; cash, 81½c; January, 81c.

CORN—Steady; cash, 34c; May 38½c.

OATS—Steady; cash, 29c.

The Great Closing Out Sale

Continues at Watkins'. Further reductions have been made, as the entire stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes

Must be Sold Regardless of Cost or Value.

Remember this is a bona-fide closing out sale. Every article must be disposed of, and money can be saved by attending this sale.

Cloaks at 50c on the dollar; domestics at less than New York prices; dress goods, silks and velvets below cost; hosiery, underwear, corsets, gloves and ribbons at a sacrifice; grand bargains in boots and shoes. If you want to save money buy your dry goods, boots and shoes at

A. L. WATKINS & CO.'S,

No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

The INDEPENDENT wishes to publish not some, but all, the local secret society news. If it does not do it, the members of the societies should remember that it is a delicate matter to ask for their proceedings, and if the secretaries or members will not give the reporters at least a hint of what is going on, the members have no one but themselves to blame. Clubs, and in fact all organizations, should also bear in mind, that a newspaper reporter has some human feelings, and does not always care to go unbidden where other people are asked, and moreover he does not feel it right to be chided for his absence under these circumstances.

MASONIC

The recognition of the Grand Priory of Canada by the Knights Templar of the United States as a sovereign and independent body was officially proclaimed at the Triennial Conclave held in St. Louis, on the 21st of last September In accordance with that action, the Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States has issued an order commissioning Sir Knight James A. Henderson, of Ontario, as representative near the Grand Priory of Canada. Sir Theodore Sultan Parvin, of Iowa, has been commissioned as representative of the United States near the Grand Encampment, with instructions to establish more cordial and knightly relations between the two sovereign bodies.—*Commercial Gazette*.

Hiram Chapter held a special meeting Tuesday evening for the purpose of conferring degrees.

There will be a special meeting of Clinton lodge next Monday evening for work in the Master Mason degree.

The following is the list of officers elected by Clinton Lodge last Monday evening: Z. T. Baltzly, W. M.; John Bell, S. W.; Victor Burnett, J. W.; James H. McLain, Treasurer; W. S. S Rodgers, Secretary; Frank Harding, S. D.; C. C. Kellogg, J. D.; Henry Diellhenn, Isaac Marks, Stewards; Frank Shallenberger, Tyler. All the above officers were installed except the two Stewards.

Every body is going to the camp-fire in the Wallonding rink next Tuesday evening.

A correspondent of the *Commercial Gazette*, writing from Massillon says of our Daughters of Veterans: "This is the first organization of this kind in the United States. The tent has a membership of almost forty members. They are now ready and anxious to organize other tents within the State of Ohio, and will give all the aid they can to any in other States that wish to form such an organization.

Judge Day's Successor.

Since Judge Day's resignation, the members of the Stark county bar have been worrying about who shall be his successor. The Stark county attorneys seem to have satisfied themselves that Governor Foraker will appoint their candidate, and they are in a stew as to who to select. Judge Frease, Henry Harter, Henry A. Wise, F. E. Case and David Fording are candidates, and each one has his supporters, though heir strength is indicated by the order in which the names appear. It is urged, that Judge Frease has the requisite ability, and much experience. Mr. Wise's retirement from the bar for the past three years has crippled his chances and it seems therefore to lie between Judge Frease and Mr. Harter. The lawyers hope that the candidates will all agree to withdraw in favor of the man who shall be selected at a general meeting of the attorneys, and, should they not be willing to do so, it is doubtful who will win. Carroll county's plausible claims for recognition do not seem to be fully appreciated. There they have united upon Martin Raley, and, as Stark and Columbiana each have one judge now, hope to have their man appointed. The appointment will hold until spring, when some one will be elected for four years.

A Card of Thanks.

It is only in the trying circumstances of life that the services of our friends can be fully appreciated. Having received so many marks of sympathy during our late bereavement, we take this occasion to return our sincere thanks to all of our friends and neighbors who so kindly extended us so much kindness and assistance during the sickness and death of our mother. KERN ACKERMAN,

MR. and MRS. PHIL BLUMENSCHEIN.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

$20.00

Buys a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

$20.00

Buys a good Chinchilla Over coat, at

J. C. LOWE'S

Second Floor,

OPERA BLOCK.

1887.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harpers Bazar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous stories are unsurpassed. Its papers on social etiquette, decorative art, housekeeping in all its branches, cookery, etc., make it indespensable in every household. Its beautiful fashion-plates and pattern sheet supplements enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by being their own dressmakers. Not a line is admitted to its columns that could shock the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 Numbers)	15 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Bazar, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by postoffice money order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

John Baker Thompson,

Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

Wall Paper!

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and Fine Decorations, Window Curtains, Shade Rollers. Cornices, Poles and Room Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,

Mixed Paint Ready for Use.

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

J. M. Walker

No. 6 North Erie St.,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

Real Estate!

James R. Dunn,

—Administrator of the—

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—

Dealer in Real Estate,

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of

Fine Business Property,

Well Located Residence Property,

And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

JOHN PAUL & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Stone & Coal.

Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street,

Opposite Kitchen's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Sawed Stone on hand tyard.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

The brick factory east of the city is being enlarged.

Do not fail to attend the camp-fire next Tuesday evening.

The Massillon city directory will be ready for delivery next March.

John McDevitt will fast five days on bread and water for geting drunk.

The Presbyterian Social will meet at Mrs. Hemperly's on South East street, Friday evening, Dec. 17.

Let everybody attend the public library meeting, in the Hotel Conrad, next Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

The case of Crawford vs. McGregor will be argued before the Supreme Court on Friday, Dec. 17, instead of Dec 16.

Miss Barbara Pabst died on Saturday in Canton, at the age of nineteen, of consumption. The body was brought to Massillon for burial.

Mr. "Buck" Sims pleaded guilty to having assaulted Valentine Fierman, on Thursday morning, and was fined two dollars and costs.

The knowing readers who think that all news goes upon this page are growing less. All local news is not found on this page, but is distributed over all, or part of four pages.

In the absence of Rev. B. F. Booth who was in the southern part of Tuscarawas county, last Sunday, for the purpose of dedicating a new church; the Rev. J. D. Downey of Navarre filled the pulpit of the U. B. church in the evening.

On Sunday the water was turned off the canal, and two water mains were laid under its bed. On the same day Governor Warwick's new building was connected with the Main street sewer, the pipe being also placed under the canal.

Special services will begin at Newcomers Chapel at Pigeon Run, Tuesday evening 21st inst., which will continue during the holidays. The church there has been newly painted and papered, and presents a very attractive appearance.

And now has come the season when the good man of the house arises early, and deposits his pan of ashes upon the white snow every morning, so that by spring he has raised quite a little mound. And he thinks that by so doing he is helping to improve the streets. Public spirit is a great thing.

After allowing the water in the new reservoir to accumulate for a short time, it became necessary to empty it in order to make some changes. There, yet remains a space of about three hundred square feet to be puddled with clay, and then the gates will be closed. By two weeks, everything except the stand-pipe will be ready.

Dr. Garrignes is attending Mary Burke. One of the numerous little Burkes, a short time ago, carefully laid a powder flask in the ashes of the stove. He supposed that it was empty. But there were several ounces of powder in it, and while Mary, a few minutes later, held her face close to the grate, in order to poke the fire, the powder exploded. The little girl was severely burned, but is getting along nicely.

Friday morning a telephone message was received by the police, from Meyer's Lake, to look out for a black horse, blind in one eye, with a spavin on its left hind leg, and fifteen years old, stolen from Matthew Moffit. This noble animal was substituted by the thief with a worn out bay. Henry Monshower was arrested in Canton, for the theft. Monshower claims that he only "borrowed" the steed, but the *Democrat* says he still remains in jail.

Erie street people were greatly scared Friday night, when an alarm of fire came from the First National Bank building. In a few minutes an immense crowd gathered, and watched the fire company as it promptly went to work. The fire which was in the cellar was easily put out when discovered. It seems a wooden cold air flue, long out of use, had been carelessly placed near the furnace It ignited in some way, and acted as a chimney. The damage was slight, but the excitement was great.

Dr. Gardner tells of the experience of one of his patients, who submitted himself in the hands of a traveling quack who poses as a painless tooth extractor. The man, Frank Holtsman, lives at West Brookfield, and let the fraud pull an aching molar. When Holtsman got home, blood was flowing from the big cavity, so freely as to scare him. Dr. Gardner looked into the matter and found that the "dentist," who had kindly done the work for nothing, had torn one-fourth of the roof of his mouth loose, and ruptured the palatine artery. Frank has learned a lesson.

A respectable lady, living on Thorn street, retired a few evenings ago, as usual, and waking up in the morning, was unable to discover her false teeth, which she was accustomed to lay on the dresser every night, Failing completely in her search, she concluded that she had forgotton to remove them from her mouth, and had swallowed them. The incident caused her much uneasiness, and her trouble was augmented by a severe pain which she at once determined, came from the teeth. A physician was at once summoned, and efforts were made to relieve her. They proved, however, unavailing. The doctor thought the teeth must have lodged in her gullet, and would prove to be a very serious obstruction unless they could be forced into the stomach. The family worried over the matter all day, but in the evening, one of her sons, while up stairs, discovered the lost teeth on the floor. Their disappearance was then easily accounted for, as there was a pet dog in the household, who was in the habit of dragging things off, and losing them. It is needless to say that the lady recovered quickly. It is an amusing instance of what a strong imagination can do.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mr. Frank Corl, editor of the Navarre *Independent* drove up Saturday night to see Downing, as Spartacus.

Arrangements are being made to have a dance at the Hotel Conrad, on Thursday evening, December 30.

Cards are out for the marriage of A. F. Worbs, the young Erie street merchant, to Miss Dora Bosworth of Newport, Ohio, on December 30.

Mrs. George C. Sterling, of Battle Creek, Mich., and Mrs. Barnes and daughter of Detroit are in the city, and expect to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. William Justus.

Mr. E. J. Miller, who has superintended the water pipe laying, has departed. His work was all finished last Monday, and that evening he left for Mobile, Ala. Mr. Miller did his work under orders, of course, and that work he did do well. The men liked him, and to his and their credit it should be said that for the most part, they were sober and industrious, little given to the riotous proceedings which usually characterize men on public works. Mr. Miller was a convenient man, on whom people might vent their wrath, and he stood it with the equanimity of a stone wall. Mr. Miller tore up the streets, but as he was under orders, we forgive him. He may go in peace. In Scotland, when a great man dies they sometimes raise a pile of stones, or a cairn, to his memory. Mr. Miller has gone, but his memory will linger long, and his monument he built himself, for not one pile but sixteen miles remain to remind us of his deeds.

THE CITY COUNCIL

Finds Very Little For Itself to Do.

All members of the Council, except Mr. Williams were present Wednesday night. It is an astonishing fact, and one worthy of mention, that, for once, this body met on time.

The street commissioner's report for the week ending Nov. 20, amount $27, was reported correct.

An ordinance to establish a grade on Guy street was read the first time.

Mr. Lieghley said he was tired of breathing the vitiated atmosphere sent up from the furnace, and received after the city's prisoners got through with it, and therefore moved that a cold air chamber be attached to the said furnace. Carried.

Mr. Lieghley moved that the street commissioner be instructed to remove the obstructions from the culvert, under the South Park, at once. Carried.

It seems, Mr. J. G. Warwick, on Sunday last, constructed a sewer from his building on Erie streat, under the canal, and attached it to the Main street sewer without having asked the permission of the Council. This provoked a great deal of criticism, and was considered a bad precedent, upon which the Council ought to take action. The whole question was first ordered referred to the Solicitor for his opinion of the power of the Council in the premises.

BILLS REFERRED.

N. H. Willaman	$ 2 25
P. E. Hess	25 00
W. B. Schworm	5 00

BILLS PAID.

Massillon Schuyler Co.	$407 27
" Gas Co.	11 93
J. H. McLain	83 25
Geo. Splegel	15 05
Court Costs case of A. Paul	23 75
Total	$566 25

Adjourned until the second week in January.

Help Give a Merry Christmas to the Poor.

The citizens of Massillon are requested most earnestly to help the Industrial School officers and teachers to give the poor of the city, a merry Christmas.

We would like to distribute among them a few days before Christmas, coal, clothing, bedding, groceries and meat; books and toys would be very acceptable. All contributions (and we trust they may be liberal,) may be sent to the residence of Mrs. Clement Russell, on East Tremont street.

They Will Not be Moved.

There is a rumor going the rounds of the Ohio press to the effect that the Baldwin Locomotive Works are to be removed from Philadelphia to some favorable Ohio point. As some places are in a white heat of excitement over the matter the following note, from the proprietors of the establishment, may chill their ardor a little:

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—There is no truth whatever in the rumor that we contemplate moving these works from Philadelphia. Very truly yours,

BURNHAM, BERRY, WILLIAMS & CO.

BE THERE.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT.

A Meeting to be Held Next Tuesday, December 21st.

The committee in charge of the public library movement has arranged its report, has drawn up a charter and has very encouraging news concerning this enterprise.

It would not do to anticipate their report in this paper. The committee, however, hereby invites all who are interested in the establishment of a free public library in this city, to meet with them in the parlors of the Hotel Conrad next Tueseay evening at 8 o'clock.

Definite arrangements will then be made and the canvassing at once begun. All, without distinction, are earnestly urged to prove their interest in this project by being present.

THE CHARITY SCHOOL.

M. M. Southworth to Succeed I. M. Allen.

The disposition of the Kendall Charity School Farm, for a period of one year, has at last been definitely settled, as on Saturday the trustees met, and from a number of applicants, selected Mr. M. M. Southworth as the one to whom to offer the lease.

The reasons for this action have been before made public The farm and school are to be rented for a period of three years, during which time no pupils wil be accepted. The interest on the fund will accumulate, and, at the end of three years the institution will be reopened, and will then have the means to extend its work

Mr. Southworth accepts the offer, which is, to take the place at a rental of six hundred dollars a year, also agreeing to make certain necessary repairs.

The children who have not graduated will be placed in his care, although their education will be completed in the public schools of the city.

Mr. I M. Allen's resignation takes effect April 1, when Mr. Southworth takes hold. Mr. Southworth has been a Massillonian for one year, having come from Alliance when Mr. W. H. Vincent secured the Hotel Conrad. His appointment, for it amounts to that, by the board of trustees, is a compliment, and of itself is a testimonial as to his fitness for the position.

JOHN BAKER THOMPSON,

After a Week of Suffering, Passes Away.

John Baker Thompson died at his home, 42 East Main street, on Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock, of tetanus. The funeral will take place Friday afternoon at half past 1, at the Presbyterian church. The services will be conducted by the Odd Fellows.

He was born in England forty-four years ago last April, where he learned the trade of a baker, and he came to this country 1872. After various shifts he moved to Massillon, January 11, 1876, and established his present store in Coleman's block. He married in Ohio and leaves his wife and one little daughter. He was a member of the Masonic order, the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias.

Two weeks ago, this paper contained an item stating that Mr. J. B. Thompson, the well-known caterer, had stepped on a nail, and was laid up in consequence. But little was thought of the matter by him, until last week, when the case developed into an unmistakable attack of tetanus

Tetanus is a very painful, and ordinarily a fatal disease, usually the result of some wound in the hands or feet. It is recognized by a persistent spasm of the muscles, and includes as one feature, the much dreaded lock-jaw.

He steadily grew weaker and weaker, as the disease gained a firmer hold. Suffering the severest pain, which never a moment left him, he retained his consciousness almost all the time until death mercifully released him.

Rich and poor, high and low, all knew and liked the hearty "Baker Thompson," and were glad to note the prosperity that followed him, enabling him to build up a trade from nothing to one of large proportions. Daily the procession of business men would pause on their way to or from meals to inquire how he got along during his illness, and they all feel that in him the poor have lost one of their most modest, yet most generous benefactors, the town an enterprising citizen, and themselves a friend.

The quaint remarks and proverbs that everybody quoted from "Baker Thompson" will now be laid away, but the memory of an honest man, who, by hard work and his own strength of character made himself felt among men, will live.

The Death of Carl Warthorst

Word has been received of the death of Mr. Carl L. Warthorst, in Jacksonville, Fla., where he had gone to spend the winter. He died last Sunday night, a short time after the arrival of his wife. He had been sick some time with consumption, and has been in Manitou, Col., a number of months, where he was greatly benefited. The summer just gone he passed in Massillon, and he has therefore been in Florida but a short time. Mr. Warthorst was thirty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and one daughter. He was a member of the firm of Warthorst & Company, the proprietors of the large stone quarries west of the city. The body will be brought to this city for interment, and is expected Friday or Saturday.

Humberger's Opening.

The number of ah's and ob's that escaped from the ladies' lips when the curtain of Humberger's big new stores rolled up, and the doors were thrown open on Tuesday evening, was astonishing. Through the snow and sleet of a winter night, hundreds and hundreds came out to see the long looked for opening of the esatblishment which occupies one-half of the handsome building Mr. J. G. Warwick has erected on Erie street.

The rich lady was there, the poor lady was there, the professional shopper was there, the female who wants samples was there, the little girl who asks for a "pitcher card and an empty box" was there, while the men stood off in corners and gazed at the women with an air of superiority, looked at the gentlemen's furnishing goods with envy, and studied the cash carrier with interest.

It is certainly a beautiful store, and well worthy of the examination so many people made. The rooms are large and handsome, and overflowing with rich and beautiful goods, arranged with perfect taste and metropolitan style.

Everything is reduced to a system, there being twelve distinct departments, each managed by one clerk. The cashier's desk is located in the back part, and is connected with each department by the Bar cash carrier, by means of which, in little more than an instant, the money is sent spinning over a wire to the cashier and then returned. A cosy little corner is arranged as an office for Mr. W. B Humberger, where an open fire crackles away. To manage the large business requires the services of sixteen persons, and to light the store, requires three electric lights and thirty gas burners.

Mr. Humberger deserves credit for his enterprise, and his long experience and success, makes failure a word unthought

In the Camp Creek Mine.

Dr. J. F. Gardner now has in his charge a patient, by the name of David Davis, who was injured on Tuesday at 3 p. m., in the Camp Creek coal mine south west of the city.

While "bearing in," the top of the loosened mass fell, striking him upon the back and shoulders, and throwing his head with such violence against a roof prop, as to cut a gash, four inches long on the right side of his head, and sever the templar artery. The scalp on the left side was torn loose from a part of the skull, two inches wide and three inches long. His left side was badly contused, and his left ear almost cut off. Brain trouble may set in, and his recovery is doubtful.

A bazar for the sale of useful and fancy articles, will be held under the auspices of the Christian church at their new chapel on Hill street, Dec. 22 and 23 Dinner and supper will be served each day at thirty-five and twenty-five cents. As this is their first attempt in the way of a bazar, no pains are being spared to make it a very attractive feature, and the public in want of a good meal of roast turkey, roast beef, or oysters, will find it to their advantage by giving it their patronage.

LOST.

LOST—DOG.—At Massillon, on or about December 4th, a lemon and white Pointer dog, about 10 months old; has a lemon head and spot on back, the balance of the body white. Return to H. W. Loeffler, Massillon, or George D. Saxton, Canton, and receive reward.

Remember the absent, and send them a year's subscription to the Independent.

For a Christmas present, buy the Star that leads them all; the Holiday Domestic Sewing Machine.

SCHAEFER & MACSZ,
Massillon, O.

C. C. Miller's Prices on Watches are the lowest in the city and the largest stock in the city to select from.

Cloaks and shawls at 50c on the dollar at A. L. Watkins & Co.'s.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

C. C. Miller, the new Jeweler has all new goods; latest styles, and the lowest prices. Call and see.

Watkins' closing out sale continues.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

Opera Glasses for Xmas Presents at C. C. Miller's 37 E. Main street.

Dress goods, silks, velvets Domestics and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins.'

A nice line of Gold Spectacles for Christmas presents, at Miller's Jewelry Store.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

Elegant stock of silk mufflers, handkerchiefs at A. L, Watkins.'

The Independent for 1887 will be bigger and better than ever.

IT COSTS NOTHING

To See Our New Stock of

DIAMONDS

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Knives, Forks, Musical Inst'mnts, Strings, Spoons Glass Shades, Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Gold Pens, Gold & Silver Thimbles,

Spectacles of All Kinds.

We have the goods and are going to sell them as low and a little lower than the lowest.

Our stock is complete and new.

COLEMAN,

The Reliable Jeweler,

NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

Xmas Candies!

A choice selection of the best

New York and Boston Confections

can be found at the

RIALTO!

Chocolates of all kinds, creams and a great variety of bon bons.

Genuine Parisian chocolates can be ordered now from samples

A full line of 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00 boxes will be on sale next week. Send in orders early.

No present is more acceptable for friends at the holidays than a box of Schweeters' fine bon-bons and chocolates.

THE RIALTO.

6 North Mill St., MASSILLON, O.

(In Hotel Conrad.)

For the Holidays!

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Has Just Opened his Stock of Holiday Goods.

The books, endless in number, from the ever popular Chatterbox to the elaborate edition-de luxe, are marvels of cheapness, fresh from the publishers, and possess attractions for even the most pronounced book hater. Certainly there is no larger line in Stark county.

The fancy goods are unusually handsome this year, and in the numberless lamps, vases, bronzes, bits of ivory-ware, bisque figures, silk umbrellas, rare cards, and novelties of various kinds, every taste can be gratified. Every body is invited to examine the collection before being very much broken.

No. 40 East Main treet, Massillon.

HOLIDAY GOODS,

W. H. McCALL & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

Have in stock an elegant line of Christmas Novelties in

Leather & Plush Toilet Cases,

Manicure Sets,

WHISK BROOM HOLDERS

Work Boxes, Albums, &c.,

and an especially fine line of

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

All the newest designs in Stationery, both in boxes and in bulk.

A fine line of Odor Bottles in Cut Glass, Odor Cases, and Extracts for the handkerchief.

Call and examine their goods before purchasing elsewhere.

For a good, substantial Christmas Present, buy one of those fine Carpet Sweepers for sale at J. M. Walker's,
No. 6 North Erie Street.

Now Ready!

Holiday Goods.

An invitation is extended to the public to call at the

OPERA HOUSE

Drug and Book Store,

and inspect our immense line of

Holiday Goods,

at prices lower than ever.

Z. T. BALTZLY.

The Independent for a Christmas present will be satisfactory and also cheap.

Greater bargains than ever at Watkins' clearance sale.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,
Author of "Andersonville," Etc.

[Copyrighted by National Tribune Publishing Co., and published by arrangement with them.]

[The name given this story is made glorious by the valor and achievements of the First division of the Fourteenth Army corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

CHAPTER XII.

AUNT DEBBY BRILL.

It was nearly noon when Harry awoke. The awakening came slowly and with pain. In all his previous experiences he had had no hint even of such mental and bodily exhaustion as now oppressed him. Every muscle and tendon was aching a bitter complaint against the strain it had been subjected to the day before. Dull, pulseless pain smoldered in some; in others it was the keen throb of the toothache. Continued lying in one position was unendurable; changing it, a thrill of anguish, and the new posture as intolerable as the first. His brain galled and twinged as did his body. To think was as acute pain as to use his sinews. Yet he could not help thinking any more than he could help turning in bed, though to turn was torture.

Every organ of thought was bruised and sore. The fearful events of the day before would continue to thrust themselves upon his mind. To put them out required painful effort; to recall and comprehend them was even worse. Reflecting upon them now, with unstrung nerves, made them seem a hundred fold more terrible than when they were the spontaneous offspring of hot blood. With the reflection came the thoughts that this was but a prelude—an introduction—to an infinitely horrible saturnalia of violence and blood through which he was to be hurried until released by his own destruction. This became a nightmare that threatened to stagnate the blood in his veins. He gasped, turned his back to the wall with an effort that thrilled him with pain, and opened his eyes.

Naught that he saw reminded him of the preceding day. Sunny peace and contentment reigned. The door stood wide open, and as it faced the south the noonday sun pushed in clear to the opposite wall—a broad band of mellow light, vividly telling of the glory he was shedding where roof nor shade checked his genial glow. On the smooth, hard, ashen floor, in the center of this bright zone, sat a matronly cat, giving with tongue and paw dainty finishing touches to her morning toilet, and watching with maternal pride a kittenish game of hide and seek on the front step. Through the open doorway came the self-complacent cackling of hens, celebrating their latest additions to their nests, and the exultant call of a cock to his feathered harem to come, admire and partake of some especially fat worm which he had just unearthed. Farther away speckled Guinea chickens were clamoring their satisfaction at the improvement in the weather. Still farther, gentle tinklings hinted of peacefully browsing sheep.

Inside the house bunches of sweet smelling medicinal herbs, hanging against the wall to dry, made the air heavy with their odors. Aunt Debby was at work near the bright zone of sun rays, spinning yarn with a "big wheel." She held in one hand a long, slender roll of carded wool and in the other a short stick, with which she turned the wheel. Setting it to whirling with a long sweep of the stick against a spoke she would walk backward while the roll was twisted out into a long, thin thread, and then walk forward as the yarn was wound upon the spindle. When she walked backward the spindle hummed sharply; when she came forward it droned. There was a stately rhythm in both, to which her footsteps and graceful sway of body kept time, and all blended harmoniously with the camp meeting melody she was softly singing:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and Heaven still my own.

A world of memories of a joyous past, unchecked by a single one of the miseries of the present, crowded in upon Harry on the wings of this well remembered tune. It was a favorite hymn at the Methodist church in Sardis, and the last time he had heard it was when he had accompanied Rachel to the church to attend services conducted by a noted evangelist.

Ah, Rachel!—what of her?

He had not thought of her since a swift recollection of her words at the parting scene on the piazza had come to spur up his faltering resolution, as the regiment advanced up the side of Wildcat. Now one bitter thought of how useless all that he had gone through with the day before was to rehabilitate himself in her good opinion was speedily chased from his mind by the still bitterer one of the contempt she must feel for him, did she but know of his present abject prostration.

After all, might not the occurrences of yesterday be but the memories of a nightmare? They seemed too unreal for probability. Perhaps he was just recovering consciousness after the delirium of a fever.

The walnut sticks in the fireplace popped as sharply as pistols, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Heavens, I'm a bigger coward than ever," he said bitterly, and turning himself painfully in bed, he fixed his eyes upon the wall. "I was led to believe," he continued, 'that after I had once been under fire, I would cease to dread it. Now, it seems to me more dreadful than I ever imagined it to be."

Aunt Debby's wheel hummed and droned still louder, but her pleasant tones rode on the cadences like an Æolian harp in a rising wind:

Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me.
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

He wondered weakly why there were no monasteries in this land and age to serve as harbors of refuge for those who shrunk from the fearfulness of war.

He turned over again wearily, and Aunt Debby, looking toward him, encountered his wide open eyes.

"Yer awake, air ye?" she said kindly. "Hope I didn't disturb you. I wuz tryin' ter make ez little noise ez possible."

"No, you didn't rouse me. It's hard for me to sleep in daylight, even when fatigued, as I am."

"Ef ye want ter git up now," she said, stopping the wheel by pressing a stick against a spoke and laying the "roll" in her hand upon the wheel head, "I'll hev some breakfast fur ye in a jiffy. Ye kin rise an' dress while I run down fer the spring arter a fresh bucket o' water."

She covered her head with a "slat sun bonnet," which she took from a peg in the wall, lifted a cedar waterpail from a shelf supported by other long pegs, poured its contents into a large cast-iron teakettle swinging over the fire, and whisked out of the door. Presently the notes of her hymn mingled in plaintive harmony with the sparkling but no sweeter song of a robin redbreast, twittering his delight in the warm sunshine amid the crimson apples of the tree that overhung the spring.

"Will ye hev a fresh drink?" she asked Harry on her return.

He took the gourdful of clear, cool water which she offered him and drank heartily.

"Thet hez the name o' bein' the best spring in these parts," she said, pleased with his appreciation.

"An' it's a never failin' spring, too. We've plenty o' water the dryest times, when everybody else's goes dry."

"That is delicious water," said Harry.

"An' now I'll git ye yer breakfast in a minnit. The tea kittle's a-bilin', the coffee's ground, the pone's done, an' when I fry a little ham everything will be ready."

As her culinary methods and utensils differed wholly from anything Harry had ever seen, he studied them with an interest sharpened not a little by a growing appetite for breakfast.

The chimney iron teakettle swung on a hook at the end of a chain fastened somewhere in the throat of the chimney. On the rough stones forming the hearth were a half dozen "ovens" and "skillets"—circular, cast iron vessels standing on legs, high enough to allow a layer of live coals to be placed beneath them. They were covered by a lid with a ledge around it, to retain the mass of coals heaped on top. The cook's scepter was a wooden hook, with which she moved the kettles and ovens and lifted lids, while the relentless fire scorched her arms and face ruddier than a cherry.

It was a primitive way and so wasteful of wood that it required a tree to furnish fuel enough to prepare breakfast, but under the hands of a skillful woman those ovens and skillets turned out viands with a flavor that no modern appliance can equal.

The joists of the house were thickly hung with the small delicious hams of the country—hams made from young and tender hogs, which had lived and fattened upon the acorns, fragrant hickory nuts and dainty beech nuts of the abundant "mast" of the forest, until they were saturated with their delicate, nutty flavor. This was further enriched by a piquancy gained from the smoke of the burning hickory and oak, with which they were cured, and the absorption of odors from the scented herbs in the rooms where they were drying. Many have sung the praises of Kentucky's horses, whisky and women, but no poet has tuned his lyre to the more fruitful theme of Kentucky's mast fed, smoke cured, herb scented hams. For such a mean wants a crown of enduring bays.

Slices of this savory ham, fried in a skillet—the truth of history forces the reluctant confession that the march of progress had not yet brought the gridiron and its virtues to the mountains—a hot pone of golden yellow meal, whose steaming sweetness had not been allowed to distill off, but had been forced back into the loaf by the hot oven lid; coffee as black and strong as the virile infusions which cheer the hearts of the true believers in the tents of the Turk, and cream from cows that cropped the odorous and juicy grasses of mountain meadows, made a breakfast that could not have been more appetizing if composed by a French chef, and garnished by a polyglot bill of fare.

Moved thereto by the hospitable urgings of Aunt Debby and his own appetite, Harry ate heartily. Under the influence of the comfortable meal, the cheerful sunshine and the rousing of the energies that follow a change from a recumbent to an erect posture, his spirits rose to a manlier pitch. As he could not walk without pain, he took his seat in a slat-bottomed chair by the side of the hearth, and Aunt Debby, knitting in hand, occupied a low rocker nearly opposite.

"Where's Mr. Fortner?" asked Harry.

"Jim got up arly, an' arter eatin' a snack, said he'd go out an' take a look around—mebbe he mout go ez fur ez the ford."

As if to accompany Harry's instinctive tremor over the possibilities attending the resumption of Fortner's prowling around the flanks of Zollicoffer's army, the fire shot off a whole volley of sharp little explosions.

Harry sprang two or three inches above his chair. Then reddened violently, and essayed to conceal his confusion by assiduous attention with the poker to the wants of the fire.

Aunt Debby regarded him with gentle compassion.

"Yer all shuck up by the happenin's yesterday," she said with such tactful sympathy that his sensitive mettle was not offended. "'Tis natural ye should be. Hit's allers so. Folks kin say what they please, but fonten's terrible tryin' to the narves, no matter who does hit. My husband wuz in the Mexican war, an' he's often tole me thet fur weeks arter the battle o' Buner Visty he couldn't heah a twig snap withouten his heart poppin' right up outer his mouth, and hit wuz so with every body else, much ez they tried ter play off unconcerned like."

"Ah, really," said Harry, deeply interested in all that concerned this woman, whose remarkable qualities were impressing themselves upon his recognition. "What part of the army did your husband belong to?"

"He wuz in the Kentucky rigiment commanded by Kunnel Henry Clay son o' the great Henry Clay, who wuz killed thar. My husband was promoted to a leftenant fur his brav'ry in the battle."

"Then this is not your first experience with war?"

"No, indeed," said she, with just a trace of pride swelling in the temple's delicate network of blue veins. "The Fortners an' the Brills air soldier families, an' ther young men hev shouldered ther guns whenever the country needed fouten men. Great grandfathers Brill an' Fortner come inter the state along with Dan'l Boone nigh on ter a hundred years ago, and sence then them an' ther descendants hev fit Injuns, Brittishers an' Mexikins ev'ry time an inmy raised a sword agin the country."

"Many of them lose their lives?"

"Yes; ev'ry war hez rost the families some number. Grandfathers Brill an' Fortner war both on 'em killed at the Injun ambush at Blue Licks. I wuz only a baby when my father wuz killed at the massacre of Winchester's men at the River Raisin. My brother"——

"Father of the man I was with yesterday?"

"No; *his* father wuz my oldest brother. My youngest brother—the 'baby' of the family—was mortally wounded by a copper ball in the charge on the bishop's palace at the takin' o' Monterey."

"And your husband—he went through the war safely, did he?"

The pleasant, mobile lines upon the woman's face congealed into stony hardness. At the moment of Harry's question she was beginning to count the stitches in her work for some feminine mystery of "narrowing" or "turning." She stopped, and hands and knitting dropped into her lap.

"My husband," she said slowly and bitterly, "was spared by the Mexikins thet he fit, but not by his own countrymen an' neighbors, amongst whom he wuz brung up. His blood wuz not poured out on the soil he invaded, but wuz drunk by the land his forefathers an' kinsmen had died fur. The godless greasers on the Rio Grande war kinder ter him nor the Christian gentlemen on the Rockassel."

The intensity and bitterness of the utterance revealed a long coming of the expression of bitter truths.

"He lost his life, then," said Harry, partially comprehending, "in some of the troubles around here?"

"He wuz killed bekase he wouldn't help break down what hit had cost so much ter build up. He wuz killed bekase he thot a pore man's life wuth mo'en a rich man's nigger. He wuz killed bekase he b'lieved this whole country belonged ter the men who'd fit fur hit an' made hit what hit is, an' thet hit wuzn't a plantation fur a passel o' slave drivers ter boss an' divide up jess ez hit suited 'em."

"Why, I thought all you Kentuckians were strongly in favor of keeping the negroes in slavery," said Harry in amazement.

"Keepin' the niggers ez slaves ain't the question at all. We folks air ez fur from bein' Abolitionists ez ennybody. Hit's a battle now with a lot uv 'ristocrats who'd take our rights away."

"I don't quite understand your position," said Harry.

"Hit's bekase ye don't understand the country. The people down heah air divided into three classes. Fust thar's the few very rich families thet hev big farms over in the Blue Grass with lots o' niggers ter work 'em. Then thar's the middle class—like the Fortners an' the Brills—they hev small farms in the creek vallies, an' wharever thar's good land on the mounting sides, who hev no niggers, an' who try ter lead God-fearin', hard-workin' lives, an' support their families decently. Lastly, thar's the pore white trash, thet lives 'way up in the hollers an' on the wuthless lands about the headwaters. They've little patches o' corn ter make ther breadstuff, an' depend on huntin', fishin', an' stealin' fur the rest o' ther vittles. They've half a dozen guns in every cabin, but nary a hoe; they've more yaller dogs than the rest o' us hev sheep, an' they find hit a good deal handier ter kill other folks' hogs than ter raise ther own pork."

"Hardly desirable neighbors, I should think," ventured Harry.

"Hit's war all the time between our kind o' people an' them other kinds. Both on 'em hates us like pizen, an' on our side—well, we air Christians, but we reckon thet when Christ tole us ter love our inimies, an' do good ter them ez despitefully used us, he couldn't hev had no idee how mean people would git ter be long arter he left the airth."

Harry could not help smiling at this new adaptation of a Scriptural mandate.

"The low down whites hates us bekase we ain't mean an' ornery ez they air, an' hold ourselves above 'em. The bigbugs hates us bekase we won't knuckle down ter 'em, ez ther niggers an' the pore whites do. So hit's cat an' dog all the time. We don't belong ter the same parties, we don't jine the same churches, an' thar's more or less trouble a-gwine on between us an' them continnerly."

"Then when the war broke out you took different sides, as usual?"

"Of course! of course! The big nigger owners an' the ornery whites, who air jest ez much ther slaves ez of they'd been bot an' paid fur with ther own money, became red hot Secessioners, while our people stuck ter the Union. The very old satan hisself seemed ter take possession ov 'em and stir 'em up ter do all manner of cruelty ter conquer us inter jinin' in with 'em. The Brills an' Fortners hed allers been leaders agin the other people, an' now the Confederates hissed their white slaves outer our men, ez one sets dogs outer steers in the corn. The chief man among 'em wuz Kunnel Bill Pennington."

Harry looked up with a start.

"Yes, the same one who got his reward yesterday," she continued, interpreting the expression of his eyes. "The Penningtons air the richest family this side o' Danville. They an' the Brills an' the Fortners hev allers been mortal enemies. Thar's bin blood shed in ev'ry gineration. Kunnel Bill's father limpt ter his grave on 'count of a bullet in his hip, which wuz lodged thar soon arter I'd flung on the floor a $10 gold piece he'd crowded inter my hand at a dance, where he'd come 'ithout any invite. The bullet was from the rifle of a young man named David Brill, thet I married the next day, jest ez he wuz startin' fur Mexico. He volunteered a little airlier then he'd intended, fur his father's wheat wuz not nearly all harvested, but hit wuz thot best ter git himself out o' the way o' the Penningtons, who wuz a mouty revengeful family, an' besides they then hed the law on ther side. Ez soon ez he come back from the war Ole Kunnel Bill, an' Young Kunnel Bill, an' all the rest o' the Pennington clan an' connection began watchin' fur a chance ter git even with him. The Ole Kunnel used ter vow an' swar thet he'd never leave the airth outil Dave Brill wuz under the clods o' the valley. But he fed ter go last year, spite o' hisself, an' leave David Brill 'live an' well an' becomin' more an' more lookt up ter ev'ry day by the people, while the Penningtons war gittin' wuss and wuss hated. We hed a son, too, the very apple of our eyes, who wuz growin' up, jest like his father——"

The quaver of an ill-repressed sob blurred the tones. She closed her eyes firmly, as if to choke back the brimming tears, and then rising from her seat busied herself brushing the coals and ashes back into the fire.

"Thet walnut pops so awfully," she said, "thet a body hez to sweep nearly ev'ry minnit ter keep the harth at all clean."

"The death of his father made no change in the younger Col. Pennington? He kept up the quarrel the same as ever, did he?" asked Harry, deeply interested in the narrative.

"Wussen ever! Wussen ever! He got bitterer ev'ry day. He laid his defeat when he wuz runnin' fur the legislatur at our door. He hired bullies ter git inter a quarrel with David, at public getherin's, an' kill him in sech a way ez ter hev a plea o' self-defense ter clar themselves on; but David tuk too good keer o' hisself ter get ketched that a-way, an' he hurt one o' the bullies so bad thet he niver quite got over hit. He and Kunnel Pennington leveled their weepons on each o'her at a barbecue near London last fall, but the bystanders interfered an' prevented bloodshed fur a time.

"When the war broke out we never believed hit would reach us. Thar must be trouble in Louisville and Cincinnati—some even thot hit likely that thar would be fouten in Lexington—but 'way up in the mountings we'd be peaceable an' safe allers. Our young men formed theirselves inter a company of home gyards, an elected my husband their capting. Kunnel Pennington gathered together 'bout a hundred o' the poorest, ornerest shakes on the headwaters an' tuck 'em off ter jine Sidney Johnson, an' drive the Yankees 'way from Louisville. Everybody said hit wuz the best riddance o' bad rubbish the country'd ever knowed, and when they wuz gone our chances fur peace seemed better'n ever.

"All the flurry made by ther gwine 'way had died down, an' ez we heered nothin' from 'em or the war, people's minds got quiet agin, an' they sot 'bout hurryin' up their spring work.

"One bright, sweet mornin' in May I wuz at my work in the yard with Fortner—thet wuz my son's name—fixin' up the kittles ter dye some yarn fur a coat fur him. Husband'd went ter the other side o' the hill, whar the new terbacker ground wuz, ter cut out some trov's that shaded the plants. The skies wuz ez bright an' fa'r ez the Good Lord ever made 'em. I could heah the ringin' o' David's ax ez he chopped away, an' hit seemed ter be sayin' ter me cheerfully all the time: 'Heah I am—hard at work.' The smoke from some brush piles thet he'd sot afire riz up slowly an' gently, fur thar wuz no wind a-stirring. The birds sung gayly 'bout their work o' nest buildin', an' I couldn't help singin' about mine. I left the kittles fur a minnit to run down the gyarden walk, ter see how my bed o' pinks wuz comin' out, an' I sung ez I run.

"Jest then a passel o' men come stringin' up the road ter the bars. They looked like some o' them that Kunnel Pennington tuck 'way with him, but they rid better critters then any o' them ever hed, an' they were dressed in a sorter soljer cloze, an' all o' 'em toted guns.

"Something sent a chill ter my very heart the moment I laid eyes on 'em. Hit a'most stopped beatin' when I see Kunnel Bill Pennington a little ways behind 'em, with a feather in his hat an' sword an' pistols in his belt. When they waited at the bars fur him ter come up, I knowed instantly what they were arter.

"'Fortner,' I said ter my son, tryin' ter speak ez low ez possible, 'Fortner, honey, slip back through the bushes ez quick ez the Lord'll let ye, an' tell yer daddy thet Bill Pennington an' his gang air heah arter him. Sneak away, but when ye air out o' sight, run fur yer life, honey.'

"He turned ter go, but at that minnit Bill Pennington shouted out: 'Stop thar! Don't ye send thet boy away! Ef he moves a step I'll put a bullet through his brain!'

"Fortner would've run in spite o' him, but I wuz so skeered fur him thet I jumped ter his side an' ketched his arm.

"'Keep quiet, honey,' I said. 'Likely they won't find yer daddy at all.'

"Vain hope! Ez I spoke, the sound o' David's ax rung out clearly and steadily. The cannons at Wildcat, yesterday, didn't sound no louder ter me. I could even tell thet he wuz choppin' a beech tree. The licks was ez eshsharp an' ringin ez ef the ax struck iron.

"Bill Pennington hit offen his beast, an' walked toward me, with his sword a-clatterin' an' his spurs a-jinglin'.

"'Whar's that Yankeefied scalawag of a husband o' your'n? Whar's Dave Brill?' he said savagely.

"'Hit seemed ter me that every stroke from over the hill said ez plainly ez tongue could utter words: 'Heah I am. Come over heah!' I tried ter gain time ter think o' something.

"'I started this mornin' on Roan Molly fer Mt. Vernon, to 'tend court,' I said, knowin' thet I didn't dare hesitate ter make up a story.

"'Kunnel, thet air's a lie,' said Jake Johnson, who knowed us. 'Thar's Dave Brill's Roan Molly over thar, in the pasture.'

"'An' this hain't court day in Mt. Vernon, neither,' said another.

"'I know your husband's on the place. I wuz tole so this mornin',' said Kunnel Bill. 'Hit'll be much better fur ye, ef ye tell me whar he is. Hit'll at least save yer house from bein' sot afire.

"'Ring! ring!' went David's ax, ez ef hit war a trumpet, shoutin' ter the whole world: 'Heah I am. Come over heah!'

"'Ye kin burn our house of yer thet big a villain,' I said; 'but I can't tell ye no different.'

"'Kunnel, thet's him a-choppin' over thar,' said Jake Johnson. 'I know he's cl'ared some new ground fur terbacker on thet air hillside.'

"'I believe hit is,' said Kunnel Bill, listenin' a minnit. 'Parker, ye an' Haygood go over thar an' git him, while some o' the rest o' ye look 'bout the stable an' fodder stack thar. Mind my orders, an' see thet they air carried out.'

"His manner made me fear everything. A thought flashed inter my mind. Thar wuz thet horn thar"—Harry followed her eyes with his and saw hanging on hooks against the wall one of the long tin horns used in the south to call the men folks of the farms to their meals. It was crushed and battered to uselessness—"I thought I'd blow hit an' attract his attention. He mout then see them a-comin' and git away. I ran inter the house an' snatched the horn down, but afore I could put hit ter my lips Bill Pennington jerked hit 'way from me an' stamped on hit.

"'Deb Brill,' said he, with a mortally hateful look, 'yer peart an' sassy an' bold, an' hev allers been so, an' so's yer Yankeefied husband. Ye've had yer own way offen—too offen. Now I'll hev mine an' wipe out some long standin' scores. Dave Brill hez capped a lifetime o' plague an' disturbance ter his betters by becomin' a traitor ter his country an' inducin' others ter be traitors. He must be quieted. Come out an' listen.'

"He pulled me out inter the yard. Dave wuz still choppin' away. Fur nearly every day fur nigh thirty years the sound o' his ax had been music in my ears. I had larned to know hit, even afore we wuz lovers, fur his father's land jined my father's, an' hit seems ter me thet I could tell the note o' his ax from thet o' everybody else, a'most ez airly ez I could tell a robin's song from a blackbird's. Girl, woman, wife an' mother, I hed listened to hit while I knit, wove or spun, every stroke minglin' with the sounds o' my wheel or loom an' the song o' the birds, an' tellin' me whar he wuz, an' thet he wuz toilin' cheerfully fur me an' mine.

"Now, fur the fust time in all these years hits steady, strong beat brought mis'ry ter my ears. Hit wuz ez the tollin' of a bell fur some one not yit dead. My heart o'my beat ez fast ez he chopped. Hit would give a great jump when the sound o' the blow reached me, an' then stand still until the next one came.

"At last came a long—O, so long a pause.

"'They've got thar,' said Bill Pennington, cranin' forward his head ter ketch the fust sound. 'He's seed 'em an' is tryin' ter git 'way. But he kin never do hit. I know the men I sent ter do the job.'

"Two rifle shots sounded a'most together, an' then immediately arter wuz a couple o' boastful Injun-like yells.

"'There, Deb, heah thet? Ye'r a widder now. Be friendly all thet I let ye off so easy. I ought by rights ter burn yer house an' put thet boy o' your'n whar he'll do no harm. But this'll do fur an example ter these mounting traitors. They've lost ther leader, an' ther bain't no one ter take his place. They'll know now thet we're in dead airnest. Boys, go inter the house an' git all the guns thar is thar, an' what vittles an' blankets ye want; but make haste, fur we must git away from heah in a hurry.'

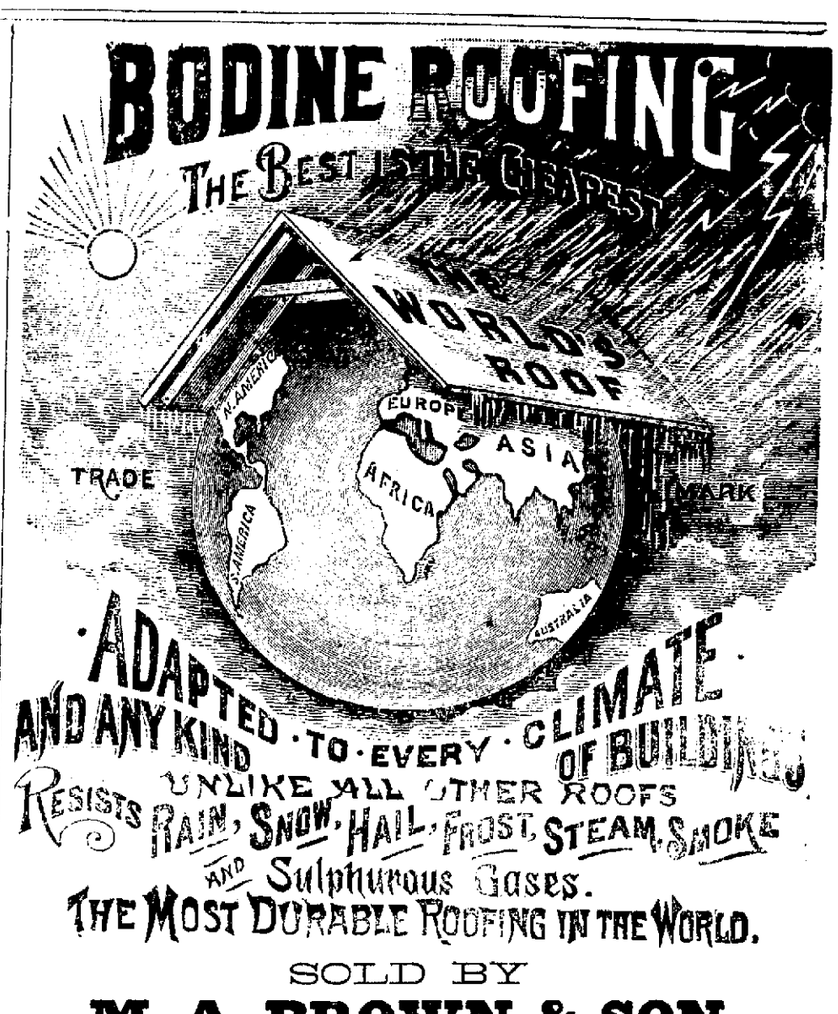
"I run ez fast ez my feet'd carry me to whar David lay stone dead. Fortner saddled his colt an' galloped off ter his cousin Jim Fortner's, ter rouse the home gyard. The colt reached Jim's house, bekase hits mammy wuz thar; but my son never did. In takin' the shortest road he had ter cross the dangerousest ford on the Rockassel. The young beast wuz skeered nigh ter death, an' hits rider wuz drowned."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN APPLE JACK RAID.

The morning after the battle, Kent Edwards was strolling around the camp at Wildcat. "Shades of my hot-throated ancestors, who swallowed several fine farms by the tumberful, how thirsty I am!" he said at length. "It's no wonder these Kentuckians are such hard drinkers. There's something in the atmosphere that makes me drier the farther we advance into the state. May be the pursuit of glory has something desiccating in it. At least, all the warriors I ever heard of seemed composed of clay that required as much moistening as unslaked lime. I will hie me to the hill of frankincense and the mountain of myrrh; in others words, I'll go back where Abe is, and get what's left in the canteen."

He found his saturnine comrade sitting on a log by a comfortable fire, restoring buttons which, like soldiers, had become "missing by

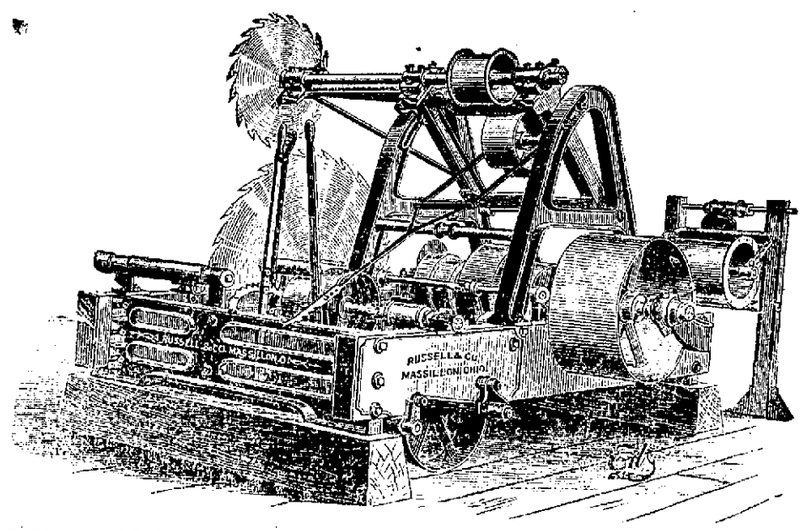


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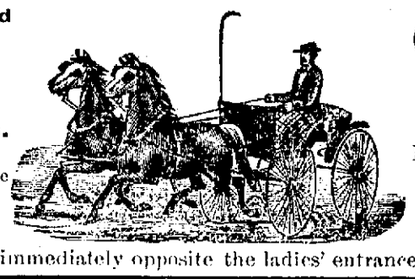
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reason of exigencies of the campaign."

Abe had stuck his needle down into the log beside him. Near were the buttons he had fished out of his pocket, and he was laboring with clumsy fingers and rising temper at an obdurate bunch of thread.

"I've been round looking over the field," said Kent, as he came up.

A contemptuous snort answered him.

"You ought to've been along. I saw a great many interesting things."

"O, yes, I s'pose. Awful interesting. Lot o' dead men laying around in the mud. 'Bout as interesting, I should say, as a spell o' setting on a coroner's jury. The things you find interesting would bore anybody else to death."

Abe gave the obstinate clump a savage twitch, which only made its knots more rebellious, and he looked as if strongly tempted to throw it into the fire.

"Don't do it, Abe," said Kent, with a laugh that irritated Abe worse still. "Thread's thread out here, a hundred miles from nowhere. You don't know where you'll get any more. Save it, my dear fellow, save it. Perchance you may yet sweetly beguile many an hour of your elegant leisure in unraveling its fantastic convolutions with your taper fingers, and——"

"Lord! Lord!" said Abe with an expression of deep weariness, but without looking in Kent's direction, "who's pulled the string o' that clack mill and set it to going? When it gets started once it rolls out big words like punkins dropping out o' the tail of a wagon going up hill. And there's no way o' stopping it, either. You've just got to wait till it runs down."

"The Proverbs say so fittingly that 'A fool delighteth not in wise instruction,'" said Kent, as he stepped around to the other side of the fire. His foot fell upon a projecting twig, the other end of which flew up and landed a very hot coal on the back of Abe's hand. Abe's action followed that of the twig, in the suddenness of his upspringing. He hurled an oath and a firebrand at his comrade.

"This is really becoming domestic," said Kent as he laughingly dodged. "The gentle amenities could not cluster more thickly around our fireside, even if we were married."

When Abe resumed his seat he did not come down exactly upon the spot from which he had arisen. It was a little farther to the right, where he had stuck the needle. He had forgotten all about it, but he rose with a howl when it keenly reminded him that like the star spangled banner, it "was still there."

"Don't rise on my account, I beg," said Kent with a deprecatory wave of the hand, as he hurried off to where he could laugh with safety. A saucy drummer boy, who neglected this precaution, received a cuff from Abe's heavy hand that thrilled the rest of the drum corps with delight.

When Abe's wrath subsided from this ebullient stage back to its customary one of simmer, Kent ventured to return.

"Say," said he, pulling over the coats and blankets near the fire, "where's that canteen?"

"There it is by the cups. Can't you see it? If it was a snake it'd bite you."

"It's done that already, several times, or rather its contents have. You know what the Bible says. 'Biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?' Ah, here it is. But gloomy forebodings seize me: it is suspiciously light. Paradoxically, its lightness induces gravity in me. But that pun is entirely too fine-drawn for camp atmosphere."

He shook the canteen near his ear. "Alas! no gurgle responds to my fond caresses;

Canteen, Mavourneen, O, why art thou silent,
Thou voice of my heart?

It is—woe is me—it is empty."

"Of course it is—you were the last person at it."

"I hurl that foul imputation back into thy teeth, base knave. Thou thyself art a very daughter of a horse leech with a canteen of whisky."

Abe looked at him inquiringly. "You must've found some, some place," he said, "or you wouldn't be so awfully glib. It's taken 'bout half a pint to loosen your tongue so that it'd run this way. I know you."

"No, I've not found a spoonful. The eloquence of thirst is the only inspiration I have at present. I fain would stay its cravings by quaffing a beaker of mountain distilled hair curler. Mayhap this humble receptacle contains yet a few drops which escaped thy ravenous thirst."

Kent turned the canteen upside down, and placed its mouth upon his tongue. "No," he said, with deep dejection, "all that delicious fluid of yesterday is now like the Father of his Country."

"Eh?" said Abe, puzzled.

"Because it is no more—it is no more. It belongs to the unreturning past."

"I say," he continued after a moment's pause, "let's go out and hunt for some. There must be plenty in this neighborhood. Nature never makes a want without providing something to supply it. Therefore, judging from my thirst, this country ought to be full of distilleries."

They buckled on their belts, picked up their guns and started out, directing their steps to the front.

In spite of the sunshine the walk through the battlefield was depressing. Scattered over the mountain side were fatigue parties engaged in hunting up the dead and burying them in shallow graves hastily dug in clay so red that it seemed as if saturated with the blood shed the day before. The buriers thrust their hands into the pockets of the dead with the flinching, nauseated air of men touching filth, and took from the garments seeping with water and blood, watches, letters, ambrotypes, money and trinkets, some of which they studied to gain a clew to the dead man's identity, some retained as souvenirs, but threw the most back into the grave with an air of loathing. The faces of the dead, with their staring eyes and open mouths and long, lank hair, cloyed with the sand and mud thrown up by the beating rain, looked indescribably repulsive.

The buriers found it better to begin their work by covering the features with a cap or a broad brimmed hat. It was difficult for the coarsest of them to fling a spadeful of dank clay directly upon the wide-open eyes and seemingly-speaking mouth.

"Those fellows' souls," said Kent, regarding the corpses, "seem to have left their earthly houses in such haste that they forgot to close the doors and windows after them. Somewhere I have read of a superstition that bodily tenements left in this way were liable to be entered and occupied by evil spirits, and from this rose the custom of piously closing the eyes and mouths of deceased friends."

"No worse spirit's likely to get into them than was shot out of 'em," growled Abe. "A Confederate with a gun is as bad an evil spirit as I ever expect to meet. But let's go on. It's another kind of an evil spirit that we are interested in just now—one that'll enter into and occupy our empty canteen."

"You're right. It's the enemy that my friend Shakespeare says we 'put into our mouths to steal away our brains.' By the way, what a weary hunt he must have in your cranium for a load worth stealing."

"There goes that clack mill again. Great Cæsar! if the boys only had legs as lively as your tongue, what a racer the regiment would be! Cavalry'd be nowhere."

They walked on rapidly for a couple or three hours, without finding much encouragement in their search. The rugged mountain sides were but thinly peopled, and the few poor cabins they saw in the distance they decided were not promising enough of results to justify clambering up to where they were perched. At last, almost wearied out, they halted for a little while to rest and scan the interminable waves of summits that stretched out before them.

"Ah," said Kent, rising suddenly, "let's go on. Hope dawns at last. I smell apples. That's a perfume my nose never mistakes. We're near an orchard. Where there's an orchard there's likely to be a pretty good style of a house, and where in Kentucky there's good style of a house there's a likelihood of being plenty of good whisky. Now there's a train of brilliant inductive reasoning that shows that nature intended me to be a great natural philosopher. Come on, Abe."

The smell of apples certainly did grow more palpable as they proceeded, and Abe muttered that even if they did not get anything to drink they would probably get enough of the fruit to make an agreeable change in their diet.

They emerged from the woods into a cleared space where a number of roads and paths focused. To the right was a little opening in the mountain side, hardly large enough to be called a valley, but designated in the language of the region as a "hollow." At its mouth stood a couple of diminutive log cabins, of the rudest possible construction, and roofed with clapboards held in place by stones and poles. A long string of wooden troughs, supported upon props, conducted the water from an elevated spring to the roof of one of the cabins, and the water could be seen issuing again from underneath the logs at one side of the cabin. A very primitive cider mill—two wooden rollers fastened in a frame, and moved by a long sapling sweep attached to one of them—stood near. The ground was covered with rotting apple pomace, from which arose the odor that had reached Kent's nose.

"Hello!" said the latter, "here's luck: here's richness! We've succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, as the boy said who ran away from school to catch minnows, and caught a ducking, a bad cold and a licking. We've struck an apple-jack distillery, and as they've been at work lately, they've probably left enough somewhere to give us all that we can drink."

Abe's sigh was eloquent of a disbelief that such a consummation was possible, short of the blissful hereafter.

Inside of one of the cabins they found a still about the size of a tub, with a worm of similar small proportions, kept cool by the flow from the spring. Some tubs and barrels, in which the lees of cider were rapidly turning to vinegar, gave off a fruity, spirituous odor, but for awhile their eager search did not discover a bit of the distilled product. At last Kent, with a cry of triumph, dragged from a place of cunning concealment a small jug, stopped with a corncob. He smelled it hungrily.

"Yes, here is some. It's applejack, not a week old and as rank as a major general. Phew! I can smell every stick they burned to distill it. Abe, watch me closely while I drink. I magnanimously take the lead, out of consideration for you. If I ain't dead in five minutes you try it."

"O, stop monkeying and drink," was the impatient answer.

Kent put the jug to his mouth and took a long draught. "Shade of old Father Noah, the first drunkard," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "another swig like that would pull out all the rivets in my internal pipings. Heavens! it went down like pulling a cat out of a hole by the tail. I'm afraid to wipe my mouth, lest my breath burn a hole in the sleeve of my blouse."

Three-quarters of an hour later the spirits in the jug were lowering and those in the men rising with unequal rapidity. Under the influence of the fiery stimulant, Kent's sanguine temperament boiled and bubbled over. Imagination painted the present and future in hues of dazzling radiance. Everything was as delightful as it could be now, and would become more charming as time rolled on. But with Abe Bolton drinking tended to develop moroseness into savagery.

"Ah, comfort me with applejack, and stay me with flagons of it!" said Kent Edwards, setting down the jug with the circumspection of a man not yet too drunk to suspect that he is losing exact control of his legs and arms. "That gets better the deeper down you go. First it was like swallowing a chestnut bur; now, old hand made Bourbon couldn't be smoother."

"A man can get used to a'most anything," said Bolton.

"I get gladder every day, Abe, that I came into the army. I wouldn't have missed all this experience for the finest farm in the Miami valley.

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
To soldier half a day,

Sir Walter Scott says—as I improve him."

"'Specially one of them soaking days when we were marching through the mud to Wildcat."

"O, those were just thrown in to make us appreciate good weather when we have it. Otherwise we wouldn't. You know what the song says:

For spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring

"Well, for my part, one o' them days was enough to pison six months o' sunshine. I declare, I believe I'll feel mildewed for the rest of my life. I know if I pulled off my clothes you could scrape the green mold off of my back."

"And I'm sure that if we'd had the whole army to pick from, we couldn't 've got in with a better lot of boys and officers. Every one of them's true blue, and a man all the way through. It's the best regiment in the army, and our company's the best company in the regiment, and I flatter myself the company hasn't got two other as good men as we are."

"Your modesty 'll ruin you yet, Kent," said Abe, sardonically. "It's very painful to see a man going 'round underrating himself, as you do. If I could only get you to have a proper opinion of yourself—that is, believe that you are a bigger man than Gen. Scott or George B. McClellan, I'd have some hopes of you."

"We'll have one grand, big battle with the Secessionists now, pretty soon—everything's getting ripe for it—and we'll whip them like Wellington whipped Napoleon at Waterloo. Our regiment will cover itself with glory, in which you and I will have a big share. Then we'll march back to Sardis with flags flying and drums beating, everybody turning out, and the bands playing 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' when you and I come down the street, and we'll be heroes for the rest of our natural lives."

"Go ahead, and tell the rest of it to the mash tubs and the still. I've heard as much as I can stand, and I must have a breath of fresh air. I'm going into the other cabin to see what's there."

Kent followed him to the door with the jug in his hand.

"Kent, there's a man coming down that path there," said Abe, pulling himself together, after the manner of a half drunken man whose attention is powerfully attracted.

"Where?" asked Kent, setting the jug down with solicitous gentleness, and reaching back for his musket.

"There, by that big chestnut. Can't you see him? or have you got so much whisky in you that you can't see anything? He's in Confederate clothes, and he's got a gun. I'm going to shoot him."

"Maybe he's one of these loyal Kentuckians, Hold on a minute, till you are sure," said Kent, half cocking his own gun.

"The last words of Gen. Washington were: 'Never trust a nigger with a gun.' A man with that kind o' cloze has no business carrying weepons around in this country. I'm going to shoot."

"If you shoot with your hands wobbling that way you'll make him as full of holes as a skimmer. That'd be cruel. Steady yourself up a little, while I talk to him.

"Halt there!" commanded Kent, with a thick tongue. "Who are you, and how many are with you?"

"I'm a Union man," said Fortner, for it was he, "an' I'm alone."

"Lay down your gun and come up here if you are a friend," ordered Kent.

The swaggering imperiousness in Edwards' tone nettled Fortner as much as the order itself. "I don't make a practice of layin' down my gun fur no man," he said proudly. "I'm ez good Union ez ary of you 'uns dar be, an' I don't take no orders from ye. I could've killed ye both ef I'd a-wanted ter afore ye ever seed me."

Bolton's gun cracked, and the bullet buried itself in the thick, soft bark of the chestnut, just above Fortner's head, and threw dust and chips in his eyes. He brushed them away angrily and instinctively raised his rifle. Kent took this as his cue to fire, but his aim was even worse than Abe's.

"Ruined again by strong drink," he muttered despairingly, as he saw the failure of his shot. "Nothing but new applejack could make me miss so fair a mark."

"Now, ye fellers, lay down yore guns!" shouted Fortner, springing forward to where they were with his rifle cocked. "Lay 'em down! I say. Lay 'em down, or I'll let daylight through ye!"



"Now ye fellers lay down yore guns!"

"He's got us, Abe," said Kent, laying down his musket reluctantly. His example was followed by Abe, who, however, did not place his gun so far that he could not readily pick it up again, if Fortner gave him an instant's opportunity. Fortner noticed this and pushed the musket farther away with his foot, still covering the two with his rifle.

"Ye see now," he said, "thet I hev ye at my marcy, ef I wanted to kill or capture ye. Ef I gin ye back yer guns, ye'll admit thet I'm yer friend, and not yer inimy, won't ye?"

"It'll certainly look like an overture to a permanent and disinterested friendship," said Kent, brightening up; and Abe, who was gathering himself up for a spring to catch Fortner's rifle, let his muscles relax again.

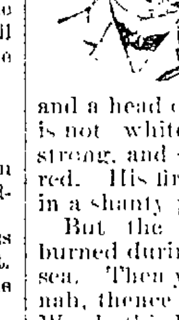
"Well, ye kin take up yer guns agin and load 'em," said Fortner, letting down the hammer of his rifle. "I'm Jim Fortner, supposed ter be the pizenest Union man on the Rockcastle! Come along ter my house, an' I'll gin ye a good meal o' vittels. Hit's on'y a little piece off, an' I've got thar one of yer fellers. His name's Harry Glen.

(To be continued.

"UNCLE REMUS."

The True Story of Joel Chandler Harris, Dialect Author.

It is a pity to disturb the romantic tale that has gone about the country in reference to this popular writer. But the truth is he was not born in Africa, but in Putnam County, Georgia. He isn't a great Hebrew and Sanscrit scholar either, but an American boy, who never went to school anywhere enough to spoil him. Neither did his sweetheart die of yellow-fever and leave him alone with his grief and a head of snow white hair. His hair is not white with grief, but is thick, strong, and stubby, and a good, honest red. His first work for the public was in a shanty printing office in the woods.



But the shanty printing office was burned during Sherman's march to the sea. Then young Harris went to Savannah, thence to Atlanta. Like Artemus Ward, this later genuine American humorist began life a printer. He was a reporter on the Atlanta *Constitution* when he wrote the first Uncle Remus sketch. It struck the note of success. The Uncle Remus stories are a lasting part of American literature as much as Burns' poetry is a part of Scotch life and history.

It is pleasant to know, too, that he did not invent the plantation stories and sketches, but that they are genuinely what they assume to be. Mr. Harris has gathered up the negro folk lore of the South and preserved it in permanent form. Only for him many choice and quaint treasures of literature would have been lost.

The best known of the sketches is the strange and striking legend of "Brer Fox and the Tar Baby and Brer Rabbit." Mr. Harris is 40 years old, a delightful friend, and a hard worker in literature and journalism. The *Century* magazine now publishes his productions in advance of their appearance elsewhere.

An Unfortunate Arnheim.

A young man with an expression of confidence on his face entered a Michigan avenue clothing store yesterday and asked:

"I am straight business. I want a suit of clothes. There are seven of us who will buy our clothes at the same place. I have been sent on ahead to get prices."

"Humph!"

"If I bring the other six here to buy what will you make this $20 suit for?"

The clothier went over and sat down by the stove with a disgusted look on his face.

"You didn't answer my question."

"My frendt, please go oudt. You make me werry tired!"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to bring the party here?"

"No, my frendt, I don't. All my sales to-day goes to an orphan asylum, and I like to keep 'em down to a summer coat and a pair of second-hand pants! Better try der man two door below."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MICHAEL DAVITT'S BRIDE-ELECT.

When He First Met Miss Yore—Her Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Michael Davitt, the father of the Land League and champion of the Irish cause, will shortly marry Miss Mary A. Yore, of St. Joseph, Mich. Mr. Davitt's attention was first attracted to his bride-elect



Mary A. Yore.

at a musical entertainment in St. Francis de Sales Church, at Oakland, Cal. Miss Yore was singing soprano, and he was struck with the fine quality of her voice, and sought her acquaintance. She is the daughter of John Yore, of St Joseph, who is a prosperous but not wealthy country merchant. When little more than an infant she was adopted by her aunt, Mrs James Canning, of Oakland, Cal., and has since lived with her, being regarded by Mr and Mrs Canning with as much affection as if she were their daughter in reality. Miss Yore was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, and it was there Mr Davitt first saw her. This was six years ago. The young lady is now the principal soprano singer in the choir of the Church of St Francis de Sales, Oakland. It has been stated that she is an heiress in her own right. This is not so. Mrs. Canning is very wealthy, and it is probable that a large portion of her property will go to her adopted daughter. Miss Yore, who has just passed her twentieth year, is a brunette, and of graceful figure. Her face is not strikingly handsome, but her charm of manner makes up for any lack of beauty of feature. She is a pleasing conversationalist. Her father is still living.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Yore to Mr Davitt recalls the sad death of her mother in 1870, and the narrow escape of the bride-elect from a tragic death at the same time. Mrs. Yore and her daughter, then twelve years old, were on their way to the funeral of a relative, when the tongue of the wagon in which they were riding became detached from the harness and the vehicle was dashed against the side rail of a bridge, which gave way, precipitating the party into the river twenty feet below. The accident was witnessed by persons on the bridge who hurried to the rescue. A leaky boat was launched, but soon filled with water. Finally Mrs. Yore was drawn ashore with her daughter clasped in her arms. She was dead but the child had escaped unharmed. Miss Yore was then adopted by a sister of her mother, and went with her new friends to California to live. A few years ago Miss Yore visited Ireland and afterward made a tour of Europe.

Worth $40,000,000.

Of the widow of the late Mark Hopkins the California millionaire, the New York *World* says:

Mrs Hopkins is a plain woman outside and inside.

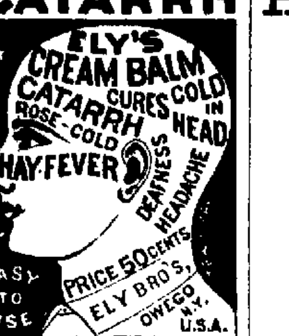
She has no society airs, no social frills no ambitions at all along the line of personal show, yet she has probably expended more money on architects and buildings than any twenty women in the land. Her residence in Great Barrington, like that in California is a vast pile of costly show, and of no special use. Some time ago she built a Congregational parsonage in Great Barrington, and is understood to have furnished it very nicely, and aided materially in the support of its occupants. Her neighbors speak of her without reserve, and they have but little to say. She is a comfortable looking person, always wearing spectacles or eye-glasses, with severe taste in dress, and apparently but two desires in life—one to be known as the owner of a magnificent residence, the other to "die rich," so that Timothy, her mainstay and hope may continue his standing among the millionairistic fraternity of the land. The extraordinary incidents that garland her life, that hang like pearls of bewilderment upon the string of her existence, afford her friends and neighbors and the public at large abundant opportunity for wonder and amazement, and certainly food for reflection. A humble born New England girl, giving her heart and hand to a not overdesirable person, goes to seek with the husband of her heart a fortune in the far-off land, auriferous for some, pestiferous for many. Hard lines beat themselves in the faces of husband and of wife. Care sits upon their weary eyelids, and time hangs heavy on their hands, for which occupation remunerative can not be found. A trivial incident unexpected, an accident opens a door, and in the twinkling of an eye they find themselves, husband and wife together in a chamber absolutely stored with the wealth of a Monte Cristo. Too solid to be made nervous, so utterly devoid of ambition, political or social, as to care nothing for the usual developments of sudden fortunes, animated by no loftly impulse, they simply shut the door and filled their pockets.

The old man died—the property survived.

"Yes, sir," said Jones, "women are awfully curious." "When did you make the discovery?" inquired Brown. "O, I've always held that opinion" was the reply, "but I have now demonstrated the fact." "How so?" "Why, you see, Thompson knows all about that Smith scandal, and I wanted him to tell me about it. He wouldn't though I offered him a $5 bill. When I told my wife about it she almost cried, and wanted to know why I didn't offer $10."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

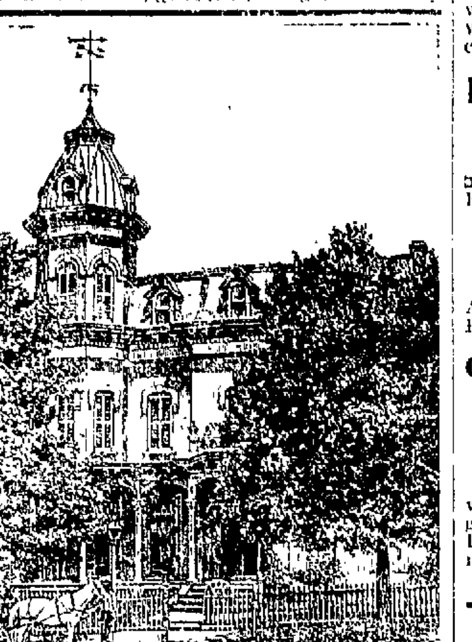
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W. ½ of lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.
Lot No. 6 on Erie street.
E. ½ of lots No 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.
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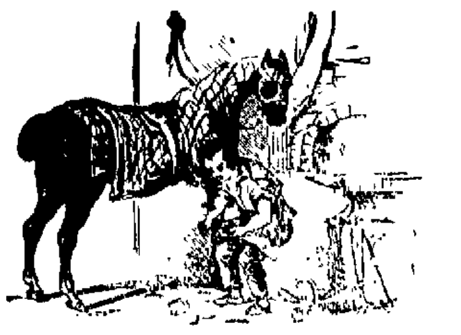
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BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Thos. Brooks is recovering from her late illness.

S. A. Peters has started another drill hole on the section.

John Dodd, of Pleasant View, is trying to organize a singing class

A meeting of those interested will be held at the school house Saturday evening to organize a literary society.

D. A. Leviers, drilling on the Sonhalter & Krause territory, drilled through four feet and seven inches of coal last week.

Mart Harbaugh is rigging up a set of drill tools for Jacob Christman. Mr. Christman intends drilling for coal on his farm west of town.

Mr. James Christman and Miss Mary Keller, of Wayne county, daughter of Mrs. Keller of this place, were married Tuesday, the 14th. They left the same day for Illinois.

The Salvation Army had a large crowd Thursday evening, mostly lookers on. Some of these from "Sixteen," indulged in a free fight on their way home. There is talk of calling out the Home Guards, of the Salvation Army, to preserve order.

Mrs. W. H. Peters received a letter from Tres Piedras, N. M., last Saturday that her husband and three companions were found dead near Ft. Winsgate The writer of the letter supposed they came to their deaths from the bite of a tarantula. Mr. Peters leaves a wife and six children

The debate on nonpartisan vs. partisan Prohibition, between Harvey Smith and D W. Walter, at the township hall last Friday evening, was a success. Mr. Smith affirmed that partisan prohibition defers prohibition, and Mr. Walter denied the same. The opinion prevails among the majority of those who were present that Mr. Walter got a decided "cleaning out." Mr. Walter's answers were very illogical; he merely referred to portions of the arguments and neglected to answer the arguments as whole.

NAVARRE.

Literary has been adjourned until after the holidays.

A number from here are viewing the Cleveland cyclorama.

Miss Laura Garver is visiting her many Cleveland friends.

John McWhinney, of Justus, visited this place on business, Monday.

Old Mother Stehbarger was buried in the Catholic graveyard last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Henn, of Redmon, Ill., are guests at the farm residence of Michael Zintsmaster.

Downing, as Spartacus the Gladiator, attracted numerous Navarreites to Massillon on Saturday night.

Miss Emma Ricksecker, after a protracted siege of diphtheria and rheumatism, is again able to be about.

The M. E. church social is preparing to render a drama, "The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved," on New Year's night in Opera Hall.

Barefooted urchins on our streets last week made us forget December, and carried us rapidly, but for a short time only, forward to gentle spring.

Immediately after the close of St. Clement's fair, which is to be given about the holidays, they will have a drawing. An organ and a lady's gold watch are among the prizes to be drawn.

Miss Maggie Perry returned to her Massillon home Monday, after a week pleasantly spent among Navarre friends. The accomplished lady gives us a good opinion of Massillon belles.

CHAPMAN.

Miss Carrie Edwards, of Mineral Ridge, is visiting her many friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Richards are in Ashtabula county, attending the funeral of a sister of Mrs. Richards.

Andy Burgel and Henry Suhr, of Massillon, came this way last Friday and picked up all the loose game we had.

Wm. Jacket and family relatives of our worthy postmaster, Thomas Masters, landed here fresh from old England last week.

Now would be a splendid time for the miners of the Sherrodsville district to advance their price of mining to a corresponding basis with other districts of the State.

The bill under consideration at Washington, D. C., extending the free delivery of the mails, leaves out Massillon, and takes in the city west of us, Wooster.

The difficulty between Phil. A. Young and J. S. Coxe has been bridged over by Mr. Coxe taking possession of the stock and paying Mr. Young his demands.

Robert Bell came out and tested the scales at Willow bank No. 6, and found them correct. This mine was idle a few days last week, through the weigh boss, Wm. Hollinger, circulating a lie on the check weighman D. E. Reese. It seems he could not get ahead of Reese at the scales, and had to resort to the above. It was taken back by degrees, and now the white winged dove of harmony is again visible, and the mine running as usual.

ELTON.

A Week of Catastrophes.

Some of the young people tripped the light fantastic at Frank Beazel's one nigt last week.

On Saturday Zack Ickes had one foot crushed so badly that one toe had to be amputated.

Calvin Carr who has been working for George McFarren has changed his quarters and may now be found near Orrville

The literary society at Goat Hill is growing in interest and the discussions gain much from help given by the house holders

Tuesday, a young Italian had his leg broken, he is only a lad, and had been saving money to take him to his parents in South America. Drs. Reidenhour and McMillen have him in charge.

John Thomas the son of the post master was injured Friday. His charge not going off as soon as he expected, he went to examine it, just then the explosion occurred and he received the worst of the load in his face. Under the care of Drs. McMillen and Pease he is doing well but the loss of one eye and the marks and discolorations on his face will always be with him.

A Correspondent on the Public Library

A library building of elegant proportions, and ample dimensions, built within the circle of the business portion of the town, as for instance, the Main street end of the park, with broad walks leading to its entrances and encircling it; surrounded by trees of thrifty growth, giving it an air of quietude, and repose within. The library room inside to be of ample size, anticipating the demand for space for years to come, supplied with the largest number of the best books, present means would justify, not forgetting such works of art as might be from time to time afforded; a reading room with a full supply of the best newspapers and magazines of the day; a room for conversation, offices of convenience, and a lecture room if we find we can afford it. To be well lighted by day and by night, a pleasant tempature and good ventilation maintained, winter and summer, and where all classes, rich and poor, with equal privileges will be gladly welcomed on one common friendly ground.

That such a project carried to a successful issue would be of inestimable benefit to Massillon none can dispute: as a source of quiet pleasure, as a source of information, giving light in many a darkened place, as a means of tending ultimately to beneficial changes in places which are now our shame, by its great means of education, by means of those pleasant halls luring the lonely young man away from those sources of intemperance, infamy and crime and lastly but not least it will be a place, where the student, the scholar and those of literary proclivities may find works to meet their wants. That it would advertise and attract many a nice family to our city for a home, who can doubt; that it would ever be a lasting monument of a laudable undertaking, a source of credit to the town, giving evidence of an atmosphere of progress and culture, who cannot appreciate?

MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Maude Granger, the famous emotional actress, will appear in this city on Christmas eve.

The performance of the "The Tourists," on Monday night was exceedingly poor. The company had a small audience, but fully as large as it deserved

The Canton *Democrat* says of the new manager of the Charity School: "Mr. Southworth, is a gentleman, in the prime of life, wide-awake and energetic, and in every way qualified for the position.

DOWNING AS SPARTACUS.

Every prediction, every press notice and every commendatory word said of Mr Robert Downing before his appearance in this city, Saturday night, was fully verified. There was only one verdict, and that was, that it was a mere complete presentation of a classical work, than any Massillon has ever had. Excellent as it was in every detail, it led people to say, "I never liked tragedy until to-night."

Interest centered in Mr. Downing who, as Spartacus, held the audience as though within his grasp, one moment raising enthusiastic plaudits, and the next throwing it into anger or sadness. He has a rich and rare voice, not so attractive as that of the late McCullough, but full of power. Graceful in every movement, he is also the possessor of a physique finer than that of any American tragedian. Scarcely inferior was Mr. Aveling's Phasarius. His description of the crucifiction was fearfully realistic, and this and other superb work won for him several recalls.

The audience was not large but appreciative, a fact too characteristic to provoke favorable comment. To be plain and not elegant, the Massillon theatregoer's hindsight is better than his foresight. Mr. Downing went from Massillon to Canton, and in a few days will open in the Star Theatre of New York.

PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS.

A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Palavers. Labor, Love and Trades's Trials—Rail Rumblings—Foreign Fancies and Fires. Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

An exploding locomotive at Jersey Shore, Pa., killed Engineers Knight and Wearne, and Fireman Ramsey. Two machinists were fatally injured.

An infant child of Mrs. Jacob Wagner was burned to death at Tremont City, O.

Mrs. William Hutts was fatally injured by a runaway accident near Lafayette, Ind.

Raymond B. Livermore, of the New York Produce Exchange, was accidentally killed by the cars on the Hudson River road.

By a collision on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, Conductor T. F. Greer had both legs cut off, and three tramps, who were stealing a ride, were killed.

Three tramps were killed by a freight train collision near Memphis Saturday.

Shapleigh & Cantwell's hardware store at St. Louis burned Saturday night. Two men lost their lives.

Mrs. McClure, her daughter and son were killed at Chicago Saturday night by gas from a coal stove.

Three large boilers at Charles Hofferberth's sawmill, Evansville, Ind., exploded. The fireman, Frank Paplin, was killed and others injured.

Personal.

The Liquor Dealers' Mutual Protective association met in Louisville and elected W. H. Thomas present.

Thomas J. Vail has been re-elected secretary of the National Trotting association after a heated contest.

Col. William G. Moore has been appointed chief of police of Washington, D. C.

The C., C., C. & I. Mutual Assurance association elects Robert Bice, of Cleveland, president.

C. V. Simmons, editor of the Hartford City, Ind., Telegram, has been made postmaster of that city

The explorer Henry Stanley has been summoned to Belgium by the king.

Francis Murphy will begin a series of temperance meetings in Cincinnati next Sunday evening.

Capt. Paul Boyton denies that he is any way connected with the Mexican filibustering scheme.

Rev. D. Wylie H. Roberts, late of Princeton college, has been installed as a professor in Lane seminary, Cincinnati.

Cable Sparks.

"Rev." Theodore Keatinge, the clerical impostor, Dublin, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

England's cabinet will introduce a coercion bill for Ireland as the first measure when parliament reassembles.

The queen will not allow newspapers containing reports of the Campbell divorce suit to be admitted into her household

A workman at Berlin hurled a stone into the library of Emperor Wilhelm The missile passed through the window, but injured no one.

The summer palace of King Charles, of Roumania, was wrecked by dynamite Saturday night The man who fired the stuff was killed by the explosion.

At Holmirth, England, Saturday, Joshua Woodcock, insane, drowned his two young sons in the town reservoir and then threw himself in, also drowning.

The Death Roll.

J. William Nichols, a prominent Xenia, O., banker, is dead.

Benjamin Ogden, aged eighty years, one of the pioneers of the Wabash Valley, died at his home near Genoso, Ind., Thursday morning.

W. L. Gibbs, a traveling man for Stribley & Company, of Cincinnati, died at Nashville, Tenn. He will be buried at Rochester, N. Y.

Twelve members of the Forty-ninth congress have already died.

Ex-Governor Charles H. Crosswell, of Michigan, is dead.

Dr. Adams, a young physician, died at Marseilles, O., the cause of his death being overdoses of chloral, taken for nervous trouble.

Labor Notes.

Sixty girls in Selz, Schwab & Co.'s shoe factory at Chicago are out on a strike.

The reports that the engineers of the Pennsylvania Railroad company were joining the Knights of Labor are pronounced untrue by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Southern planters are combining in an effort to crush out the attempt of the Knights of Labor to organize field hands.

It cost Wisconsin $16,611 to call out the militia during the recent labor strikes in Milwaukee. The Knights of Labor who were charged with rioting have been tried but the jury disagreed, standing six to six.

Nine hundred Cincinnati coopers have struck for higher wages.

All the leading coal mines in the vicinity of Youngstown, O., are idle, with little prospect of a settlement of the labor dispute.

Business Troubles.

Field, Thayer & Company, of Boston, the largest dealers in boots and shoes in New England, have failed. Liabilities $600,000.

Myer & Ackerman, hardware dealers, of Milwaukee, have assigned. Liabilities, $14,000.

William R. Shoemaker, of Metropolis, Ill., has made an assignment. Liabilities $16,000; assets $6,000.

John & W. F. Howe & Company, dealers in blankets and yarns, of 130 West Pearl street, Cincinnati, have made an assignment to J. C Harper. Liabilities $125,000, assets $100,000

Lake & Son, general merchants, London, have assigned. Liabilities, £1,000,000.

E. M. & W. Ward, of New York, shirt manufacturers, have failed for $50,000.

Political Pointers.

Louisville Courier-Journal wants to bet money that the next Republican presidential ticket will be: For president, Lucius Fairchild, Wisconsin; for vice president, William Walter Phelps, New Jersey.

The circuit court of Indiana has rendered a decision in the suit of State Senator Smith against the secretary of state to prevent him from delivering the returns to the lieutenant governor. It sustained the demurrer, and the case will probably be taken to the supreme court

D. N. Surface, of Logansport, Ind., has withdrawn his affidavit, charging fraud in the election of A. R. Shroyer as state senator.

The Fire Record.

The Story House block, at Jonesboro, Ga., was destroyed by fire. Loss $40,000.

The extensive woolen mills at Clinton, Mich., were destroyed by fire. Loss $180,000.

Springfield's (Ill.) new $4,000,000 court house was injured $10,000 worth by fire.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of books belonging to the Oxford university burned Sunday.

The court house at Poplar Bluff, Mo., burned. All the valuable books and papers were saved.

STOP and READ!

If You Wish Any Fine Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors

We have on hand the following brands which are known all over the world:

Guckenheimer's, Finch's Golden Wedding, Monongahela Rye and McBrayer's Celebrated Sour Mash Whiskies.

Any of the above brands in Full Quart Bottles at $1.00.

We also have the Pure California Port, Sherry and Angelica Wine, made from the Grape.

Full quart Bottles at 50 cents.

Extra Fine Imported Liquors for Medicinal use. Give us a call and be convinced.

PENN LIQUOR CO.,

OLD P. O. ROOM, 29 S. ERIE ST.,

MASSILLON, - OHIO.

MASSILLON.

Wheat, per bushel	... to 75
Oats	27 to 28
Corn	... to 35
Barley	65 to 70
Hay, per ton	10
Eggs per doz	18
Chickens per lb	8
Butter	22
Potatoes	30 to 35

How Mean Some Men Can Be

The measure of meanness with which Richland county has treated Mr. Charles Krider and the Massillon police, after all that has been done by them is almost incomprehensible.

The rumor, published last summer, that the Richland authorities would not pay them their just reward for arresting the horse thieves proves to be entirely true. This is the way they got around it.

The man Mowers' horses were first stolen, and after that, the county commissioners offered a reward for the arrest of any thieves. Later several more horses were stolen, one from a man named Hunt. Mowers' advertised as a fact that a reward would be given if his horses were recovered and the robbers were caught, and Mr. Hunt, also.

The horses and thief, Landis were caught and Mr. Krider and Officer Hagan demanded the reward. The commissioners said that their reward only applied to cases occurring after Mowers' loss. Then the Stark county men asked for the reward for the Hunt horse, which was stolen after the commissioners offered the reward. They were put off until the trial of Landis. Right here is where the smallness of the scheme is most apparent. Landis was made to plead guilty to the charge of stealing the Mowers horses, and the stealing of the Hunt horse was purposely ignored. Now that Landis is safe in the penitentiary, it is claimed that, as he was never tried or convicted for stealing the Hunt horse, no reward can be paid. Thus the case now rests.

Health Bulletin.

Reports to the Ohio State Board of Health srom 66 observers (embracing 42 counties) show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending, Saturday noon, December 11, 1886. (Last two columns of figures are for previous week based on report of 74 observers).

FORM OF DISEASE (In the order of prevalence.)	No. who report cases.	No. of cases reported.	No. who report cases.	No. of Cases reported.
Bronchitis, (acute)	10	121	42	126
Consumption	28	47	35	52
Malarial fevers	27	66	27	78
Pneumonia	27	54	16	52
Diphtheria	24	45	...	...
Diarrhoeal diseases	16	25	26	64
Erysipelas	15	17	13	17
Typhoid fever	9	11	11	24
Pleurisy	8	9	13	18
Measles	6	29	7	169
Croup	5	6	11	18
Scarlet fever	3	11	8	23
Whooping cough	2	7	8	21
Cerebro spinal meningitis	..	..	...	...

Acute bronchitis prevails as compared with last week. There has been an increase in cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and erysipelas; a decrease in cases of consumption, diarhoeal diseases, typhoid fever, pleurisy, measles, croup, scarlet fever and whooping cough.

C. O. Probst, M. D., Secretary.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

On the occasion of the holidays, the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway will sell round trip tickets to all stations at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good going December 24, 25 and 31 and January 1. Good to return until Jan. 1.

The Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg will sell holiday excursion tickets, at one fare for the round trip, to and from all stations, on December 24th, 25th and 31st 1886, and January 1st, 1887, good returning until January 3d, 1887, inclusive. For full information apply to nearest agent of the Pennsylvania Company, Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Company and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Railroad Company.

Holiday excursion at one fare for the round trip! The Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railway Company, Panhandle and Mt. Vernon Route, will sell excursion tickets to and from all stations on their line on the following dates—Dec. 15th, 26th and 31st, 1886, and Jan. 1st, 1887, good returning until January 4th, inclusive, at one fare for round trip.

West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'rs,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump.
Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery, West Main Street. City Telephone 28.

City Agent and Collector, GEO. W. SCHROCK. Bank Telephone 60.

It Ought to be Enforced Here.

The law forbidding the hauling of loads weighing more than 2,500 pounds in any wagon having a tire of less than four inches width over macadamized or graveled roads between the 15th of November and 15th of May is being enforced in neighboring counties in order to prevent newly made roads from being cut up by narrow tires.—*Lima Times.*

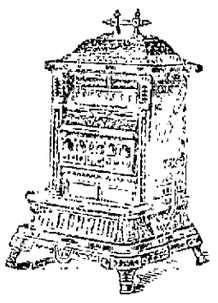
The sales of the Century Magazine have gone up over 30,000 copies in six weeks, since begining the Life of Lincoln. A second edition of December will be issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 before the completion of the Lincoln history.

We are informed by the several railroad agents of this place that they know of no persons in Orrville loitering around the depots and insulting ladies. They are always on the watch to see that passengers receive proper attention and civil treatment and report that if any one insulted a lady he must have been some traveling man.—*Orrville Crescent.*

H. F. OEHLER'S

Cash Store

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR



STOVES, RANGES,

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y. 5-48t-o-p-nr-t-c-or-lmf

FURNITURE!

I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to

GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE.

SUCH AS

Parlor Suits,
Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Bureaus,
Tables,
Lounges
SPRING BEDS,
Hair,
Husk and
Sea Grass
Mattresses
and the original
Woven Wire Mattress

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

JOHN H. OGDEN.

A. J. Humberger & Son.

SPECIALTIES.

Fine Lace Curtains

" Embroideries

". Dress Goods

" Parasols.

Call and inspect the Bargains we can show you in Hosiery.

DR. F. Z. GROFF,



Veterinary Surgeon,

Office and Infirmary near Sippo Station, 3½ miles west of Massillon.

Will treat diseases of all domestic animals, also perform all operations of surgery by the latest improved methods. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Residence connected with Massillon Telephone Exchange, also branch office at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store, where full information can be had at all times, with telephone privileges. Postoffice, Sippo, Ohio.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for $2 and $3 per dozen.

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The Massillon Independent.

VOL. XXIV—NO. 26. MASSILLON, OHIO, DECEMBER 17, 1886. WHOLE NO. 1,222.

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Headquarters for the latest styles in Hats and Caps

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Always on hand. The latest novelties in Neckwear. Mufflers of all shades and qualities. We are also headquarters for

Holiday Presents.

A full line of Gold-Headed Silk Umbrellas for Ladies and Gentlemen. Seal skin caps and seal skin gloves. Ladies and children's kid mitts. Gentlemen's Jersey coats and jackets. Gentlemen's kid mitts and fur gloves.

SPANGLER & WADE,

204 East Main Street, Massillon, Ohio.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

R. W. McCAUGHEY, Attorney at Law, office over Diehlenn's Arcade Store, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

COLE & REINOEHL, Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public, office over Marks Bros. store Erie street, Massillon, Ohio.

WILLISON & GARRETT, Attorneys-at-Law. Rooms Nos. 11 and 11½ Opera Block.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor Tremont Block, No. 46 South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon, Ohio. Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie street, Massillon, Ohio. $150,000 Capital. S. Hunt, President; C. Steese Cashier.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealers in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS.

PETER SAILER, manufacturer and wholesale Cigar dealer. Factory corner Erie and Tremont streets.

PHIL. BLUMENSCHEIN, wholesale and retail dealer in Cigars. Factory and store room No. 59 West Main street.

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W. H. McCALL & CO., Druggists. Prescription work a specialty. Dealers in stationery, blank books and school supplies. A full line of druggist's sundries

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House, Massillon, Ohio

DENTISTS.

E. CHIDESTER, Dentist, over Humberger & Son's store. Nitrous oxide gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

FURNITURE.

JOHN H. OGDEN, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, No. 23 West Main street.

DRY GOODS.

HUMBERGER & SON, dealers in General Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, etc. No. 8 East Main Street.

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H. B. GARRIGUS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office hours, 8 30 to 10.30 A. M.
2 P. M. to 5 P. M.
7 P. M. to 9 P. M.
Office in H. Beatty's block, formerly occupied by Dr. Barrick. Near corner of Main and Erie streets. Residence 241 East Main street.

H. C. ROYER, M. D
SURGEON.
Office Hours: 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.
12 M. to 2 P. M.
5 P. M. to 7 P. M.
Office and Residence 100 E. Main St., Massillon, O.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office hours, 7 to 8 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.. Office open day and night.

JEWELERS.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie Street.

C. F. VON KANEL, West Side Jeweler, No. 5 West Main street.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

MASSILLON CONTRACTING AND BUILDING CO., Manufacturers of Doors Sash Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

HESS, SNYDER & CO., manufacturers of Novelty Pumps, Stoves, Engines, Mill and Mining Machinery. Works on South Erie street.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse Powers, Saw Mills, &c.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joseph Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE COMPANY Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures

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DATWATER & SON. Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Warehouse in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

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HENRY F. OEHLER, dealer in Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods, etc. No. 14 West Main street.

REAL ESTATE.

P. G. ALBRIGHT, dealer in all kinds of Real Estate. Office in German Deposit Bank.

MUSIC.

PROF. C. F. BALFOUR, teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music. Address box 352, Massillon. Residence, corner of Akron and Tate streets.

Cluverius in His Cell.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 13.—Thomas J. Cluverius, the condemned murderer of Fannie Lillian Madison, sees no one now but his spiritual adviser, Dr. Hatcher, and his brother, Willie Cluverius. The belief is general that the prisoner has confessed to Dr. Hatcher. Cluverius was a member of the Baptist church at the time he was arrested, and Dr. Hatcher is a prominent minister of that denomination and has known the prisoner for some years.



MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Legal Notice.

William H. Clay, residing at Leesburgh, Kosciusko county, in the state of Indiana, will take notice that on the 16th day of September, 1886, Michael Young commenced an action and caused an order of attachment to be issued against him for the sum of $39.54, by Robert H. Folger, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Perry township, Stark county, Ohio; that on the 21st day of September, 1886, such proceedings were had Peace said Justice of the Peace in said action, that said proceedings were by said Justice of the Peace certified to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, under Section 6511 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio. That on the 27th day of September said Michael Young filed his petition and caused an order of attachment to issue in said court against said William H. Clay, cause No. 1868, for the amount aforesaid and costs, and that on the 28th day of September, 1886, the Sheriff of said county attached the following real estate of said William H. Clay, to wit: The undivided seventh part of the southeast quarter of section thirty-three in Jackson township, Stark county, Ohio.

Said petition prays for judgment against said William H. Clay for $ 9.51 amount and costs.

Said William H. Clay is required to answer on or before the 8th day of January, 1887, or judgment will be entered against him.

22-6t MICHAEL YOUNG.

Attachment Notice.

Ellen Mylon, Pltf, } Before W. S. S. Rogers, J. P.
versus of Perry Township, Stark
Geo. Thompson, Dft } County, Ohio.

On the 1st day of December, 1886, said Justice issued an order of attachment in the above action for the sum of $53.10 ELLEN MYLON.

Massillon, Dec 1, 1886 24t3

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of George A. Ralston, Dec'd

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administratrix of the estate of George A. Ralston, late of Stark county, deceased.

Dated this 9th day of November A. D. 1886.

24t3 MARGARET M. RALSTON.

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual election of Directors of the Union National Bank of Massillon, Ohio, will be held at the banking office of said bank at 10 a. m., January 11, 1887.

J. H. HUNT, Cashier.

Massillon, O., Nov. 29, 1886.—24t3

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual election of Directors of the First National Bank of Massillon, Ohio, will be held at the banking office of said bank at 10 a. m., January 11, 1887.

C. STEESE, Cashier.

Massillon, O., Nov. 29, 1886.—24t3

A JUDGE GRESHAM BOOM.

THAT DECISION AGAINST GOULD STARTS IT AGAIN.

The First Judge to Take a Decided Stand Against the Many Millionaire—What is Said in Wall Street About the Matter. The Times' Comment.



WALTER Q. GRESHAM,

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The World says: Judge Gresham's decision, removing Solon Humphreys from the receivership of the Wabash railroad, was received with acclaim by the large and growing anti-Gould party in Wall street. It was said that Gresham was the first judge to take a decided stand against Jay Gould in a case involving a part of the millionaire's railroad system. Judge Gresham is the man for whom quite a boom as a Republican presidential candidate was started in 1883. Yesterday the boom was started again.

Henry Clews stood in front of a room full of operators yesterday and made a little speech, in which he said: "I predict that Judge Gresham will be the next Republican nominee for president. He is a man on whom all factions can unite, and this decision will not hurt him in the least. The management of the Wabash railroad has been shameful, and the judge's decision strikes at the very root of the evil."

A representative of the Wabash purchasing committee said there had been no discussion as yet in regard to Gresham's decision as to what should now be done. The committee now has deposited with it in approval of its plans about $10,500,000 of the total $27,000,000 of Wabash securities. Holders of about $3,000,000 of Wabash securities were represented in the Chicago suits against the purchasing committee's plans.

The other security holders do not seem to have taken any side in the controversy, but are waiting for developments. Whether the Wabash committee will buy up or compromise with the dissatisfied holders is not determined, but many believe that the reorganization plans will go through, and they base their belief on the supposition that the Gould interest is too strong to be balked by such a thing as a decision by Judge Gresham.

The Times says: "Wall street has had no news in many a day—save only the announcements that have led to the disaster or developments suddenly whirling the stock market upward—in which so much interest has been manifested as was yesterday shown in the decision of Judge Gresham, of Illinois, in the Wabash receivership case. Such bold words as Judge Gresham used are not often heard from the bench in these days.

"At one blow he knocks out one of the wickedest pieces of scheming and chicanery that this country has ever known in all its long line of corporation corruptions. A black eye for Jay Gould, a kicking of Gould's dependents out of official place, a scathing rebuke to Gould methods, a check to an almost inimitable plan of rascality and robbery—this from the bench has seemed sufficient even for the wonderment of Wall street, where all theories go based on the idea that "the little man" owns courts, and has a sort of a vested right in everything that pertains to judges and judgments.

"But there was not more wonderment than admiration. Judge Gresham's independence was everywhere applauded, outside of the circle where Gould's dependents sing forever the endless song of their master's praises. The story of the Wabash receivership has long been a by-word in Wall street. The receivers have been Gould men for years. One was his lawyer; one has been his figurehead in a dozen enterprises.

"Gould, among kindred clever men, was everywhere applauded when it came about that he had been so able to manipulate things as to keep the bankrupt Wabash system in his own hands 'for the protection' of security holders. 'Protection.' This was the court's phrase. Jay Gould's men wasted no time in hurrying to make plain the cynical humor of it."

THE COWHIDING OF JUDGE REID.

An Act that Drove the Judge to Suicide and Will Send the Culprit to Prison.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 14.—The court of appeals has decided that John L. Cornelison must serve a sentence of three years in the penitentiary for cowhiding Judge Richard Reid. The decison recalls one of the most sensational tragedies in the history of the state. Reid was judge of the superior court, and it became his duty to decide a case in which Cornelison, who was a lawyer at Mount Sterling, was very much interested.

Cornelison ascribed improper motives to Reid, and visiting him at his office in Mount Sterling, lashed him with a cowhide. It produced a great sensation at that time. There was but one thing for Reid to do, under the Kentucky code, and that was to kill Cornelison. He was a gentle, Christian man, an upright and honorable judge, and he could not take another's life; but, stung with shame and humiliation, he went to his office and shot himself through the head. Cornelison was arrested and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. The case was appealed, and this decision sends the culprit to prison unless the governor pardons him, which is not probable.

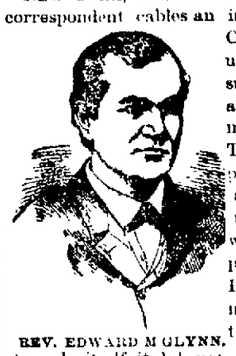
The Medical College Murder.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15.—The murder of the white woman, Emily Brown, by John Thomas Ross and Albert Hawkins principals, and Anderson Perry, accessory, all colored, continues to absorb the public mind. The people are high in their praises of the marvellous and unexcelled work on the part of Marshal Frey and his police in unravelling the mystery and running down the perpetrators of this awful crime. Had it not been for their zeal and alacrity the case would, in all likelihood, have gone on record as a common case of body snatching. The grand jury have also made rapid disposition of the case, and the three negroes, Ross, Hawkins and Perry were presented, indicted and arraigned for the murder. Each and all of them pleaded not guilty. Judge Duffy will appoint counsel for the prisoners in a few days, and a speedy trial is expected.

DR. M'GLYNN'S SUMMONS.

Cardinal Manning Interviewed on This Important Church Subject.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The World's London correspondent cables an interview had with Cardinal Manning upon Dr. McGlynn's summons to Rome and the labor movement in America. The cardinal, in reply to questions, said that he presumed the summons was more for the purpose of allowing Dr. McGlynn to make an explanation than anything else. In itself it did not imply a condemnation. When reminded that the incident had created an impression that the church was opposed to Henry George and to the present labor movement, the cardinal said: "The church is not opposed to them unless they fall into Socialism. It has always been the faithful friend of the working people, but there must be a wide distinction between the Socialists and the workingman. I saw in a telegram sometime ago that Mr. George had said the church had never confirmed the principles of property in land. The reverse is the fact. The whole history of the church shows that it holds and teaches the law of property in land."



REV. EDWARD M'GLYNN.

In regard to Mr. George, the cardinal said that in a personal interview with Mr. George he had understood him to recognize the principle that property is founded in the law of nature and is sanctioned in Revelation, but he contended against the intolerable evils which result from an exaggerated form of the law of property. The cardinal added that he was much pleased by Mr. George's quiet earnestness and reverence with which he spoke of Christ and his teachings.

The World also devotes several columns to opinions by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Leroy, of New Orleans; Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis; Bishop Ryan, of Western New York; Vicar General Conway, of Chicago; Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester; Bishop McNierney, of Albany, and others regarding the Father McGlynn episode and the labor movement. All declined to express any opinion as to the merits of Dr. McGlynn's case, but it was evident that they did not look upon him as condemned. The tenor of their remarks was sympathetic toward the labor movement so far as it employes legal methods.

There are various surmises as to when he will start for Rome. By some it is believed that he will set out either this week or next, while others say that he will not start until after January 1. The doctor is still evidently performing the functions of rector of St. Stephens, and all of his assistants are as punctillious as himself in declining to be seen or spoken to on the subject of his call to Rome.

SIXTY PEOPLE PERISH.

Scores of Women and Children Roasted to Death on a Burning Steamboat.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 15.—Word has reached here that the elegant steamer J. M. White, running between Vicksburg and New Orleans, burned to the water's edge about 12 o'clock last night while lying at the bank near Bayou Sara, La. About sixty lives were lost, consisting largely of women and children. Nearly all the crew were saved. Among the passengers reported lost is the superintendent of the Vandalia railroad at Natchez, who, together with his wife and children, perished in the disaster. The books of the boat were lost.

The origin of the fire is yet a mystery. The flames spread rapidly, and before the passengers in the state rooms could get on the deck the flames had already communicated to their rooms. Efforts were made when the fire was first discovered to awaken the sleeping passengers, but so dense was the smoke and so rapid was the progress of the fire that those who undertook the task had to rush on deck before completing their work.

The scenes which followed are described as heartrending. The cries of the inmates of the state rooms filled the air as they were slowly consumed, while those on deck rushed frantically up and down, wringing their hands and calling on God for protection. Many became frenzied and jumped overboard, only to be drowned. Some of those confined in state rooms succeeded in bursting open their doors, but the flames, which had already filled the passages, cut off all means of escape, and they were either driven back to their rooms to be slowly suffocated, or fell a prey to the flames in their attempts to reach the deck.

The J. M. White was the finest steamer on the Mississippi river. She was en route to New Orleans and had a cargo of cotton on board estimated at not less than 2,000 bales. The surviving passengers and crew were conveyed to New Orleans.

SECRETARY LAMAR APPEALED TO.

A Young White Man Wants to Marry Standing Bear's Daughter.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—A rather novel request has been received at the interior department from a young man living in Nebraska, who wants to marry a daughter of Standing Bear, a Sioux chief. He tells who he is and encloses a photograph of the girl, who is very good looking, and was educated at Carlisle. The young man, however, wishes to go and live on the reservation with his prospective wife and her relations, and for this reason it was necessary to obtain the permission of the interior department. White men are not allowed to stay on an Indian reservation unless they have authority from the government to do so; therefore this young man was obliged to take the government into his confidence and reveal his love affairs.

Secretary Lamar considered the matter from its practical rather than its sentimental side, and concluded that while he could not prevent the young man marrying the girl, he could prevent him from going to live with the old folks, and if he was anxious to marry the young woman, as he professed to be, he might settle around and provide her with a home. The secretary will write a letter to the lover, and, while not discouraging the ardor of his love, will suggest the practical view of the situation, which seems to have escaped him. Until there is some change in the present plans of the young man the paternal benediction of the interior department will be withheld.

A HORRIBLE CONFESSION.

STARTLING REVALATIONS IN A MURDER TRIAL IN PARIS.

A Man Killed With a Crowbar, His Body Sawed to Pieces, Boiled in a Cooking Pot and the Flesh Fed to Hogs—Gashan Kahn Killed By His Own Son—Notes.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—During the trial of Jean Faure and Marie Plancher for the murder of Claude Faure, in the assizes at Privas, department of Ardeche, to-day, the prisoners broke down and confessed their crime. Jean said he struck his victim several times with a crowbar, causing death. He then with a hatchet and saw cut the body into pieces, which the woman boiled in the family cooking pot until the flesh became separated from the bones. The flesh was fed to the pigs, and the bones, together with such parts of the body as the pigs refused to eat, were buried in the barnyard.

The woman told a similar story, supplementing it with the statement that after boiling the pieces of Claude Faure's body she prepared soup for the family, herself included in the same pot without having first cleaned it.

Comte De Paris Still Hopeful.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Comte de Paris, writing to his partisans from Scotland, denounces in scathing terms the alliance of the right and the extreme left in the French chamber of deputies simply for the purpose of hampering the government. He says that monarchy is the government of France in reserve and that the Conservatives ought not to refuse to accept the republic as a working machine until the way is prepared for peaceful return of the monarchy.

A Threatening Letter to the Czar.

BERLIN, Dec. 14.—The Tageblatt is responsible for the story that the Czar of Russia, recently found upon his writing table a letter declaring that the Nihilists would wait no longer for the czar to deliver the people from bondage, but would at once undertake their deliverance themselves. The czar thereupon summoned the council together and ordered them to prepare a constitution.

Gashan Khan Killed By His Son.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 14.—The Syet says that Gashan Khan, the ruler of Coundskout, Central Asia, and England's staunch friend, was recently murdered at the instance of his son, Sander Khan, who is England's sworn enemy. Sander Khan is making preparations to resist the Cashmere vassals of England, should they attempt to interfere to avenge the death of Gashan.

A Herdsman's Bravery.

DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—Two men armed with revolvers and pitchfork handles attacked a herdsman named Cahill, near Limerick. Cahill seized one of his assailants and held him fast. The other fired his revolver at Cahill, but missed him, and fearing arrest, ran away. The police are now tracking him. The man seized by Cahill was turned over to the police.

EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS' RELIEF.

The Committee Make a Formal Report to the Charleston City Council.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 15. The earthquake relief committee, headed by Mayor Courtney, chairman, made a formal report to the city council last night, of the total amount contributed by the country in general, for the relief of the earthquake sufferers, together with the disposition they have made of the same. The labors of the committee are now nearly finished and from their report the following facts are obtained. The total amount of the various sums received by the committee up to date, aggregate $815,000, of this sum New York city contributed $152,070; New York state, outside of New York city, about $30,000; Boston's contribution was $76,902, Baltimore, $37,966; New Orleans, $7,753 and San Francisco, $16,070. The remainder was contributed by the other states and territories of the Union, nearly every one of which sent something. In addition to the above, handsome sums were also received from many countries of the old world. The citizens of South Carolina contributed to the relief fund $18,208, and Charleston $5,000

In addition to the above, the following considerable amounts were contributed to private parties and for rebuilding shattered churches and charitable institutions, viz: To Episcopal churches, $35,000; Catholic, $20,000; Presbyterian, $11,000; Baptist, $10,000; Methodist, $8,164; Hugenot, $16,100; Lutheran, $5,333; Hazel Street Synagogue, $5,000; Hebrew Benevolent society, $4,500; Confederate home, $5,000; Medical college, $25,000; other charitable organizations, $20,000; for Masonic relief, $15,048. From the funds received the committee have furnished food, houses and shelter to 13,000 who would otherwise have been destitute. The balance remaining on hand now is $186,000 and from this amount the committee have appropriated $86,000 to complete repairs to injured houses, and the remainder to be devoted to building a city hospital in place of the one destroyed by the earthquake. The new hospital will be a memorial to the magnificent charity of the American people.

DABNEY'S DENIAL.

A Letter From the Medical Examiner of the Pension Office.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The following letter from Medical Examiner Dabney to Commissioner Black, of the pension office, has been made public:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
PENSION OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1886.

"Hon. John C. Black Commissioner of Pensions:

"DEAR SIR: Inasmuch as the press of this country have made many false statements about me, I deem it my duty to you to state, upon my honor, that I was born on a cotton plantation in Hinds county, Mississippi, May 16, 1850; that I never was enlisted in any army; that I never was at Andersonville in my life; that I never served as a guard anywhere; that I never fired a gun at any person in my life; that, so far as I know, no political influence was brought to bear to procure my present appointment; that a Republican civil service commission testified to my fitness; that Gen. Street, Republican, commander of a post of G. A. R. in New Orleans, recommended me, by letter, to you as being a suitable man for the position of United States examining surgeon; that, so far as I know, no one in your department knew my political faith when I was appointed to this office. I have the honor to subscribe myself, very respectfully,

"T. S. DARNEY, Medical Examiner."

Shot for a Witch.

COLUMBIA S. C., Dec. 15.—The wife of Wilson Corn, a colored man, living four miles from Georges, with her two children, started from their home to attend church last night. They had proceeded only a short distance when Mrs. Corn was shot and killed by some unknown person. The children say that a big black man did it. Mrs. Corn was looked upon by her ignorant neighbors as a dangerous person, being able to "use you up, put things on you, work spells," etc., and it is thought she may have been taken for a witch.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Third Day.

A bill was introduced for the redemption of trade dollars. After some resolutions had been offered, the senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Morrill's tariff resolution. Messrs. Morrill, Beck and Sherman made speeches. Senator Dawes got the floor, and the senate at 3:30 p. m., adjourned until Monday.

In the house the bill extending the free delivery system was passed. Also a bill authorizing the employment of mail messengers in the postal service. The electoral count bill was passed without division. The bill creating a department of agriculture and labor was taken up and discussed. Pending debate, the sundry civil appropriation bill was reported, and at 5 p. m. the house adjourned.

Fourth Day.

The senate was not in session. In the house, after the reading of the journal, the death of Representative Dowdney, of New York, was announced. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and at 12:20 the house adjourned as a mark of respect to the deceased.

Fifth Day.

In the house a bill was passed opening the public land strip in Kansas to entry. Conferees were appointed on the bill taxing fractional parts of a gallon. The bill forfeiting the Ontonagon and the Brule river land grant was passed without division. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up and discussed until 3 o'clock p. m., when the house adjourned.

Sixth Day.

In the senate the credentials were presented of Senator Edmunds for the full term commencing March 4, 1887. A number of bills were introduced. The electoral count bill was reported from the house. The Morrill tariff resolution was discussed by Messrs. Dawes and McPherson. Mr. Morrill moved to refer his resolution to the finance committee, but withdrew his motion and the resolution went over. Notice of the death of Mr. Dowdney being received, a committee was appointed to attend the funeral, and as a mark of respect the senate adjourned at 3:35 p. m.

In the house a number of bills were introduced under the call of states, after which the committee on the District of Columbia took the floor. An attempt to pass a school board bill for the district was opposed by filibustering until 5 p. m., when the house adjourned.

Seventh Day.

In the senate memorials were presented and bills introduced and referred. Bills for the retirement and recoinage of the trade dollar and to prevent frauds on the American manufacturers were reported from the committee on finance. The amendments to the electoral count bill were non-concurred in and a conference committee appointed. The bill to repeal the tenure of office law was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Edmunds, Hoar and George. At 3 p. m. the senate went into executive session and shortly after adjourned.

In the house the estimates were referred to the committee on rules to report a resolution for their distribution among the committees. A bill was passed appropriating $10,000 for grading and paving the approaches to the National cemetery at Danville, Va. A resolution was reported back calling on the secretary of the treasury for the interpretation of the department as to the duty on fresh fish. The bill granting right of way through the Yellowstone Park to the Cinnabar & Clark's Fork Railroad company was beaten in committee of the whole, but before action could be taken by the house the morning hour expired. Mr. Morrison gave notice that he would call up his revenue bill on Saturday next. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up and debated. Appropriations for several public buildings were increased before adjournment at 5 p. m.

A Train Load of Passengers Robbed.

BELLEVUE STATION, Tex., Dec. 14.—Three robbers, unmasked and unknown, entered a train here yesterday and with drawn pistols forced the passengers to surrender their valuables. After they had gone an inventory was taken. Male passengers lost $105 cash, three gold watches, ten silver watches, five revolvers and a gold ring. The lady passengers were not molested. This courtesy on the part of the bold brigands, who were evidently novices, saved the passengers $12,000 and $4,000 jewelry, many of the ladies on the train taking temporary charge of their males friends' valuables. Among the passengers were four United States soldiers, who quietly gave up their pistols when asked to. One lady, Mrs. Witlick, of Carthage, Mo., was greatly incensed at the proceedings, and boldly stood up in the car and asked if forty men men were going to tamely submit to such an outrage at the hands of three highwaymen.

A Priest Who Cursed a Saloon.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 15.—At the close of one of the masses in the church of Our Lady of the Valley, Rev. Father Cullen, the pastor, referred pointedly to the alarming violations of the law and to the extensive sale of liquors to minors. In speaking of a certain saloon in Orange Valley, he described it in such a manner that the members of his congregation could not but know to what place he referred. Suddenly turning the alter, he laid his hand upon it, and, to the surprise of the congregation, uttered a curse on the saloon. The matter has been the chief topic of conversation in all the Oranges.

Jeff Davis Invited to Come North.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Jefferson Davis is reported to be much elated over the cordial reception of his daughter at the North, and the family who have been specially attentive to Miss Winnie were treated a few days ago to a long letter from the Ex-Confederate president filled with thanks and appreciative sentiment. A letter sent in answer to the epistle urges Mr. Davis himself to come North before the winter is over, "and get some new ideas about old enemies."

Coryphees in a Box Car.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The discharged coryphees from the National Opera company have arrived here from Chicago in a box car, having traveled in this uncomfortable style all the way. They were a disconsolate and forlorn looking crowd. They admitted that their discharge was not in violation of contract, but they made inquiries for Counsel Eaton of the company, to whom they will claim that they have not received their full salaries.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

A Modern Metamorphosis.



Rhyme of a miracle of to-day
More wond'rous than any in ancient lay.

She was a common-place country lass,
One you but glance at as you pass:
A face that rarely achieved repose,
Blue-green eyes and a tip-up nose.
Hair that a girl-friend did once imply
Had grown near the suburbs of Auburn, N. Y.,
A shortish form in a gingham gown—
She wasn't a beauty to win renown

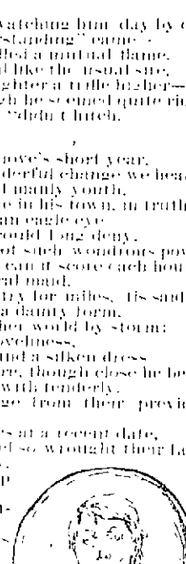
He was her love. Not far away
He worked in a saw-mill for untold pay;
He'd whitish hair and watery eyes
And freckles of notable number and sizes;
Each whisker grew in a little spot,
And he was as tall as she was not
He wasn't remarkably neatly-drest,
Even when he was rigged in his Sunday best.
With humble aims and an aspect tame
You would hardly predict for him wealth and fame.

He had first been struck by her artless way
When she watched him sawing for half a day;
And she watched with an interest warm and frank
As he changed from lathing to lonesome plank;
And his passion grew stronger the self-same way
As he watched her watching him day by day,
Till at last an "understanding" came;
In saw-dust was kindled a mutual flame.
But her father, a deal like the usual sire,
Had aims for his daughter a trifle higher—
In his own small lurch he seemed quite rich—
And he and her lover "didn't hitch.

* * *

A year has passed, a year's short year,
And what is this wonderful change we hear:
He is a handsome and manly youth,
The mainspring of life in his town, in truth,
With raven hair and an eagle eye
That no fair damsel could long deny,
And he rides a steed of such wondrous power
That a score of miles can it score each hour.
She's a beautiful rural maid,
The belle of the country for miles, 'tis said,
Rich brown hair and a dainty form,
And eyes that carry her world by storm:
A perfect vision of loveliness,
With diamond rings and a silken dress
Which her wealthy sire, though close he be,
Has decked his child with tenderly.
Now, why this change from their previous state?
Were they millionaires at a recent date,
And has art and travel so wrought their fate?
Or was Doctor, now,
reader, don't stop
in a huff,
This isn't a patent-
medicine puff,
Was Dr. Skayerbed's
Elixirine
The cause of this
change in their
form and mien?
Not either: the marvel
sort I range is
wrought
In a way of a simpler
and surer sort:
Her lover grew bold by her sire oppressed,
And changed her one night from her little nest
Eloped is the word that describes it best—
And the news-reporter, he changed the rest!
For, eloping pairs in the daily prints,
Must have all charms so the scribe never stints.

Puck



WHAT THEY FIND TO SAY.

Several Brief Conversations Overheard on Broadway the Other Morning.

"Why, Clara is that you?"

"Why, Minnie?" *(they kiss.)*

"I haven't seen you since you came back from the country. Did you have a nice time?"



"Perfectly lovely. Did you?"

"Perfectly magnificent. How is that dear little Fido of yours?

"Oh, he's just as lovely as ever. I'm teaching him to walk on his hind-legs now."

"Oh, isn't that too sweet for anything! How are the children?"

"All well but Johnny; he has the croup."

"Oh, isn't that perfectly awful! Have you got the same cook?"

"That horrid German creature? Thank goodness, no. I have a French woman now."

"Is she good?"

"Elegant. Oh, Minnie, have you seen Mrs. Delancy's new hat? It's last year's made over, with her old white ostrich-feather dyed brown—I knew it the moment I set my eyes on it—and that same old piece of red velvet that she's worn for the last five years. Isn't it ridiculous? Is Mr. Delancy in straitened circumstances, or is it economy?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I think she's perfectly horrid, anyway. What a perfectly lovely hat yours is?"

"It's awfully nice in you to say so. Yours is simply grand. But I must be going. Do come and see me soon."

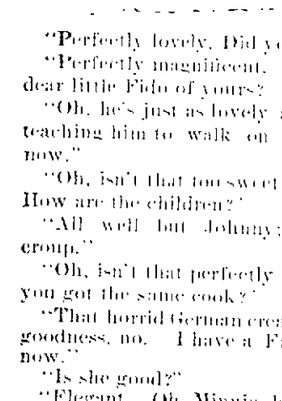
"I'm going to. Good-bye, dear."

"By-bye."

"Soy, Jimmy!"

"Hullo, Mike, is dat you? Where yer bin sence 'lection?"

"Me? Oh, I've bin layin' low."



"Dey tell me yer got inter some kind ur a muss."

"Ye'r right I did. I was workin' all 'lection day fer me brudder-in-law, Hooligan, an' I—"

"Is Hooligan yer brudder-in-law?"

"Why, cert; he married me sister Kate. When he got der nomination, he ses, ses he: 'Do what yer kin fer me, Mike, an' ef I gets in, I'll have yer put on der *police*.' I t'ought he was white, an' I worked for him all day at der polls. Towards der last der inspectors got onter me racket, an' I had ter skip. As soon as I heard Hooligan was elected I went ter him, an' ses I: 'Ef it hadn't bin fer me, yer wudn't ter got yer majority. Now,' ses I, 'I'm in trouble, an' yer've got ter see me t'rough.' 'Naw,' ses he; 'I'm sorry fer yer, Mike, but in me present position,' ses he, 'I can't afford ter be mixed up in der matter.' Blankety, blankety, blank!"

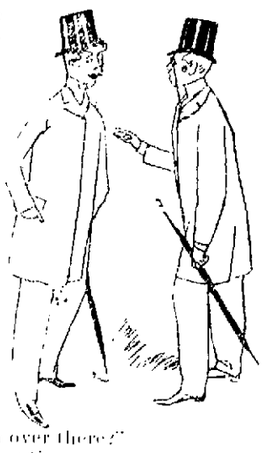
"Blankety, blankety, blank!" *(sympathetically.*

"Ah, old chappie, you hear?".

"Ya as, deah boy. Beastly mawning."

"Oh, shocking. I say, though, that's a new top coat you've on."

"Ya as. Like it, deah boy? Got it from the custom 'ouse, yesterday."



"You have your togs made on the other side?"

"Oh, ya as."

"I have mine made heah."

"Oh deah boy, that's had form, done heark now."

"I think I'll leave me measure in London, when I go over next yeah."

"Ever been over there?"

"No, 'ave you?"

"Nevah."

"Wa al, Reuben, I didn't calc'late ter meet *you* here."

"Why, I wanter know ef that's you, Caleb. When'd you come ter the city?"

"Day before yest'd'y. But sa ay Reuben, didn't I see you'n a comin' nout o' that licker store over yender?"

"Wa al er, Caleb the fact is, I wa'n't feelin' very well."

"Sakes alive, Reuben, you needn't be afeard o' *me*. I sha'n't say nothin' ter the folks 't hum. Ben a goin' it a leetle m'ite myself since I ben drown here. Went ter one o' these here burlesque shows last night. Struck up an acquaintance with a young feller there, an' we went nout every time the curtain went drown, an' got some o' this here lager beer. I drunk 's many 's five glasses—did, by hokey. Reuben an' I tell you it flew ter my head, an' I didn't know but what I was goin' ter have trouble ter git back ter the hotel. But I didn't. The young chap I was tellin' yer 'baout got a fee the more 'n was good for him, I guess, for some how 'r ruther he lost his pocket book, an' I had ter lend him three dollars. He's goin' ter leave it at the hotel for me. Night afore last I went ter the opery. Didn't think much on it though."

"Wa al, Caleb, you *air* a goin it."

"Yes. I b'leeve in injoyin' myself when I *do* git away from hum once'n awhile. Say, come in here an' have somethin' at my xpense."

"Wa al, I'll be darned, Caleb, ef you *ain't* a goin' it. Go ahead, then. I won't 'sault yer by refusin. Haw, haw, haw!"

"Haw, haw haw!" *Puck.*

Women in the School Board.

There is an increasing sentiment in favor of putting women in our school boards. They certainly have as great, if not a greater, interest in the education of children than the sterner sex, and with experience, they probably would serve the public interests involved with efficiency.

A report reaches us from a country neighborhood "down East" that has recently elected a female school board, and our correspondent sends us the following list of questions which they have drawn up to propound to any young man applying for the position of teacher in the district school

I. Have you any prejudice against boarding around?

II. Would you object to splitting kindling wood if you could do it evenings?

III. Would you be willing to excuse the big girls half a day Mondays to help wash?

IV. Do you approve of Union under garments for children?

V. How many eggs would you use in a batch of pumpkin pies?

VI. What is the best month to bile soap?

VII. Would you lay skirts in pleats, or cut them goring?

VIII. Do you favor oleomargarine or lard for shortening?

IX. Would you set out cabbage plants before or after a rain?

X. When would you set hens?



Before the Board.

XI. Do you favor the basque or polonaise?

XII. Would you speak a piece at the meeting of our Dorcas Sewing Society?

XIII. Could you help in the choir?

XIV. Would you set the sponge over night for yeast bread, or do you advocate salt rising?

XV. Do you favor women voting, and what would be a fair remuneration for each vote?

XVI. Is bited dinner indigestible?

XVII. Is coffee or eggshell best for settling coffee?

XVIII. Do you believe in the future punishment of disobedient scholars?

XIX. Or would you give it to 'em as they go along?

XX. Do you favor double heels and toes in knitting?

XXI. How much for a drawing of tea to each person?

XXII. Are you willing to subscribe to the missionary cause?

XXIII. Are you temperate, and if so, how much?

One can well imagine the state of mind into which such an array of questions would plunge a young man who wanted to teach.—*Texas Siftings.*

About Women.



If you want to arouse the anger of a Kentucky man just tell him that the whisky in his State is bad, the horses poorly bred, and the women homely. He knows, as everybody else knows that Kentucky whisky is the best, the horses are the swiftest of foot, and the women the handsomest. He may, out of deference to your opinion, allow you to criticise and condemn his horses or his whisky, but his women, never! And yet Kentucky is hardly the best State in the Union where beautiful women are found. Step over the line into Ohio and spend a few days at Cincinnati if you want to see female loveliness of a typical kind.

Cincinnati women have perfect complexions. In accounting for the unusual fairness a clubman there said: "It may be that our proximity to Kentucky has something to do with the matter. You see, Covington is only across the river, and we are enabled to import handsome women without much trouble. But Ohio is not indebted to Kentucky alone for the beauty of her women. She is the oldest of what were once termed 'the new Western States.' Some of the best and bluest of New England blood came here in early days. This has been improved from year to year until you see the result before you."

It is certainly wonderful how Cincinnati women can keep or preserve such clear and brilliant complexions in such a city. The rolling mills and factories so fill the air with black smoke that even the sun is obscured. The soot from the soft coal smoke finds its way into the houses through every open window and door. The waiter at your hotel covers up the mouth of your bottle in order to keep out this all pervading soot. Ladies when out upon the street, or even at home, are obliged to exercise great care to avoid touching their hands or handkerchiefs. The presence of a big black smooch on a woman's face is the commonest kind of sight, but is not conducive to personal beauty.

The merits of St. Louis and Chicago women have been too widely discussed to need further notice. Still it must be admitted that, while the St. Louis girls are fairer, the Chicago girls are more stylish and more vivacious. One need remain in Chicago hardly a week to discover this fact. Drive along Prairie avenue, or through the parks, or out on the boulevards any afternoon and you will see the characteristics of New York society reproduced almost exactly. Yonder speed the same carriages, with the same bobtailed, English looking horses and still more English looking coachmen and footmen. Were it not for the unusual width of the streets the vista of the lake, dotted with sail, and the spaciousness of the grounds of private residences you might think that you were in New York. Even the faces in the coaches are familiar. Chicago approaches nearer to New York in its general features than any other city in the country.

In San Francisco the men of great fortunes are those who came to California during the mining excitement without a cent. Yankees, Irishmen, Germans, Spaniards, Chinese, and Englishmen. Fortune smiled upon them, and they have adorned Nob Hill with splendid palaces, and have set up great establishments with retinues of servants. These men, many of whose ancestors were ignorant, stupid laborers, are now playing the role of the grand seignior. Vulgarity and coarseness however, cannot be hidden by silk and broadcloth. There is, nevertheless, in San Francisco a circle of society into which these people cannot enter. It is made up of men and women of refinement and culture who do not believe in an aristocracy of wealth.

The California girl of the average type is not pretty. The main difficulty with which the women of the Pacific slope must contend is the seeming impossibility of bringing out or preserving a good complexion. The fierce winds which blow from the Pacific or from the mountains, combined with a naturally dry atmosphere are enough to ruin the best of complexions in a short time. For this reason the California girl resorts to the use of paints and powders. If she can't produce a good complexion by natural means she will by artificial aids. Stroll down Market or Montgomery street any afternoon and you will observe that eight out of every ten women you meet have painted cheeks. A popular druggist said that he had 110 different preparations for the face in stock in his store.

But although a California girl's face may be plain, her figure is divine. No matter where you go you will always find women with beautiful forms. One would think that the State would become a refuge for women who complain of being scrawny and angular. A two-year's residence there makes a marvelous change in the outlines of the figure. California girls are even more vivacious than those of Chicago. They are witty, quick at repartee, and fond of adventure. Merry-hearted and jolly, they are never vulgar. They use good, vigorous English, and are not averse to slang. There is a frankness of manner about some of them which would shock some of their eastern sisters.

Wine is so cheap throughout the State that nearly all women in San Francisco drink it, and when occasion demands even stronger liquids. Champagne flows as freely as water at all kinds of parties, and the dinner-table is never without it. In traveling the ladies invariably carry with them a small pocket flask containing whisky or brandy. They are not ashamed of it either. The first morning after leaving San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railroad the tourists arose quite early in order to see the famous Yehichipa "loop." A pretty girl belonging to one of the first families in San Francisco came out on the platform of the car where several people were standing and seated herself upon one of the steps. By and by she opened the little bag and took out a flask with a silver top. Deftly unscrewing the stopper, she placed the flask of whisky to her lips and drank a swallow without the slighest hesitation.

"Gad!" exclaimed one of the men. "Blamed if I don't like the frankness of the girl. Instead of sneaking off in a corner, she takes a drink before us all."

The California girl's feet are shaped like a chemist's spatula, very long and very narrow. Eastern people are apt to laugh outright when they see those queer-shaped boots for the first time. A long, slim foot cannot, by any standard, be considered beautiful. It does not look as though it was made for use or ornament. It is disappointing. The head of a family soberly said that his children, born in Maine, had Maine feet, broad and ample, while those born in San Francisco had the genuine California foot, long and narrow. Would it not be a good plan for some scientist to study into the matter and determine why this is so?—*N. Y. World.*

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who Are Just Lifting Life's Curtain.

PUNISHMENT SUSPENDED.

A four year-old miss of Main street, with a serious air, said to her mother the other day: "Ma, I think I ought to get a spanking." Mamma made an effort to look her sharply in the eye, when the little one added: "I guess you needn't mind this time. I won't be naughty again."—*Buffalo Courier.*

ROBBY APPLIES A TEST.

Robby, aged three, complained that his tea, the regulation milk-and-water article, was not to his taste. His mother beside whom he was seated, said: "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose we change teas," suggested Robby.—*Babyhood.*

A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

In school. The teacher takes out his watch.

"As we have a few minutes before we close, you can ask any question you wish."

One little kid comes forward.

"Teacher, what time is it, please?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A HITCH IN THE PROGRAMME.

There is a little boy down in Lynn who is given to the telling of very large stories and who often has to be chastened for untruthfulness. Not long since his father, to try the effect of a new treatment, gave over the usual method of punishment and told the boy the story of Ananias and Sapphira with all the impressiveness that he could master. The boy seemed to be much edified by the narrative.

"The very next evening, when the father came home, he found his wife leaning over the boy with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" the father asked.

"Oh, Willie has been telling another great big lie," said she.

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and God didn't dead me, either."—*Boston Record.*

WANTED FULL CREDIT.

A benevolent young lady, who had for a long time sought to convey some lasting moral lessons to young boys at the North End who had been gathered into her class, while conversing with one of the youngsters recently, referred to the death of his brother, when he spoke up in a tone expressive of pride and gratification: "Oh, that ain't all the dead I got; I had 'nother brother die awhile ago." *Boston Journal.*

BIRDIE AT THE FAIR.

Groups of picnicking youngsters dotted the grass in every direction. The tents were possessed by them. Their eager, flushed faces and bright dresses encountered one everywhere as the joyous multitude surged from one attraction to another. Tiny girl-tots of five and six had invested their little all in baby dolls about six inches long, of waxen countenance and wooden legs, and that paucity of attire which usually characterizes the small wax dolls.

"Birdie," said I conciliatorily to a wee damsel who was surveying hers with the most unalloyed satisfaction, "where did you get that?"

"In the main Buildin' from a gemplam," said Birdie, turning her dimpled face up at me trustfully.

"And how much did you pay for it?" I inquired.

"Nossin. De gemplum said 'Here's de dolls for little dirls,' so I dess took it."

I did not explain the nature of petty larceny to her. She will know soon enough. Let her believe in the beneficence of all mankind towards "little dirls," thought I, as long as she can.—*Toronto Globe.*

HOW MUCH OUT OF THE WAY.

It was at a dinner-table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It is something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained. *Philadelphia Call.*

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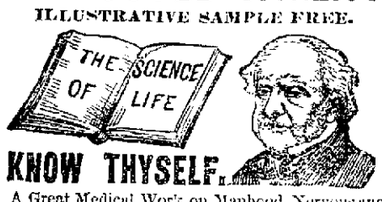
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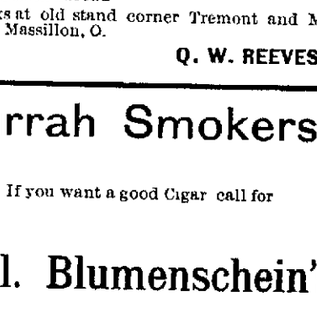
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SAVE THE CANAL.

What the Railroads are Trying to do at Akron.

An old boatman writes from Akron to the *Commercial Gazette:*

A controversy is now being carried on at Akron between the railroads on the one hand and the boatmen, friends of the Ohio Canal and citizens of Akron upon the other. The railroads are seeking to build a belt line around the city of Akron, and asked from the Board of Public Works permission to run their lines along the canal for about a quarter of a mile. In doing this they would take from the Ohio canal a large portion of the traffic that is now being carried by the boatmen. Already the canal has felt the effects of the railroad in this city. Statistics show that within the past two years the amount of the lumber hauled by the canal has dropped off nearly three-quarters, and the same freight has been given to railroads. If the railroads could get through to deliver the lumber at the yards, this would practically wipe out the freightage in lumber, shingles, lath and such freights.

The boatmen are making a strenuous effort to preserve their rights and the rights of the Ohio Canal. The Valley Railway people have made great efforts to capture the Board of Public Works, and last week, while the Board were here, they were wined and dined, or at least two members of the Board, by the Valley Railway officials, who were seeking to reach them through their stomachs. It may be stated to the credit of General Jones, of Waverly, O., that he has shown himself to be a firm friend of the canal.

Last year a lease was given for certain State property in Akron, as rumor says, for $100 a year. Other parties have said that they would give at least $15,000 for the property leased for $100, and other parties say that they would pay $1,000 a year for a given number of years for the lease of the same property.

The tax-payers of Ohio and the people who have elected the Board of Public Works to look after the canal and their interests in this matter, are deeply interested in the whole question, because if the railroads get the right to lay their track along the canal it will practically wind up the business on the northern end of the canal. The boatmen are too poor to hire attorneys to fight their battles, but they sent to the Board of Public Works a petition signed by the boatmen along the northern end of the canal, asking that their rights be protected and that the Board of Public Works use their influence with the Legislature to prevent this end of the canal from being abandoned, or the railroads coming in to take away their freight It is a matter of deep interest to all concerned. If the rights of the State are to be abandoned in the matter, they would be worth thousands of dollars to the railroads, but instead of spending the money wining and dining State officials, it would be much better for the tax-payers to have the money go into the public treasury

The boatmen are now talking of circulating petitions along the entire length of the canal, asking the Legislature to step in and protect them in their rights. In the meantime the railroads are using renewed energy to influence the Board of Public Works to allow them to steal upon and occupy the ground, and the matter is being brought to the attention of the Attorney General, who seems to be the only power left through which the boatmen can preserve their rights.

In either event the matter will undoubtedly be brought to the attention of the Legislature as soon as they convene, and the boatmen and the boatmen and tax-payers of the State must look to the legislative body for a decision in the matter and the preservation of their rights.

OLD BOATMAN.

He Became Insane.

The following dispatch to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* concerns a young and very popular traveling man, who for years has made regular trips to this city where he is well known among the business men.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9—Apart from a motley crowd of criminals gathered in Jefferson Market this morning stood three members of a sorrowing family condoling each other. They were father, mother and daughter, the latter 21 years old. The young woman was Mrs. Banbury, and she was looking for her husband, William L. Banbury, who had been arrested the night previous. Only on the morning of that day the young woman was married to Banbury, but before they reached their hotel in Brooklyn he had become insane and was taken charge of by a policeman. Banbury is 35 years old, and for the past five years has been employed in the dry goods house of E. S. Jaffrey & Co., No. 350 Broadway, as a commercial traveler. His circuit included Ohio and Tennessee. He was looked upon as a model young man, and stood well with the firm.

The couple were married yesterday. In the evening they went to the Lyceum theater. A few minutes after the second act Banbury arose in his seat and went out, but soon after returned and resumed his seat. But in a few moments again jumped up saying, "We want to go now." His wife begged him to remain and see the play out, but he persisted in his desire to leave and she inquired the reasons. "Come, and I'll tell you," he said.

They passed into the lobby and out into the vestibule Policeman Boyle of Captain Williams' station was the only person there. Walking up to the policeman, Banbury said: "I want you to arrest my wife." The policeman and the young wife both looked with astonishment at each other. The newly married couple accompanied the officer to the station. As they walked down Fifth avenue, the bride sobbing bitterly, Banbury said fiercely addressing her: "I will cut your heart out," and again, "I'll blow out your brains." In the West Thirtieth street station the Sergeant saw in an instant that the man was deranged, and locked him up.

The young wife, after recovering from the terrible shock, returned to the home of the parents. A charge of insanity was made out against Banbury in Jefferson market. He will be sent to an asylum.

AGRICULTURAL

Hens two or three years old will not lay so great a number of eggs as will pullets in the first twelve months after they have commenced to lay. In laying, therefore, young hens will excel in quantity, though perhaps their eggs are inferior for hatching purposes.

Analysis shows that the mangel has nearly twice the nutritive matter contained in the Swedish turnip, and experiments in feeding confirm the results of the laboratory. They will yield from fifty to a hundred percent more in quantity, under ordinary circumstances, and are much the more profitable root to raise.

Dropping eggs, oftentimes at night, is principally caused by a too stimulating diet, also by want of proper materials for the shells, such as lime, oyster shells or gravel, also in many cases by reason of the hens being too fat. Feed sparingly on soft food, if not in severe weather, for a time, not giving them any meat. In most cases it will greatly reduce the weight of the fowls and increase the egg production without injuring the health of the birds in the least.

The culture of radishes under glass is very simple and is easily done either in a greenhouse or hotbed in winter and in spring in a cold frame There are two varieties in use chiefly for forcing—the long scarlet and the French breakfast. The long scarlet usually sells at nearly double the price of the other in market, but it costs about double to produce it, since it demands more room in the bed and more to grow it in perfection. Growers often have both kinds so as to satisfy all customers.

Mr. Charles Krider, a few days ago gave this bit of wisdom to an INDEPENDENT reporter: "I was helping an old German farmer to butcher the other day, and as we always do in this country, I piled the hams up with the skin down. 'Don't you want the blood to drip out,' said the farmer. 'Certainly' I said, 'we put salt on to draw it out.' 'Well, what is the use of that, why don't you simply turn the flesh side down, and it will run out itself.' I tried the experiment, and it worked as he said it would. The suggestion is a common sense one, and I should like to see it made public."

To grow the long scarlet radish will demand a fine sandy loam, well enriched with fine horse dung. It is the custom of many growers to pass the loam through a gravel screen of three-quarters of an inch mesh, so as to take out all stones and lumps, for wherever a young radish strikes a lump of loam or stone it will bend around it, making a crooked, unsalable radish. Where it is not convenient to screen the loam it may be beaten up fine with forks and rakes by repeated working. To grow the French breakfast radish less care is needed, since they are not spoiled by growing crooked in lumpy soil.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Out and About.

The Fulton *Signal* is poking fun at our parks

The Salem *Era* says: "but be it sinister or philanthropic, the canals need all the attention they will get."

"The people of Dover do not want any water works" remarks that enterprising journal the *Tuscarawas Democrat.*

A Pittsburgh paper says: "The expenditures of the city of Canton have for some years exceeded the receipts. The people are now crying for reform."

An impudent tramp got a sentence of five days at hard work, with ball and chain, at Massillon last week. Right. If three-fourths of the vagrants were similarly treated, the tramp nuisance might be abated.—*Iron Valley Reporter.*

The grand annual number of the *Graphic News* of Cincinnati, will be out the 15th inst. and will contain sixty pages of pictures by America's greatest artists, with two beautifully colored supplements and stories by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Opie P. Read, of the *Arkansaw Traveler,* Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and other noted writers.

Bud Smith, claiming to be from Texas, was sentenced by Judge Day this morning to six years in the Penitentiary for stealing a buggy from Dr. Leeper residing near Navarre. The buggy was stolen the beginning of September, and on the 8th Smith was arrested and bound over by the Mayor of Navarre, for trial. Smith will be taken to the Penitentiary on Thursday.—*Canton Democrat.*

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

January number, No. 1, Vol. 1, is now ready, and contains "Gambetta Proclaiming the Republic of France," frontispiece drawn by Howard Pyle, engraved by Frank French.

Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris. First paper—The Downfall of the Empire, by E. B. Washburne, ex-Minister to France, with illustrations from portraits and documents in Mr. Washburne's possessions, and from drawings by Thulstrup, Meeker, Reich and others.

Seth's Brother's Wife, chapters I.—V., by Harold Frederick.

The story of a New York House, I. by H. C. Bunner, illustrated by A. B. Frost, F. Hopkinson Smith, and G. W. Edwards.

Sonnets in Shadow, by Arlo Bates.

Our Defenceless Coasts, by F. V. Greene, Captain U. S. Engineers, with maps, sketches and diagrams.

In a Copy of the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick, by Austin Dobson.

In Mexico. A story, by Thomas A. Janvier.

The Babylonian Seals, by William Hayes Ward, with illustrations from seals in the author's collection, and after De Clercq, Pinches and others.

Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris. Social life and character in the Paris of the Revolution. First paper by Annie Cary Morris, with portrait engraved by G Kruell, from the painting at old Morrisania.

Socialism, by Francis Walker.

The New Year, by Maybury Fleming.

A Violin Obligato. A story by Margaret Crosby.

$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Remittances should be made by check or money order.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers,
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

The circulation of the INDEPENDENT has increased nearly twenty-five per cent. within the last four months, and it therefore has a larger circulation than any newspaper in the city. Advertisers who desire a large circulation, and that among the most intelligent of our people, will do well to remember the fact.

A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranche and cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering $500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased $50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a $100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining $50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding $5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, fee, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of $25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in $100, $500 or $1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth $3,000,000, and this money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—*The N. Y. Financier.* 29y

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to cell.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Men live lives that are burdens and die deaths that are terrible from diseases called by a hundred names, every one of which has its origin in a diseased liver, and every one of which may be cured by Simmon's Liver Regulator.

This pure vegetable medicine is not a cure-all, it is a specific for the cure of Liver Complaint and all the ailments which that disease produce. Among these are dyspepsia, billiousness, constipation, sick headache, piles, colic, jaundice, common fever and ague. All these diseases are cured by Simmons Liver Regulator. It removes the cause which produces them and permits nature to work her own cure. None genuine except with the Z stamp in red, on front of wrapper, and the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co. on the side.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; he had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Z. T. Baltzly's Drug Store.

Musicale.

A very pleasant musicale was given by the pupils of E. S. Lind, Thursday evening last, at the residence of Mr. Ira Dean, 104 East Tremont Street:

Piano Duett........Sonata in D..........Mozart
Misses Clara and Laura Leviers.
Piano Solo..........Im Sonnenschein..........Lange
Miss Lela Dean.
Vocal Solo........Consider the Lilies..........Topliff
Miss Elna Ray.
Piano Solo..........Alpine Glow..........Oesten
Miss Mamie Brown.
Piano Duett......Mendelssohn (a) Noturno (b) Wedding March
Miss Mary Poorman and E. S. Lind.
Vocal Solo..........Migonette
Miss Belle Adleman.
Piano Solo.........Chant Du Berger..........De Colas
Miss Eva Dean.
Piano Duett..........Sonata in F..........Diabelli
Miss Clara Leviers and Mamie Brown.
Vocal Solo Where the Lindens Bloom..Dudley Buck
Miss Carrie Krear.
Piano Trio.......Charge of the Hussars......Spindler
E. S. Lind, Chas. Silk and Artie Bender.
Piano Solo..........Hayden, Sonata No. 5; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 49 No. 2.
Vocal Duett..........Yours Tenderly..........Schelin
Miss Carrie Krear and Flo Schriver.
Piano Solo.........Mendelssohn (a) Poet's Harp
" " ....Chopin (b) Waltz, in E flat.
Vocal Solo..........Polka Mazurka
Miss Belle Adleman.

About our Prosecutor.

The Massillon INDEPENDENT is after Prosecuting Attorney Welty, of Stark county, with a sharp stick; for not bringing before the grand jury the complaint of the State Board of Health, against certain paper-mill owners for poisoning the waters of the Tuscarawas river with the refuse from their mills. The editor intimates that the owners of the mills are wealthy, and that they have seen the prosecutor. For their own interests, the people ought to be more particular in the selection of a candidate for prosecuting attorney, than for any other county office. He has immense power to thwart the will of the public, if he so chooses; and the influence of "boodle" is apt to be tried on him.—*Iron Valley Reporter.*

A Valuable Medical Treatise.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealer in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1887 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country The proprietors, Messrs Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

The call to arms—"John, take the baby."—*Toledo Blade.*

Drunkenness, or Liquor Habit, can be Cured by administering Dr. Hains' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co, 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"This is a new wrinkle," sadly remarked the elderly maiden as she surveyed herself in a hand-glass.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The poor sufferer that has been dosing himself with so called Troches and thereby upset his stomach without curing the troublesome cough, should take our advice and use at once Dr. Bull's Syrup and get well.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Impurities, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly. 4-y-1

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, syringes, astringents, or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who have for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can afflict, testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from the rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years, my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at 50c a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Z. T. Baltzly. 5

GILMORE'S AROMATIC is a great success, therefore we challenge the world to produce its equal as a restorative for woman. Sold by druggists.

REV. W. FISK REQUA, of Aurora, Ill., says: "I have used Gilmore's Aromatic Wine and find it an excellent household remedy that none ought to do without Sold by druggists.

REV. HARRIS PECK, of Pavillion, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with Malaria, Bowel Difficulty and sleepless nights, which I found was wearing me out. After taking Aromatic Wine two days I realized great relief, sleeping well and otherwise feeling like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity." Sold by druggists.

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REV. DR. FREELAND, of Fowlerville, N. Y., writes us that two bottles of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cured his wife of Nervousness and Sleepiessness. Sold by druggists.

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Proceeds from TORPID LIVER AND IMPURITIES OF THE STOMACH. It can be invariably cured if you will

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

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Let all who suffer remember that

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No 2 East Tremont Street. Will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his fine and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c

Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

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The only line running the **celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Drawing Room Cars Between Cleveland, Akron, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.**

Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the **New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars** at a nominal charge, leaving Columbus on the Fast Express at 3:55 p. m. daily, arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis 7 a. m. and Kansas City 7:30 p. m.

No line running through the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois can offer such superior facilities or kingly comfort to its patrons. Rates as low as the lowest.

THE SCHEDULE.

Central or 90th Meridian Time.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886.

Going North No. 9. Cleveland Express	No. 27. Night Express	No. 3. Fast Mail.	STATIONS.	Going South No. 2. Fast Mail.	No. 28. Night Express	No. 4. Orrville Express
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar U Depot Lv	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
11 30	6 40	5 15	**Cleveland**	7 40	8 00	2 15
11 16	6 26	5 01	" Euclid ave	7 54	8 14	2 30
11 00	6 10	4 45	" Newburg	8 09	8 29	2 43
10 30	5 40	4 15	Hudson	8 40	9 00	3 22
10 13	5 22	3 58	Cuyahoga Falls	8 57	9 17	3 39
10 00	5 10	2 45	**Akron**	9 12	9 40	3 55
9 23	4 34	3 12	Warwick	9 37	10 21	4 28
9 00	4 10	2 53	lv Orrville ar	9 57	10 49	4 50
A. M. No. 5 P. M.						p. m. No. 6 A. M.
2 25	3 55	2 45	ar Orrville Jc	10 02	10 55	10 55
1 35	2 59	2 06	Millersburg	10 40	12 00	11 51
12 17	1 39	1 08	Gambier	11 33	1 42	1 26
12 05	1 30	12 58	Mt. Vernon	11 46	2 00	1 57
11 17	12 56	12 31	Centerburg	12 09	2 36	2 26
10 55	12 34	......	Sunbury	......	3 02	2 46
10 35	12 15	11 55	Westerville	12 46	3 26	3 05
10 10	11 50	11 30	lv Columbus ar	1 10	4 00	3 30
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
10 06	11 35	11 10	ar Columbus lv	1 30	4 20	3 50
8 05	10 00	9 33	Xenia	3 15	6 00	5 30
6 36	8 36	8 14	Loveland	4 33	7 12	6 49
5 30	7 45	7 25	lv Cincinnati ar	5 30	8 00	7 35
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
......	11 20	11 10	ar Columbus lv	......	4 40	3 55
......	9 50	9 43	Urbana	......	6 06	5 20
......	9 04	8 50	Piqua	......	6 56	6 04
......	7 30	7 05	Richmond	......	9 10	8 00
......	4 55	4 30	Indianapolis	......	12 00	10 20
......	2 33	1 51	Terre Haute	......	2 13	1 42
......	12 20	11 35	Effingham	......	4 15	3 49
......	11 22	10 28	Vandalia	......	5 08	4 48
......	9 00	8 00	lv St. Louis ar	......	7 30	7 00
	A. M.	P. M.		......	P. M.	A. M.

Trains 27 and 28 run daily, all other trains daily except Sunday

Trains 7 and 8, known as the Gann and Columbus accommodations, leave Gann at 6:00 a. m., arriving at Columbus at 8.40 a. m; leave Columbus at 4:30 p. m., arriving at Gann at 7:10 p. m.

Train 9 (Cleveland express) connects with P. Ft W. & C. No. 10 from Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Train 4 (Orrville Express) connects with P., Ft W. & C. No. 3 for Wooster, Shreve and all points west.

Trains 2, 3, 5 and 6 make connections with P., Ft. W. & C. trains for all points east and west via Orrville.

For further information, address

CHAS. O. WOOD,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Akron, O.

TIME TABLE.

P., Ft. W. & C. Railway.

Schedule in Effect August 15, 1886.

Trains depart from MASSILLON station as follows

CENTRAL TIME.

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	2 49 a. m
No. 4	Daily except Sunday	3 22 p. m
No 12	" "	10 56 p. m
No. 10	Daily	9 25 a. m
Local Freight	Daily except Sunday	11 28 a. m

GOING WEST

No. 1	Daily except Sunday	4 14 a. m
No. 9	Daily	10 21 "
No. 7	Daily except Sunday	1 55 p. m
No 3	Daily	5 52 "
Local Freight		7 05 a. m

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Hotel Cars attached to through trains run without change, westbound to Chicago; eastbound to Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. Shoemaker, Ticket Agent, Massillon, Ohio.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Monday.

E. A. FORD,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent

JAMES McCREA,
Manager
PITTSBURGH, PA

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains.

In effect Nov. 14, 1886, until further notice.

New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
Lorain	6 55AM	3 45PM	......	4 00AM
Sheffield	7 05*	3 55*	......	4 10
Elyria	7 15	4 05	......	4 30
Patterson	7 26*	4 15*	......	4 45
Grafton ar	7 40	4 30	......	5 15
Cleveland	6 45	4 00	......	2 00AM
Grafton lv	8 00	5 05	......	5 15
Belden	8 08	5 13	......	5 35
Eharte	8 18	5 21	......	5 50
York	8 26	5 29	......	6 00
Medina	8 33	5 35	......	6 50
Chippewa Lake	8 42*	5 46*	......	7 05
Camp Chippewa	8 45*	5 49	......	7 10
Seville	8 53	5 58	......	7 41
Sterling	9 00	6 05	......	8 00
Easton	9 15	6 16	......	8 40
Warwick	9 26	6 26	......	9 26
Canal Fulton	9 34	6 33	......	9 50
Pauls	9 42*	6 41*	......	10 10
Massillon	9 53	6 55	6 10AM	10 50
Navarre	10 08*	7 10*	6 25*	11 50
Justus	10 13	7 20	6 31	12 00
Beach City	10 21	7 28	6 40	12 15PM
Strasburgh	10 31	7 39	6 52	12 35
Canal Dover	10 42	7 51	7 04	1 00
New Philadel	10 51	8 00	7 16	1 45
Goshen	......	8 05*	7 22*	2 00
Tuscarawas	11 03*	8 10*	7 28*	2 28
Urichville ar	11 12	8 20	......	
" lv	11 30	......	7 35	2 45
Newport	11 38*	......	7 45*	3 10
Stillwater	11 48	......	7 55	3 30
Tippecanoe	11 58	......	8 05	3 55
Freeport	12 13PM	......	8 22	4 30
Butler	12 23	......	8 32	4 55
Clevenger	......	......	8 40*	5 10
Holloway	12 33	......	8 42	5 30
Flushing	12 44	......	8 53	5 55
Lafferty	12 56	......	9 04	6 30
Bruce	1 03	......	9 12	6 45
Fairpoint	1 13	......	9 22	7 05
Maynard	1 23	......	9 33	7 25
Kidds	1 29*	......	9 40*	7 40
Barton	1 35	......	9 45	7 50
Pasco	1 45*	......	9 55	8 05
Bridgeport	2 00	......	10 10	8 30

Ar. Wheeling by Street Car from Bridgeport.

GOING NORTH.

Le. Wheeling by Street Car for Bridgeport.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.	Accom.
Bridgeport	......	11 35am	4 00pm	4 00am
Pasco	......	11 50*	4 15	4 20
Barton	......	12 00 m	4 25	4 35
Kidds	......	12 05*	4 30*	4 45
Maynard	......	12 12pm	4 38	5 00
Fairpoint	......	12 23	4 47	5 20
Bruce	......	12 32	4 57	5 35
Lafferty	......	12 41*	5 05	5 50
Flushing	......	12 53	5 17	6 10
Holloway	......	1 01	5 30	6 30
Clevenger	......	......	5 33*	6 35
Butler	......	1 15	5 41	6 50
Freeport	......	1 26	5 51	7 10
Tippecanoe	......	1 41	6 08	7 35
Stillwater	......	1 51	6 18	7 55
Newport	......	2 00*	6 28*	8 10
Uhrichsville	5 20AM	2 20	6 38	8 25
Tuscaraw's	5 28*	2 28*	6 45	8 50
Goshen	5 31	......	6 51	9 00
New Phila	5 40	2 39	6 57	9 18
C Dover	5 50	2 49	7 06	9 50
Strasburg	6 02	3 00	7 17	10 31
Beach City	6 12	3 11	7 28	11 00
Justus	6 20	3 20	7 37	11 20
Navarre	6 25*	3 25*	7 42*	11 50
Massillon	6 40	3 40	7 55	12 45pm
Pauls	6 52*	3 51*	......	1 16
C Fulton	7 00	3 59	......	1 35
Warwick	7 08	4 08	......	2 05
Easton	7 19	4 19	......	2 30
Sterling	7 31	4 35	......	3 00
Seville	7 41	4 43	......	3 30
Chippewa L	7 52*	4 51*	......	3 55
Medina	8 02	5 05	......	5 35
York	8 09	5 13	......	5 55
Eharte	8 18	5 21	......	6 25
Belden	8 26	5 30	......	6 40
ar Grafton	8 35	5 40	......	7 10
Cleveland	9 35am	6 50	......	10 16pm
lv Grafton	8 45	5 50	......	7 10pm
Patterson	8 56*	6 01*	......	7 30
Elyria	9 06	6 10	......	7 50
Sheffield	9 15*	6 20*	......	8 15
Lorain	9 25	6 30pm	......	8 30

* Trains stop on signal for passengers.
All trains daily (Sundays excepted)

CONNECTIONS.

At Cleveland with fast trains for the East and West. Also with Cleveland and Detroit Daily Line Steamers.

(1) At Elyria with L. S. & M. S. Railway for Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit Chicago, &c.

(2) At Grafton with C. C. C. & I. R'y, for Indianapolis, St. Louis and the West.

(3) At Sterling with N. Y. P. & O. R'y, for Akron, Ashland, Mansfield, &c.

(4) At Warwick with C. A. & C. R'y, for Mt. Vernon and Columbus.

(5) At Massillon with P. F. W. & C. R'y, for Canton, Wooster, Alliance, &c.

(6) At Dover with C. & M. R'y, for Cambridge, Marietta, Parkersburg.

(7) At Uhrichsville with P. C. & St L. R'y, for Steubenville, Coshocton and Zanesville.

At Wheeling with railroads diverging. Also with Ohio River Steamers.

WM. H. GROUT,
Gen'l Freight & Ticket Agent,
OSCAR TOWNSEND, General Manager.

Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

In effect Dec. 6, 1886.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.	No. 5.	No. 7.	No. 9.*	No. 1.*
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Toledo Lv	7 45	12 39	4 45	......
Fremont	9 07	1 47	6 02	......
Clyde	9 23	2 03	6 18	......
Monroeville Lv	9 57	2 32	7 01	1 35
Norwalk	10 13	2 50	7 20	1 50
Wellington	11 03	3 45	9 00	2 32
Creston Ar	11 52	4 33	10 45	3 15
Orrville Ar	P. M.	5 05	11 45	*3 45
" Lv	12 40	5 05 am	6 00	6 00
Massillon	1 20	5 45	6 40	6 40
Navarre	1 35	6 00	6 55	6 55
Valley Junction	2 10	6 45	8 00	8 00
New Cumberland	2 25	7 00	8 20	8 20
Sherrodsville	2 38	7 15	9 00	9 00
Leesville	2 47	7 25	9 25	9 25
Bowerstown	2 55	7 35	9 40	9 40
Canal Dover	2 31	7 02	11 30	11 30
New Comerstown	3 13	7 46	12 09	12 09
Cambridge	4 08	8 37	pm 1 02	pm 1 02
Mucksburg	5 39	......	2 30	2 30
Marietta Ar	6 55	......	3 38	3 38

GOING NORTH AND WEST.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 8.	No. 6.
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Marietta Lv	......	......	11 00	7 00
Mucksburg	......	......	12 05	8 18
Cambridge	......	5 30	pm 1 27	9 52
New Comerstown	......	6 20	2 20	10 47
Canal Dover	......	6 55	2 44	11 30
Bowerstown	......	6 30	3 30	11 55
Leesville	......	6 38	3 45	12 01
Sherrodsville	......	6 48	4 25	12 08
New Cumberland	......	7 03	4 50	12 20
Valley Junction	......	7 28	5 50	12 35
Massillon	......	8 15	7 10	pm 1 20
Orrville Lv	......	8 55*	10 15	2 00
Creston Lv	......	9 25	10 45	2 30
Wellington	A. M.	10 12	11 28	3 18
Norwalk	7 25	11 25	12 10	4 10
Monroeville	7 37	11 37	12 25	4 22
Clyde	8 08	12 10	A. M.	4 56
Fremont	8 25	12 30	*	5 13
Toledo Ar	9 15	pm 1 55	......	6 35

No. 29.	No. 27.	Norwalk & Huron.	No. 26.	No. 28.
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
5 15	11 40	Ar......Huron......Lv	6 25	2 05
5 02	11 25	Fries' Landing	6 38	2 18
4 50	11 10	Milan	6 52	2 35
4 30	10 45	Lv......Norwalk......Ar	7 15	3 00

*Daily.

This road is now open through from Toledo to Bowerstown, connecting with the Pennsylvania System for all points East.

THROUGH CAR SERVICE.

Between Toledo, Cambridge and Marietta.
" " and Bowerstown.
" " and Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh.
" Chicago, Akron, Youngstown and Pittsburgh.

JAS. M. HALL, Gen. Pass'r Ag't.
M. D. WOODFORD, Gen. Manager.

NewspaperARCHIVE®
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Massillon Independent.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1863.]

ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL B. WEIRICH.

PUBLISHED BY

SKINNER & WEIRICH,

Opera House Block,

MASSILLON, - - OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	$1.50
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1886.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The INDEPENDENT is crowded with orders for foreign advertising at this time, to say nothing of local holiday advertising. It becomes necessary, therefore, to require all changes, or new orders to be in this office by every Wednesday noon, instead of Wednesday evening as heretofore, to insure insertion.

Send a receipted bill for a subscription to the Independent for a holiday present.

Massillon has natural gas and will develope it.

Remember the children at the Fairmount Home.

The city of Massillon is very polite to the railroad companies. It lights their tracks for them in the very best style.

Dr. Dabney, it turns out, never was in the army and therefore was never a guard at Andersonville. Dr. Dabney is forgiven.

Natural gas has been piped to Youngstown, and the manufacturers are happy. May Massillon soon reap the benefits of this blessing.

The Canton *Repository* wisely says: "Massillon will have a public library. There is no doubt about that, and she could not put her enterprise to a better purpose."

Everybody old or young, rich or poor, interested in Massillon, will be present at the public library meeting to be held in the parlors of the Hotel Conrad, next Friday night.

There seems to be a general desire not confined to the members of the bar by any means, that Judge Joseph Frease be offered the seat on the bench, soon to be vacated by Judge Day.

The popular call is for a library building, and that a good big one too. When Massillon has the building, the books will come themselves. The mistake must not be made, of aiming too low, for it is fatal.

Massillon must have natural gas. From our own wells if possible, and from some other towns' well, if we cannot get it. The Mansfield people are enthusiastic over a pipe line about to be constructed from Findlay to Columbus, taking in their city.

Mr. Charles R. Frazer has retired from the ranks of journalism, and so the rumor goes, is devoting himself exclusively to the cultivation of a little boom which he hopes will drop him in the Canton Mayor's office. When Charles R. hears the people call, he responds with an alacrity found only in a true Jacksonian Democrat.

Thus saith Mr. Joseph Gillespie, who has emerged from his retreat in Onionville, to take a position on the Canton Democrat:

"Yes, boys, 'Gillespie is here,' and 'in whatever position' heartily responds to your evidently kindly greeting. He, with out spread arms, rushes to you, and clasps you in his warm embrace.

A Democratic thunderer in Canton, Mr. J. E. Monnot, the President of the Young Men's Democratic Club, hurled this at the President, in his annual address:

No doubt if President Cleveland does not drop his Mugwump policy he will be much wiser after the next National Democratic Convention, and will will wish he had more speedily turned the rascals out.

The library is to be absolutely free. Let every workingman, who has the welfare of his children at heart, or his own pleasure in view, begin to lay a little by each week, so as to subscribe for at least one share and have a voice in the management of its affairs. Then when you are receiving its benefits, it will be with the feeling of a proprietor, and not of a privileged character.

Stark county alone, does not need a county work house whatever Commissioner Smith may say to the contrary. If Wayne and Tuscarawas will unite with this county in the matter, no objection will be raised. The *Repository* does not find such serious objections to Commissioner Smith's extravagant plans, so long as Canton township is promised the exclusive benefits.

Cincinnati is about to accept the offer of the Gas Company to cancel the present contract by which they pay a dollar and sixty cents a thousand feet and renew for ten years at a dollar and a quarter. If the smallest consumer in little cities like this, can get gas at a dollar and a half, it would seem a remarkable extortion under the mask of liberality, on the part of the Cincinnati Gas Company, to ask that city to pay a dollar and a quarter.

Main street is in no better condition above the rise of the hill, than before it was "repaired." The gravel dumped upon it, as on every street, is like so much mud in wet weather, and no improvement in dry. The material used is not screened, nor is it especially course. The whole system is wrong. There is such an excellent foundation throughout the whole city, for good streets, that we ought to have more of them.

It will be but a short time before the waterworks will be ready for use and if up to the contract demands a steam engine service will be unnecessary. Now is the time for the city authorities to at least settle upon what plan of reorganization they ought to adopt. Something must be done, and that soon. Then too if if we are to have an effective fire department we must have a practical alarm system. In some of the larger cities, notably Cincinnati and Chicago the patrol box has in a great measure taken the place of the alarm system. At proper distances, a round box, just big enough for one man is built around a lamp post, and in it there is a telephone. Responsible citizens are furnished with keys, and through these telephones, the department or the the police may be called. Our present arrangements are not at all satisfactory, to say nothing of being provincial.

Why Massillon Did Not Get It.

A law has recently passed one house of Congress, and will, without question, pass, the other, extending the free delivery system to all presidential post-offices, doing a business of ten thousand dollars a year, and having all the characteristics of cities.

It is very mortifying to have to say that Massillon does not come under this list, while smaller, and very inferior towns do. For instance, there is Salem and Wooster, each smaller. Their good future however, is due to peculiar circumstances. In Salem there are certain manufacturing firms, which do a large business in small wares, and ship exclusively by mail. Wooster has no small country offices near it, and the country people go there from long distances in the county, to send their letters.

There is no use, however, of enlarging upon these points. The fact remains that Massillon will not get the system this year, and therefore must do her level best to get it next. The fiscal year ends June 30. The gross receipts of the Massillon postoffice for the last fiscal were $9,053-94, within 946.05 of the required amount. Deputy postmaster Howells thinks that this year's receipts, thus far, are in access of last year's, but suppose we count upon the same receipts, and then settle as to how to make up the balance.

If less than a thousand dollars is made up by seven months we can get the system. This can be done. The gross receipts include registered letter and money order fees. If everybody will exert themselves to use government conveniences, instead of other carriers, considerable can be gained in that way. Do not purchase stamps at a pitiful discount from outsiders who receive large quantities of them. If at the last pull, the year's business still is too small, our manufacturers, who use many stamps could purchase a larger quantity than they need. The stamps will never depreciate, and then purchasers will have the satisfaction of having done a good deed.

This city ought to have a free delivery system within eight months.

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

Fresh, Crispy Gleanings of Recent Noteworthy Happenings and Events.

Union flour mill boiler at Canal Fulton, O., let go, killing the head miller and severely injuring others.

C. A. Eickinger, acting commissioner of the Miami & Erie canal, says that the canal pays its way and only wants to be let alone and it will take care of itself.

A number of the "Bald Knobbers" of southwestern Missouri have been arrested. It is feared it will precipitate a war between the regulators and the officers of the law.

Caroline A. Wood, of Boston, widow of Caleb Wood, the founder of the Memorial church, in Cambridge, left to Wellesley college, $50,000; Bates college, $35,000; $5,000 to establish a home in Cambridge for aged women, and a fund for poor women.

David Maple, who died near Shelbyville, Ind., recently, is believed, after a post-mortem, to have been poisoned.

Eli Ford, a prominent dry goods merchant, committed suicide at Arcanum, O.

Theodore Huewe has been arrested at Sidney, O., for alleged embezzlement of $4,000.

The funeral of the late J. A. Wales, of New York, was held at Clyde, O., Saturday.

Charles Mason was stabbed by Warren Townsend, a twelve-year-old playmate, at Evansville, Ind.

George Parks and Monroe Smith, negroes, were lynched at Ringold, Ga., Saturday, for robbery and arson.

M. Lewis, of Schulenberg, Tex., was assassinated Thursday night, presumably by C. D. Slayden, his son-in-law.

Practo, a Sioux Indian belonging to the Madison Square Wild West exhibition, broke his neck in New York Saturday.

Robert Kelly, ex-treasurer of Lawrence county, Indiana, acknowledges himself a defaulter, and has made an assignment.

Harry Gibson, a hotel bell boy at Chicago, and John Holland, who was employed to watch him, have both shown evidence of hydrophobia.

J. C. Hill, of Edgewood, a suburb of Pittsburg, mistook his daughter for a burglar, and shot her through the neck, inflicting a dangerous wound.

A passenger train on the Fort Worth & Denver railroad, while stopping at Bellevue, Texas, for water, was boarded by three robbers, who took from the passengers eight awtches and $104 in money.

A general convention of spring and axle workers will be held at Pittsburg, January 4.

George Parks and Morris Smith, negroes, were lynched at Ringgold, Ga., for robbery and arson.

Thirty tramps started a row at Shenandoah, Pa., and escaped after fatally injuring three residents.

The prizes for the National competative drill of militia at Washington, May, 1887, aggregate $20,500.

Ellis Lyons committed suicide at Indianapolis.

Miss Sett Postle, a girl in Detroit, has received word that she has fallen heir to $50,000 in Norwich, England.

A train on the Bells Gap railway, Pa., was thrown over an embankment and four passengers seriously wounded.

Rosabella Kifer, who was kidnapped from her parents in Cincinnati, in 1854, is believed to have been located by detectives in Peoria, Illinois.

A man supposed to be "Jim Cummings" was arrested on a charge of attempted swindling, near Lafayette, Ind., but paid his fine and left before he could be identified.

At the Tobacco Growers' convention, at Lexington, Ky., it was recommended that the present distress in prices should be met by withholding 50 per cent. of the crop of this year from market.

Mrs. Kluge, of Indianapolis, whose daughter was censured in court for having instituted an inquiry as to her sanity, has been recently found to have over $2,000 in her possession while she was begging about the streets.

Perrysburg, O., near Toledo, has a coal-oil excitement.

The Lexington, Ky., chamber of commerce adopted a resolution protesting against any action of congress placing hemp on the free list.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

Quotations of the Money, Stock Produce, and Cattle Markets for December 15.

NEW YORK.—Money 15@20 per cent. Exchange dull. Government steady.

Currency sixes, 124 bid; fours coupons, 128½; fours and a halfs, 110¼ bid.

Bur. & Quincy	134	Mich. Central	90
Canadian Pacific	66	Missouri Pacific	108½
Canadian Southern	53	N. Y. Central	110¼
Central Pacific	47	Northwestern	121½
C., C., C., & I.	67⅝	Northern Pacific	26
Del. & Hudson	100	do preferred	50
Del., Lacka., & W.	145½	Ohio & Miss.	30½
Denver & Rio G.	24	Pacific Mail	45¾
Erie Seconds	75⅛	Reading	41
Illinois Central	133½	Rock Island	127½
Lake Shore	92	St. Paul	90
Kansas & Texas	24	do preferred	120
Louisville & Nash.	51	Union Pacific	60¾
		Western Union	69¼

Cincinnati.

FLOUR—Fancy, $3.75@4.10; family, $3.35@3.65.

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 75@78c; No. 2, 75@80c.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 37½c; No. 2 mixed, 38c.

OATS—No. 3 mixed, 24@24½c; No. 2 mixed, 30@30½c; No. 3 white, 31@31½c.

PORK—Family, $12.00@12.12½; regular, $11.62@11.75.

LARD—Kettle, 6¾@6¾c.

BACON—Short clear sides, 6¾@6¾c.

CHEESE—Prime to choice Ohio, 11½@12c; New York, 12@13c.

POULTRY—Spring chickens, $1.00@1.25; prime to choice, $1.00@1.75; common to fair old, $2.00@2.25 per dozen; ducks, $4.50@2.75; live turkeys, 5½@6c.

WOOL—Unwashed medium combing, 25@27c; fine merino, 18@20c; common, 16@18c; fleece-washed medium clothing, 32@34c; combing, 30@32c; fine merino X and XX, 28@30c; burr and cots, 17@20c; tub washed, 32@36c; pulled 27@30c.

HAY—No. 1 timothy, $11.00@11.50; No. 2, $10.00@10.50; mixed $8.50; prairie $7.00@7.50; wheat, oats and rye straw, $5.00@6.00.

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers, $4.25@4.00; fair, $3.50@3.75; common, $1.50@2.25; stockers and feeders, $2.75@3.50; yearlings and calves, $2.00@2.75.

HOGS—Select butchers, $4.30@4.45; fair to good packing, $4.15@4.25; fair to good light, $3.80@4.05; common, $3.40@3.75; culls, $2.75@3.35.

SHEEP—Common to fair, $2.75@3.50; good to choice, $3.75@4.50; common to fair lambs, $3.50@4.25; good to choice, $4.50@5.00.

East Liberty.

CATTLE—Fairly active; fair to good, $3.75@4.25; common, $3.00@4.50; few extra prime sold for 5.10, stockers, $3.25@3.50; feeders, $.400. Receipts, 152 head; shipments, 128 head.

HOGS—Firm; receipts, 3,100 head; shipments, 2,600 head; Philadelphias, $4.25@4.30; Yorkers, 4.10@4.30; common to light, $3.30@3.50.

SHEEP—Dull; prime, $4.25@4.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; common, $2.00@3.00; lambs, $3.25@5.50; receipts, 3,200 head; shipments, 1,200 head.

New York.

WHEAT—No. 1 red state, 92½c; No. 2 red winter, January, 80¾c; February, 85¾c.

CORN—Mixed, cash, 47½c; January, 48¼c.

OATS—No. 1 white state, 34c; No. 2, 30½c.

CATTLE—3.90@4.90 per 100 lbs. live weight.

HOGS—3.80@4.60 per 100 lbs.

SHEEP—3.15@5.15 per 100 lbs live weight.

COTTON—Quiet; Middling uplands, 9½c; do Orleans 9 11-16; December, 9.40c; January, 9.51c; February 9.5 c; March, 9.70c; April, 9.80c; May, 9.90c; June, 10c; July 10.08c.

Chicago.

CATTLE—Choice to extra shipping, $3.25@4.30; common to fair, $1.50@3.25; stockers and feeders, $2.25@3.40; Texans, corn-fed, $2.00@3.60.

HOGS—Fair to good, $3.65@4.10; mixed packing, $3.80@4.20; choice heavy, $4.15@4.50.

SHEEP—Common, $2.25@5.00; lambs, $4.00@6.50.

Toledo.

WHEAT—Quiet; cash, 81½c; January, 81c.

CORN—Steady; cash, 34c; May 31½c.

OATS—Steady; cash, 29c.

The Great Closing Out Sale

Continues at Watkins'. Further reductions have been made, as the entire stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Boots & Shoes

Must be Sold Regardless of Cost or Value.

Remember this is a bona-fide closing out sale. Every article must be disposed of, and money can be saved by attending this sale.

Cloaks at 50c on the dollar; domestics at less than New York prices; dress goods, silks and velvets below cost; hosiery, underwear, corsets, gloves and mittens at a sacrifice; grand bargains in boots and shoes. If you want to save money buy your dry goods, boots and shoes at

A. L. WATKINS & CO.'S,

No. 20 East Main St., Massillon, O.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Items of Interest to the Members of the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

The INDEPENDENT wishes to publish not some, but all, the local secret society news. If it does not do it, the members of the societies should remember that it is a delicate matter to ask for their proceedings, and if the secretaries or members will not give the reporters at least a hint of what is going on, the members have no one but themselves to blame. Clubs, and in fact all organizations, should also bear in mind, that a newspaper reporter has some human feelings, and does not always care to go unbidden where other people are asked, and moreover he does not feel it right to be chided for his absence under these circumstances.

MASONIC.

The recognition of the Grand Priory of Canada by the Knights Templar of the United States as a sovereign and independent body was officially proclaimed at the Triennial Conclave held in St. Louis, on the 21st of last September. In accordance with that action, the Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States has issued an order commissioning Sir Knight James A. Henderson, of Ontario, as representative near the Grand Priory of Canada. Sir Theodore Sultan Parvin, of Iowa, has been commissioned as representative of the United States near the Grand Encampment, with instructions to establish more cordial and knightly relations between the two sovereign bodies.—*Commercial Gazette.*

Hiram Chapter held a special meeting Tuesday evening for the purpose of conferring degrees.

There will be a special meeting of Clinton lodge next Monday evening for work in the Master Mason degree.

The following is the list of officers elected by Clinton Lodge last Monday evening: Z. T. Baltzly, W. M.; John Bell, S. W.; Victor Burnett, J. W.; James H. McLain, Treasurer; W. S. S. Rodgers, Secretary; Frank Harding, S. D.; C. C. Kellogg, J. D.; Henry Diellhenn, Isaac Marks, Stewards; Frank Shallenberger, Tyler. All the above officers were installed except the two Stewards.

Every body is going to the camp-fire in the Wallhonding rink next Tuesday evening.

A correspondent of the *Commercial Gazette*, writing from Massillon says of our Daughters of Veterans: "This is the first organization of this kind in the United States. The tent has a membership of almost forty members. They are now ready and anxious to organize other tents within the State of Ohio, and will give all the aid they can to any in other States that wish to form such an organization.

Judge Day's Successor.

Since Judge Day's resignation, the members of the Stark county bar have been worrying about who shall be his successor. The Stark county attorneys seem to have satisfied themselves that Governor Foraker will appoint their candidate, and they are in a stew as to who to select. Judge Frease, Henry Harter, Henry A. Wise, F. E. Case and David Fording are candidates, and each one has his supporters, though their strength is indicated by the order in which the names appear. It is urged, that Judge Frease has the requisite ability, and much experience. Mr. Wise's retirement from the bar for the past three years has crippled his chances and it seems therefore to lie between Judge Frease and Mr. Harter. The lawyers hope that the candidates will all agree to withdraw in favor of the man who shall be selected at a general meeting of the attorneys, and, should they not be willing to do so, it is doubtful who will win. Carroll county's plausible claims for recognition do not seem to be fully appreciated. There they have united upon Martin Raley, and, as Stark and Columbiana each have one judge now, hope to have their man appointed. The appointment will hold until spring, when some one will be elected for four years.

A Card of Thanks.

It is only in the trying circumstances of life that the services of our friends can be fully appreciated. Having received so many marks of sympathy during our late bereavement, we take this occasion to return our sincere thanks to all of our friends and neighbors who so kindly extended us so much kindness and assistance during the sickness and death of our mother. KERN ACKERMAN,

MR. and MRS. PHIL BLUMENSCHEIN.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

$20.00

Buys a Cheviot Suit, blue or black, fast colors.

$20.00

Buys a good Chinchilla Over coat, at

J. C. LOWE'S

Second Floor,

OPERA BLOCK.

1887.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harpers Bazar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems, and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous stories are unsurpassed. Its papers on social etiquette, decorative art, housekeeping in all its branches, cookery, etc., make it indespensable in every household. Its beautiful fashion-plates and pattern sheet supplements enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by being their own dressmakers. Not a line is admitted to its columns that could shock the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES, One Year (52 Numbers)	15 50

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound volumes of Harper's Bazar, for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by postoffice money order or draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

John Baker Thompson,

Caterer, Baker,

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

Wall Paper!

You can always find a complete assortment of

Wall Paper and Fine Decorations, Window Curtains, Shade Rollers. Cornices, Poles and Room Mouldings. Also

LARGE STOCK OF

PAINTS, OILS VARNISH,

Mixed Paint Ready for Use.

House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and decorating done promptly, in town or country.

J. M. Walker

No. 6 North Erie St.,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

Real Estate!

James R. Dunn,

—Administrator of the—

Estate of Kent Jarvis,

—AND—

Dealer in Real Estate,

Offers for sale a long list of city property, etc., consisting of

Fine Business Property,

Well Located Residence Property,

And Nearly 200 Splendid Building Lots.

All for sale on the most Reasonable Terms

Will Build Houses

for purchasers of lots when desired, giving long time for back payments. Remember these lots are scattered all over the city.

JOHN PAUL & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Stone & Coal.

Office in McLain's Building, cor. Main and Erie streets.

Yard on Tremont Street,

Opposite Kitchen's Mill.

FLAGGING

and all kinds of Sawed Stone on hand tyard.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

The brick factory east of the city is being enlarged.

Do not fail to attend the camp-fire next Tuesday evening.

The Massillon city directory will be ready for delivery next March.

John McDevitt will fast five days on bread and water for geting drunk.

The Presbyterian Social will meet at Mrs. Hemperly's on South East street, Friday evening, Dec. 17.

Let everybody attend the public library meeting, in the Hotel Conrad, next Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

The case of Crawford vs. McGregor will be argued before the Supreme Court on Friday, Dec. 17, instead of Dec 16.

Miss Barbara Pabst died on Saturday in Canton, at the age of nineteen, of consumption. The body was brought to Massillon for burial.

Mr. "Buck" Sims pleaded guilty to having assaulted Valentine Fierman, on Thursday morning, and was fined two dollars and costs.

The knowing readers who think that all news goes upon this page are growing less. All local news is not found on this page, but is distributed over all, or part of four pages.

In the absence of Rev. B. F. Booth who was in the southern part of Tuscarawas county, last Sunday, for the purpose of dedicating a new church; the Rev. J. D. Downey of Navarre filled the pulpit of the U. B. church in the evening.

On Sunday the water was turned off the canal, and two water mains were laid under its bed. On the same day Governor Warwick's new building was connected with the Main street sewer, the pipe being also placed under the canal.

Special services will begin at Newcomers Chapel at Pigeon Run, Tuesday evening 21st inst., which will continue during the holidays. The church there has been newly painted and papered, and presents a very attractive appearance.

And now has come the season when the good man of the house arises early, and deposits his pan of ashes upon the white snow every morning, so that by spring he has raised quite a little mound. And he thinks that by so doing he is helping to improve the streets. Public spirit is a great thing.

After allowing the water in the new reservoir to accumulate for a short time, it became necessary to empty it in order to make some changes. There, yet remains a space of about three hundred square feet to be puddled with clay, and then the gates will be closed. By two weeks, everything except the stand-pipe will be ready.

Dr. Garrigues is attending Mary Burke. One of the numerous little Burkes, a short time ago, carefully laid a powder flask in the ashes of the stove. He supposed that it was empty. But there were several ounces of powder in it, and while Mary, a few minutes later, held her face close to the grate, in order to poke the fire, the powder exploded. The little girl was severely burned, but is getting along nicely.

Friday morning a telephone message was received by the police, from Meyer's Lake, to look out for a black horse, blind in one eye, with a spavin on its left hind leg, and fifteen years old, stolen from Matthew Moffit. This noble animal was substituted by the thief with a worn out bay. Henry Monshower was arrested in Canton, for the theft. Monshower claims that he only "borrowed" the steed, but the *Democrat* says he still remains in jail.

Erie street people were greatly scared Friday night, when an alarm of fire came from the First National Bank building. In a few minutes an immense crowd gathered, and watched the fire company as it promptly went to work. The fire which was in the cellar was easily put out when discovered. It seems a wooden cold air flue, long out of use, had been carelessly placed near the furnace It ignited in some way, and acted as a chimney. The damage was slight, but the excitement was great.

Dr. Gardner tells of the experience of one of his patients, who submitted himself in the hands of a traveling quack who poses as a painless tooth extractor. The man, Frank Holtsman, lives at West Brookfield, and let the fraud pull an aching molar. When Holtsman got home, blood was flowing from the big cavity, so freely as to scare him. Dr. Gardner looked into the matter and found that the "dentist," who had kindly done the work for nothing, had torn one-fourth of the roof of his mouth loose, and ruptured the palatine artery. Frank has learned a lesson.

A respectable lady, living on Thorn street, retired a few evenings ago, as usual, and waking up in the morning, was unable to discover her false teeth, which she was accustomed to lay on the dresser every night, Failing completely in her search, she concluded that she had forgotton to remove them from her mouth, and had swallowed them. The incident caused her much uneasiness, and her trouble was augmented by a severe pain which she at once determined, came from the teeth. A physician was at once summoned, and efforts were made to relieve her. They proved, however, unavailing. The doctor thought the teeth must have lodged in her gullet, and would prove to be a very serious obstruction unless they could be forced into the stomach. The family worried over the matter all day, but in the evening, one of her sons, while up stairs, discovered the lost teeth on the floor. Their disappearance was then easily accounted for, as there was a pet dog in the household, who was in the habit of dragging things off, and losing them. It is needless to say that the lady recovered quickly. It is an amusing instance of what a strong imagination can do.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mr. Frank Corl, editor of the Navarre *Independent*, drove up Saturday night to see Downing, as Spartacus.

Arrangements are being made to have a dance at the Hotel Conrad, on Thursday evening, December 30.

Cards are out for the marriage of A. F. Worbs, the young Erie street merchant, to Miss Dora Bosworth of Newport, Ohio, on December 30.

Mrs. George C. Sterling, of Battle Creek, Mich., and Mrs. Barnes and daughter of Detroit are in the city, and expect to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. William Justus.

Mr. E. J. Miller, who has superintended the water pipe laying, has departed. His work was all finished last Monday, and that evening he left for Mobile, Ala. Mr. Miller did his work under orders, of course, and that work he did do well. The men liked him, and to his and their credit it should be said that for the most part, they were sober and industrious, little given to the riotous proceedings which usually characterize men on public works. Mr. Miller was a convenient man, on whom people might vent their wrath, and he stood it with the equanimity of a stone wall. Mr. Miller tore up the streets, but as he was under orders, we forgive him. He may go in peace. In Scotland, when a great man dies they sometimes raise a pile of stones, or a cairn, to his memory. Mr. Miller has gone, but his memory will linger long, and his monument he built himself, for not one pile but sixteen miles remain to remind us of his deeds.

THE CITY COUNCIL

Finds Very Little For Itself to Do.

All members of the Council, except Mr. Williams were present Wednesday night. It is an astonishing fact, and one worthy of mention, that, for once, this body met on time.

The street commissioner's report for the week ending Nov. 20, amount $27, was reported correct.

An ordinance to establish a grade on Guy street was read the first time.

Mr. Lieghley said he was tired of breathing the vitiated atmosph ere sent up from the furnace, and received after the city's prisoners got through with it, and therefore moved that a cold air chamber be attached to the said furnace. Carried.

Mr. Lieghley moved that the street commissioner be instructed to remove the obstructions from the culvert, under the South Park, at once. Carried.

It seems, Mr. J. G. Warwick, on Sunday last, constructed a sewer from his building on Erie streat, under the canal, and attached it to the Main street sewer without having asked the permission of the Council. This provoked a great deal of criticism, and was considered a bad precedent, upon which the Council ought to take action. The whole question was first ordered referred to the Solicitor for his opinion of the power of the Council in the premises.

BILLS REFERRED.

N. H. Willaman	$ 2 25
P. E. Hess	25 00
W. B. Schworm	9 60

BILLS PAID.

Massillon Schuyl r Co.	$407 27
" Gas Co.	41 93
J. H. McLain	83 25
Geo. Spiegel	15 05
Court Costs case of A. Paul	28 75
Total	$566.25

Adjourned until the second week in January.

Help Give a Merry Christmas to the Poor.

The citizens of Massillon are requested most earnestly to help the Industrial School officers and teachers to give the poor of the city, a merry Christmas.

We would like to distribute among them a few days before Christmas, coal, clothing, bedding, groceries and meat; books and toys would be very acceptable. All contributions (and we trust they may be liberal,) may be sent to the residence of Mrs. Clement Russell, on East Tremont street.

They Will Not be Moved.

There is a rumor going the rounds of the Ohio press to the effect that the Baldwin Locomotive Works are to be removed from Philadelphia to some favorable Ohio point. As some places are in a white heat of excitement over the matter the following note, from the proprietors of the establishment, may chill their ardor a little:

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—There is no truth whatever in the rumor that we contemplate moving these works from Philadelphia. Very truly yours,

BURNHAM, BERRY, WILLIAMS & Co.

BE THERE.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT.

A Meeting to be Held Next Tuesday, December 21st.

The committee in charge of the public library movement has arranged its report, has drawn up a charter and has very encouraging news concerning this enterprise.

It would not do to anticipate their report in this paper. The committee, however, hereby invites all who are interested in the establishment of a free public library in this city, to meet with them in the parlors of the Hotel Conrad next Tueseay evening at 8 o'clock.

Definite arrangements will then be made and the canvassing at once begun. All, without distinction, are earnestly urged to prove their interest in this project by being present.

THE CHARITY SCHOOL.

M. M. Southworth to Succeed I. M. Allen.

The disposition of the Kendall Charity School Farm, for a period of one year, has at last been definitely settled, as on Saturday the trustees met, and from a number of applicants, selected Mr. M. M. Southworth as the one to whom to offer the lease.

The reasons for this action have been before made public. The farm and school are to be rented for a period of three years, during which time no pupils will be accepted. The interest on the fund will accumulate, and, at the end of three years the institution will be reopened, and will then have the means to extend its work

Mr. Southworth accepts the offer, which is, to take the place at a rental of six hundred dollars a year, also agreeing to make certain necessary repairs.

The children who have not graduated will be placed in his care, although their education will be completed in the public schools of the city.

Mr. I. M. Allen's resignation takes effect April 1, when Mr. Southworth takes hold. Mr. Southworth has been a Massillonian for one year, having come from Alliance when Mr. W. H. Vincent secured the Hotel Conrad. His appointment, for it amounts to that, by the board of trustees, is a compliment, and of itself is a testimonial as to his fitness for the position.

JOHN BAKER THOMPSON,

After a Week of Suffering, Passes Away.

John Baker Thompson died at his home, 42 East Main street, on Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock, of tetanus. The funeral will take place Friday afternoon at half past 1, at the Presbyterian church. The services will be conducted by the Odd Fellows.

He was born in England forty-four years ago last April, where he learned the trade of a baker, and he came to this country 1872. After various shifts he moved to Massillon, January 14, 1876, and established his present store in Coleman's block. He married in Ohio and leaves his wife and one little daughter. He was a member of the Masonic order, the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias.

Two weeks ago, this paper contained an item stating that Mr. J. B. Thompson, the well-known caterer, had stepped on a nail, and was laid up in consequence. But little was thought of the matter by him, until last week, when the case developed into an unmistakable attack of tetanus.

Tetanus is a very painful, and ordinarily a fatal disease, usually the result of some wound in the hands or feet. It is recognized by a persistent spasm of the muscles, and includes as one feature, the much dreaded lock-jaw.

He steadily grew weaker and weaker, as the disease gained a firmer hold. Suffering the severest pain, which never a moment left him, he retained his consciousness almost all the time until death mercifully released him.

Rich and poor, high and low, all knew and liked the hearty "Baker Thompson," and were glad to note the prosperity that followed him, enabling him to build up a trade from nothing to one of large proportions. Daily the procession of business men would pause on their way to or from meals to inquire how he got along during his illness, and they all feel that in him the poor have lost one of their most modost, yet most generous benefactors, the town an enterprising citizen, and themselves a friend.

The quaint remarks and proverbs that everybody quoted from "Baker Thompson" will now be laid away, but the memory of an honest man, who, by hard work and his own strength of character made himself felt among men, will live.

The Death of Carl Warthorst

Word has been received of the death of Mr. Carl L. Warthorst, in Jacksonville, Fla., where he had gone to spend the winter. He died last Sunday night, a short time after the arrival of his wife. He had been sick some time with consumption, and has been in Manitou, Col., a number of months, where he was greatly benefited. The summer just gone he passed in Massillon, and he has therefore been in Florida but a short time. Mr. Warthorst was thirty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and one daughter. He was a member of the firm of Warthorst & Company, the proprietors of the large stone quarries west of the city. The body will be brought to this city for interment, and is expected Friday or Saturday.

Humberger's Opening.

The number of ah's and oh's that escaped from the ladies' lips when the curtain of Humberger's big new stores rolled up, and the doors were thrown open on Tuesday evening, was astonishing. Through the snow and sleet of a winter night, hundreds and hundreds came out to see the long looked for opening of the esatblishment which occupies one-half of the handsome building Mr. J. G. Warwick has erected on Erie street.

The rich lady was there, the poor lady was there, the professional shopper was there, the female who wants samples was there, the little girl who asks for a "pitcher card and an empty box" was there, while the men stood off in corners and gazed at the women with an air of superiority, looked at the gentlemen's furnishing goods with envy, and studied the cash carrier with interest.

It is certainly a beautiful store, and well worthy of the examination so many people made. The rooms are large and handsome, and overflowing with rich and beautiful goods, arranged with perfect taste and metropolitan style.

Everything is reduced to a system, there being twelve distinct departments, each managed by one clerk. The cashier's desk is located in the back part, and is connected with each department by the Bar cash carrier, by means of which, in little more than an instant, the money is sent spinning over a wire to the cashier and then returned. A cosy little corner is arranged as an office for Mr. W. B. Humberger, where an open fire crackles away. To manage the large business requires the services of sixteen persons, and to light the store, requires three electric lights and thirty gas burners.

Mr. Humberger deserves credit for his enterprise, and his long experience and success, makes failure a word unthought.

In the Camp Creek Mine.

Dr. J. F. Gardner now has in his charge a patient, by the name of David Davis, who was injured on Tuesday at 3 p. m., in the Camp Creek coal mine south west of the city.

While "bearing in," the top of the loosened mass fell, striking him upon the back and shoulders, and throwing his head with such violence against a roof prop, as to cut a gash, four inches long on the right side of his head, and sever the templar artery. The scalp on the left side was torn loose from a part of the skull, two inches wide and three inches long. His left side was badly contused, and his left ear almost cut off. Brain trouble may set in, and his recovery is doubtful.

A bazar for the sale of useful and fancy articles, will be held under the anspices of the Christian church at their new chapel on Hill street, Dec. 22 and 23 Dinner and supper will be served each day at thirty-five and twenty-five cents. As this is their first attempt in the way of a bazar, no pains are being spared to make it a very attractive feature, and the public in want of a good meal of roast turkey, roast beef, or oysters, will find it to their advantage by giving it their patronage.

LOST.

LOST—DOG—At Massillon, on or about December 4th, a lemon and white Pointer dog, about 30 months old; has a lemon head and spot on back, the balance of the body white. Return to H. W. Loeffler, Massillon, or George D. Saxton, Canton, and receive reward.

Remember the absent, and send them a year's subscription to the Independent.

For a Christmas present, buy the Star that leads them all: the Holiday Domestic Sewing Machine.

SCHAFER & MALSZ,
Massillon, O.

C. C. Miller's Prices on Watches are the lowest in the city and the largest stock in the city to select from.

Cloaks and shawls at 50c on the dollar at A. L. Watkins & Co.'s.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

C. C. Miller, the new Jeweler has all new goods; latest styles, and the lowest prices. Call and see.

Watkins' closing out sale continues.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

Opera Glasses for Xmas Presents at C. C. Miller's 37 E. Main street.

Dress goods, silks, velvets Domestics and notions again reduced to close out at Watkins.'

A nice line of Gold Spectacles for Christmas presents, at Miller's Jewelry Store.

Fine pocket knives at cost at Penn Liquor Co.'s.

Elegant stock of silk mufflers, handkerchiefs at A. L. Watkins.'

The Independent for 1887 will be bigger and better than ever.

IT COSTS NOTHING

To See Our New Stock of

DIAMONDS

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry.
Silverware, Knives, Forks,
Musical Inst'mnts,
Strings, Spoons Glass Shades,
Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Gold Pens,
Gold & Silver Thimbles,
Spectacles of All Kinds.

We have the goods and are going to sell them as low and a little lower than the lowest.

Our stock is complete and new.

COLEMAN,

The Reliable Jeweler,

NO. 5 ERIE STREET.

Xmas Candies!

A choice selection of the best

New York and Boston Confections

can be found at the

RIALTO!

Chocolates of all kinds, creams and a great variety of bon bons.

Genuine Parisian chocolates can be ordered now from samples.

A full line of 25c, 50c, 75c and $1 00 boxes will be on sale next week. Send in orders early.

No present is more acceptable for friends at the holidays than a box of Schweeters' fine bon-bons and chocolates.

THE RIALTO.

6 North Mill St., MASSILLON, O.

(In Hotel Conrad.)

For the Holidays!

J. V. R. SKINNER,

Has Just Opened his Stock of Holiday Goods.

The books, endless in number, from the ever popular Chatterbox to the elaborate edition-de luxe, are marvels of cheapness, fresh from the publishers, and possess attractions for even the most pronounced book hater. Certainly there is no larger line in Stark county.

The fancy goods are unusually handsome this year, and in the numberless lamps, vases, bronzes, bits of ivory-ware, bisque figures, silk umbrellas, rare cards, and novelties of various kinds, every taste can be gratified. Every body is invited to examine the collection before being very much broken.

No. 40 East Main treet, Massillon.

HOLIDAY GOODS,

W. H. McCALL & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

Have in stock an elegant line of Christmas Novelties in

Leather & Plush Toilet Cases,

Manicure Sets,

WHISK BROOM HOLDERS

Work Boxes, Albums, &c.,

and an especially fine line of

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

All the newest designs in Stationery, both in boxes and in bulk.

A fine line of Odor Bottles in Cut Glass, Odor Cases, and Extracts for the handkerchief.

Call and examine their goods before purchasing elsewhere.

For a good, substantial Christmas Present, buy one of those fine Carpet Sweepers for sale at J. M. Walker's,
No. 6 North Erie Street.

Now Ready!

Holiday Goods.

An invitation is extended to the public to call at the

OPERA HOUSE

Drug and Book Store,

and inspect our immense line of

Holiday Goods,

at prices lower than ever.

Z. T. BALTZLY.

The Independent for a Christmas present will be satisfactory and also cheap.

Greater bargains than ever at Watkins' clearance sale.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,

Author of "Andersonville," Etc

[Copyrighted by National Tribune Publishing Co., and published by arrangement with them.]

[The name given this story is made glorious by the valor and achievements of the First division of the Fourteenth Army corps, the cognizance of which was a crimson acorn, worn on the breasts of its gallant soldiers and borne upon their battle flags.]

CHAPTER XII.

AUNT DEBBY BRILL.

It was nearly noon when Harry awoke. The awakening came slowly and with pain. In all his previous experiences he had had no hint even of such mental and bodily exhaustion as now oppressed him. Every muscle and tendon was aching a bitter complaint against the strain it had been subjected to the day before. Dull, pulseless pain smoldered in some; in others it was the keen throb of the toothache. Continued lying in one position was unendurable; changing it, a thrill of anguish, and the new posture as intolerable as the first. His brain galled and twinged as did his body. To think was as acute pain as to use his sinews. Yet he could not help thinking any more than he could help turning in bed, though to turn was torture.

Every organ of thought was bruised and sore. The fearful events of the day before would continue to thrust themselves upon his mind. To put them out required painful effort; to recall and comprehend them was even worse. Reflecting upon them now, with unstrung nerves, made them seem a hundred fold more terrible than when they were the spontaneous offspring of hot blood. With the reflection came the thoughts that this was but a prelude—an introduction—to an infinitely horrible saturnalia of violence and blood through which he was to be hurried until released by his own destruction. This became a nightmare that threatened to stagnate the blood in his veins. He gasped, turned his back to the wall with an effort that thrilled him with pain, and opened his eyes.

Naught that he saw reminded him of the preceding day. Sunny peace and contentment reigned. The door stood wide open, and as it faced the south the noonday sun pushed in clear to the opposite wall—a broad band of mellow light, vividly telling of the glory it was shedding where cloud nor shade checked his genial glow. On the smooth, hard, ashen floor, in the center of this bright zone, sat a matronly cat, giving with tongue and paw dainty finishing touches to her morning toilet, and watching with maternal pride a kittenish game of hide and seek on the front step. Through the open doorway came the self-complacent cackling of hens, celebrating their latest additions to their nests, and the exultant call of a cock to his feathered harem to come, admire and partake of some especially fat worm which he had just unearthed. Farther away speckled Guinea chickens were clamoring their satisfaction at the improvement in the weather. Still farther, gentle tinklings hinted of peacefully browsing sheep.

Inside the house bunches of sweet smelling medicinal herbs, hanging against the wall to dry, made the air heavy with their odors. Aunt Debby was at work near the bright zone of sun rays, spinning yarn with a "big wheel." She held in one hand a long, slender roll of carded wool and in the other a short stick, with which she turned the wheel. Setting it to whirling with a long sweep of the stick against a spoke she would walk backward while the roll was twisted out into a long, thin thread, and then walk forward as the yarn was wound upon the spindle. When she walked backward the spindle hummed sharply, when she came forward it droned. There was a stately rhythm in both, to which her footsteps and graceful sway of body kept time, and all blended harmoniously with the camp meeting melody she was softly singing:

Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and Heaven still my own.

A world of memories of a joyous past, undecked by a single one of the miseries of the present, crowded in upon Harry on the wings of this well remembered tune. It was a favorite hymn at the Methodist church in Sardis, and the last time he had heard it was when he had accompanied Rachel to the church to attend services conducted by a noted evangelist.

Ah, Rachel!—what of her?

He had not thought of her since a swift recollection of her words at the parting scene on the piazza had come to spur up his faltering resolution, as the regiment advanced up the side of Wildcat. Now one bitter thought of how useless all that he had gone through with the day before was to rehabilitate himself in her good opinion was speedily chased from his mind by the still bitterer one of the contempt she must feel for him, did she but know of his present abject prostration.

After all, might not the occurrences of yesterday be but the memories of a nightmare? They seemed too unreal for probability. Perhaps he was just recovering consciousness after the delirium of a fever.

The walnut sticks in the fireplace popped as sharply as pistols, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Heavens, I'm a bigger coward than ever," he said bitterly, and turning himself painfully in bed, he fixed his eyes upon the wall. "I was led to believe," he continued, "that after I had once been under fire, I would cease to dread it. Now, it seems to me more dreadful than I ever imagined it to be."

Aunt Debby's wheel hummed and droned still louder, but her pleasant tones rode on the cadences like an Æolian harp in a rising wind:

Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me,
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

He wondered weakly why there were no monasteries in this land and age to serve as harbors of refuge for those who shrank from the fearfulness of war.

He turned over again wearily, and Aunt Debby, looking toward him, encountered his wide open eyes.

"Yer awake, air ye?" she said kindly. "Hope I didn't disturb you. I wuz tryin' ter make ez little noise ez possible."

"No, you didn't rouse me. It's hard for me to sleep in daylight, even when fatigued, as I am."

"Ef ye want ter git up now," she said, stopping the wheel by pressing a stick against a spoke and laying the "roll" in her hand upon the wheel head, "I'll hev some breakfast fur ye in a jiffy. Ye kin rise an' dress while I run down ter the spring arter a fresh bucket o' water."

She covered her head with a "slat sun bonnet," which she took from a peg in the wall, lifted a cedar waterpail from a shelf supported by other long pegs, poured its contents into a large cast-iron teakettle swinging over the fire, and whisked out of the door. Presently the notes of her hymn mingled in plaintive harmony with the sparkling but no sweeter song of a robin redbreast, twittering his delight in the warm sunshine amid the crimson apples of the tree that overhung the spring.

"Will ye hev a fresh drink?" she asked Harry on her return.

He took the gourdful of clear, cool water which she offered him and drank heartily.

"Thet hez the name o' bein' the best spring in these parts," she said, pleased with his appreciation.

"An' hit's a never failin' spring, too. We've plenty o' water the dryest times, when everybody else's goes dry."

"That is delicious water," said Harry.

"An' now I'll git ye yer breakfast in a minnit. The tea kittle's a-bilin', the coffee's ground, the pone's done, an' when I fry a little ham everything will be ready."

As her culinary methods and utensils differed wholly from anything Harry had ever seen, he studied them with an interest sharpened not a little by a growing appetite for breakfast.

The clumsy iron teakettle swung on a hook at the end of a chain fastened somewhere in the throat of the chimney. On the rough stones forming the hearth were a half dozen "ovens" and "skillets"—circular, cast iron vessels standing on legs, high enough to allow a layer of live coals to be placed beneath them. They were covered by a lid with a ledge around it, to retain the mass of coals heaped on top. The cook's scepter was a wooden hook, with which she moved the kettles and ovens and lifted lids, while the relentless fire scorched her arms and face ruddier than a cherry.

It was a primitive way and so wasteful of wood that it required a tree to furnish fuel enough to prepare breakfast, but under the hands of a skillful woman those ovens and skillets turned out viands with a flavor that no modern appliance can equal.

The joists of the house were thickly hung with the small delicious hams of the country—hams made from young and tender hogs, which had lived and fattened upon the acorns, fragrant hickory nuts and dainty beach nuts of the abundant "mast" of the forest, until they were saturated with their delicate, nutty flavor. This was farther enriched by a piquancy gained from the smoke of the burning hickory and oak, with which they were cured, and the absorption of odors from the scented herbs in the rooms where they were drying. Many have sung the praises of Kentucky's horses, whisky and women, but no poet has tuned his lyre to the more beautiful theme of Kentucky's mast fed, smoke cured, herb scented hams. For such a man waits a crown of enduring bays.

Slices of this savory ham, fried in a skillet (the truth of history forces the reluctant confession that the march of progress had not yet brought the gridiron and its virtues to the mountains—a hot pone of golden yellow meal, whose steaming sweetness had not been allowed to distill off, but had been forced back into the loaf by the hot oven lid; coffee as black and strong as the virile infusions which cheer the hearts of the true believers in the tents of the Turk, and cream from cows that cropped the odorous and juicy grasses of mountain meadows, made a breakfast that could not have been more appetizing if composed by a French chef, and garnished by a polyglot bill of fare.

Moved thereto by the hospitable urgings of Aunt Debby and his own appetite, Harry ate heartily. Under the influence of the comfortable meal, the cheerful sunshine and the rousing of the energies that follow a change from a recumbent to an erect posture, his spirits rose to a manlier pitch. As he could not walk without pain, he took his seat in a slat-bottomed chair by the side of the hearth, and Aunt Debby, knitting in hand, occupied a low rocker nearly opposite.

"Where's Mr. Fortner?" asked Harry.

"Jim got up airly, an' arter eatin' a snack, said he'd go out an' take a look around—mebbe he mout go ez fur ez the ford."

As if to accompany Harry's instinctive tremor over the possibilities attending the resumption of Fortner's prowling around the flanks of Zollicoffer's army, the fire shot off a whole volley of sharp little explosions.

Harry sprang two or three inches above his chair, then reddened violently, and essayed to conceal his confusion by assiduous attention with the poker to the wants of the fire.

Aunt Debby regarded him with gentle compassion.

"Yer all shuck up by the happenin's yesterday," she said with such tactful sympathy that his sensitive mettle was not offended. "'Tis natural ye should be. Hit's allers so. Folks kin say what they please, but fouten's terrible tryin' to the narves, no matter who does hit. My husband wuz in the Mexican war, an' he's often tole me thet fur weeks arter the battle o' Buner Visty he couldn't heah a twig snap withouten his heart poppin' right up inter his mouth, and hit wuz so with everybody else, much ez they tried ter play off unconsarned like."

"Ah, really," said Harry, deeply interested in all that concerned this woman, whose remarkable qualities were impressing themselves upon his recognition. "What part of the army did your husband belong to?"

"He wuz in the Kentucky rigiment commanded by Kunnel Henry Clay, son o' the great Henry Clay, who wuz killed thar. My husband was promoted to a leftenant fur his brav'ry in the battle."

"Then this is not your first experience with war?"

"No, indeed," said she, with just a trace of pride swelling in the temple's delicate network of blue veins. "The Fortners an' the Brills air soljer families, an' ther young men hev shouldered ther guns whenever the country needed fouten men. Great gran'fathers Brill an' Fortner come inter the state along with Dan'l Boone nigh on ter a hundred years ago, and sence then them an' ther descendants hev fit Injuns, Brittishers an' Mexikins ev'ry time an inimy raised a sword agin the country."

"Many of them lose their lives?"

"Yes; ev'ry war hez cost the families some member. Gran'fathers Brill an' Fortner war both on 'em kil't at the Injun ambush at Blue Licks. I wuz on'y a baby when my father wuz killed at the massacre of Winchester's men at the River Raisin. My brother"—

"Father of the man I was with yesterday?"

"No; *his* father wuz my oldest brother. My youngest brother—the 'baby' of the family—was mortally wounded by a copper ball in the charge on the bishop's palace at the takin' o' Monterey."

"And your husband—he went through the war safely, did he?"

The pleasant, mobile lines upon the woman's face congealed into stony hardness. At the moment of Harry's question she was beginning to count the stitches in her work for some feminine mystery of "narrowing" or "turning." She stopped, and hands and knitting dropped into her lap.

"My husband," she said slowly and bitterly, "wuz spared by the Mexikins thet he fit, but not by his own countrymen an' neighbors, amongst whom he wuz brung up. His blood wuz not poured out on the soil he invaded, but wuz drunk by the land his forefathers an' kinsmen died fur. The godless greasers on the Rier Grande war kinder ter him nor the Christian gentlemen on the Rockassel."

The intensity and bitterness of the utterance revealed a long coming of the expression of bitter truths.

"He lost his life, then," said Harry, partially comprehending, "in some of the troubles around here?"

"He wuz killed bekase he wouldn't help break down what hit hed cost so much ter build up. He wuz killed bekase he thot a pore man's life wuth mo'en a rich man's nigger. He wuz killed bekase he b'lieved this whole country belonged ter the men who'd fit fur hit an' made hit what hit is, an' thet hit wuzn't a plantation fur a passel o' slave drivers ter boss an' divide up jess ez hit suited 'em."

"Why, I thought all you Kentuckians were strongly in favor of keeping the negroes in slavery," said Harry in amazement.

"Keepin' the niggers ez slaves ain't the question at all. We folks air ez fur from bein' Abolitionists ez ennybody. Hit's a battle now with a lot uv 'ristocrats who'd take our rights away."

"I don't quite understand your position," said Harry.

"Hit's bekase ye don't understand the country. The people down heah air divided into three classes. Fust thar's the few very rich fam'lies thet hev big farms over in the Blue Grass with lots o' niggers ter work 'em. Then thar's the middle class—like the Fortners an' the Brills—they hev small farms in the creek vallies, an' wharever thar's good land on the mounting sides, who hev no niggers, an' who try ter lead God-fearin', hard-workin' lives, an' support their fam'lies decently. Lastly, thar's the pore white trash, thet lives 'way up in the hollers an' on the wuthless lands about the headwaters. They've little patches o' corn ter make ther breadstuff, an' depend on huntin', fishin', an' stealin' fur the rest o' ther vittles. They've half a dozen guns in every cabin, but nary a hoe; they've more yaller dogs than the rest o' us hev sheep, an' they find hit a good deal handier ter kill other folks' hogs than ter raise ther own pork."

"Hardly desirable neighbors, I should think," ventured Harry.

"Hit's war all the time between our kind o' people an' them other kinds. Both on 'em hates us like pizen, an' on our side—well, we air Christians, but we reckon thet when Christ tole us ter love our inimies, an' do good ter them ez despitefully used us, he couldn't hev hed no idee how mean people would git ter be long arter he left the airth."

Harry could not help smiling at this new adaptation of a Scriptural mandate.

"The low-down whites hates us bekase we ain't mean an' ornery ez they air, an' hold ourselves above 'em. The bigbugs hates us bekase we won't knuckle down ter 'em, ez ther niggers an' the pore whites do. So hit's cat an' dog, all the time. We don't belong ter the same parties, we don't jine the same churches, an' thar's more or less trouble a-gwine on between us an' them continuerly."

"Then when the war broke out you took different sides, as usual?"

"Of course! of course! The big nigger owners an' the ornery whites, who air jest ez much ther slaves ez ef they'd been bot an' paid fur with ther own money, became red hot Secessioners, while our people stuck ter the Union. The very old satan hisself seemed ter take possession ov 'em and stir 'em up ter do all manner o' cruelty ter conquer us inter jinin' in with 'em. The Brills an' Fortners hed allers been leaders agin the other people, an' now the Confederates hissed their white slaves onter our men, ez one sets dogs onter steers in the corn. The chief man among 'em wus Kunnel Bill Pennington."

Harry looked up with a start.

"Yes, the same one who got his reward yesterday," she continued, interpreting the expression of his eyes. "The Penningtons air the richest family this side o' Danville. They an' the Brills an' the Fortners hev allers been mortal enemies. Thar's bin blood shed in ev'ry gineration. Kunnel Bill's father limpt ter his grave on 'count of a bullet in his hip, which wuz lodged thar soon arter I'd flung on the floor a $10 gold piece he'd crowded inter my hand at a dance, where he'd come 'ithout ary invite. The bullet was from the rifle of a young man named David Brill, thet I married the next day, jest ez he wuz startin' fur Mexico. He volunteered a little airlier then he'd intended, fur his father's wheat wuz not nearly all harvested, but hit wuz thot best ter git himself out o' the way o' the Penningtons, who wuz a mouty revengeful family, an' besides they then hed the law on ther side. Ez soon ez he come back from the war Ole Kunnel Bill, an' Young Kunnel Bill, an' all the rest o' the Pennington clan an' connection began watchin' fur a chance ter git even with him. The Ole Kunnel used ter vow an' swar thet he'd never leave the airth until Dave Brill wuz under the clods o' the valley. But he hed ter go last year, spite o' hisself, an' leave David Brill 'live an' well an becomin' more an' more lookt up ter ev'ry day by the people, while the Penningtons war gittin' wuss and wuss hated. We hed a son, too, the very apple of our eyes, who wuz growin' up, jest like his father——"

The quaver of an ill-repressed sob blurred the tones. She closed her eyes tightly, as if to choke back the brimming tears, and then rising from her seat busied herself brushing the coals and ashes back into the fire.

"Thet walnut pops so awfully," she said, "thet a body hez to sweep nearly ev'ry minnit ter keep the harth at all clean."

"The death of his father made no change in the younger Col. Pennington? He kept up the quarrel the same as ever, did he?" asked Harry, deeply interested in the narrative.

"Wussen ever! Wussen ever! He got bitterer ev'ry day. He laid his defeat when he wuz runnin' fur the legislatur at our door. He hired bullies ter git inter a quarrel with David, at public getherin's, an' kill him in sech a way ez ter hev a plea o' self defense ter cl'ar themselves on; but David tuk too good keer o' hisself ter get ketched that a-way, an' he hurt one o' the bullies so bad thet he niver quite got over hit. He and Kunnel Pennington leveled their weapons on each other at a barbecue near London last fall, but the bystanders interfered an' prevented bloodshed fur a time.

"When the war broke out we never believed hit would reach us. Thar mout be trouble in Louisville and Cincinnati, some even thot hit likely that thar would be fouten' in Lexington—but 'way up in the mountings we'd be peaceable an' safe allers. Our young men formed theirselves inter a company of home gyards, an elected my husband ther captain. Kunnel Pennington gathered together 'bout a hundred o' the poorest, orneriest shakes on the headwaters an' tuck them off ter jine Sidney Johnson, an' drive the Yankees 'way from Louisville. Everybody said hit wuz the best riddance o' bad rubbish the country'd ever knowed, and when they wuz gone our chances fur peace seemed better'n ever.

"All the flurry made by ther gwine way hed died down, an' ez we heered nothin' from 'em or the war, people's minds got quiet ag'in, an' they sot 'bout hurryin' up their spring work.

"One bright, sweet mornin' in May I wuz at my work in the yard with Fortner—thet wuz my son's name—fixin' up the kittles ter dye some yarn fur a coat fur him. Husband'd went ter the other side o' the hill, whar the new terbacker ground wuz, ter cut out some trees that shaded the plants. The skies wuz ez bright an' fa'r ez the Good Lord ever made 'em. I could heah the ringin' o' David's ax ez he chopped away, an' hit seemed ter be sayin' ter me cheerfully all the time: 'Heah I am—hard at work.' The smoke from some brush piles thet he'd sot afire riz up slowly an' gently, fur thar wuz no wind a-stirring. The birds sung gayly 'bout their work o' nest buildin', an' I couldn't help singin' about mine. I left the kittles fur a minnit to run down the gyarden walk, ter see how my bed o' pinks wuz comin' out, an' I sung ez I run.

"Jest then a passel o' men come stringin' up the road ter the bars. They looked like some o' them that Kunnel Pennington tuck 'way with him, but they rid better critters then any o' them ever hed, an' they were dressed in a sorter soljer cloze, an' all o' 'em toted guns.

"Something sent a chill ter my very heart the moment I laid eyes on 'em. Hit a'most stopped beatin' when I see Kunnel Bill Pennington a little ways behind 'em, with a feather in his hat an' sword an' pistols in his belt. When they waited at the bars fur him ter come up, I knowed instantly what they were arter.

"'Fortner,' I said ter my son, tryin' ter speak ez low ez possible, 'Fortner, honey, slip back through the bushes ez quick ez the Lord'll let ye an' tell yer daddy thet Bill Pennington an' his gang air heah arter him. Sneak away, but when ye air out o' sight, run fur yer life, honey.'

"He turned ter go, but at that minnit Bill Pennington shouted out: 'Stop thar! Don't ye send thet boy away! Ef he moves a step I'll put a bullet through his brain!'

"Fortner would've run in spite o' him, but I wuz so skeered fur him thet I jumped ter his side an' ketched his arm.

"'Keep quiet, honey,' I said. 'Likely they won't find yer daddy at all.'

"Vain hope! Ez I spoke, the sound o' David's ax rung out clearly and steadily. The cannons at Wildcat, yesterday, didn't sound no louder ter me. I could even tell thet he wuz choppin' a beech tree. The licks was ez sharp an' ringin ez ef the ax struck iron.

"Bill Pennington lit offen his beast, an' walked toward me, with his sword a-clatterin' an' his spurs a-jinglin'.

"'Whar's that Yankeefied scalawag of a husband o' your'n? Whar's Dave Brill?' he said savagely.

"Hit seemed ter me that every stroke from over the hill said ez plainly ez tongue could utter words, 'Heah I am. Come over heah.' I tried ter gain time ter think o' something.

"'He started this mornin' on Roan Molly fer Mt. Vernon, to tend court,' I said, knowin' thet I didn't dare hesitate ter make up a story.

"'Kunnel, thet air's a lie,' said Jake Johnson, who knowed us. 'Thar's Dave Brill's Roan Molly over thar in the pasture.'

"'An' this hain't court day in Mt. Vernon, neither,' said another.

"'I know your husband's on the place. I wuz tole so this mornin',' said Kunnel Bill. 'Hit'll be much better fur ye, ef ye tell me whar he is. Hit'll at least save yer house from bein' sot afire.'

"Ring! ring! went David's ax, ez ef hit war a trumpet, shoutin' ter the whole world, 'Heah I am. Come over heah!'

"'Ye kin burn our house ef yer thet big a villain,' I said; 'but I can't tell ye no different.'

"'Kunnel, thet's him a choppin' over thar,' said Jake Johnson. 'I know he's cl'ared some new ground fur terbacker on thet air hillside.'

"'I believe hit is,' said Kunnel Bill, listenin' a minnit. 'Parker, ye an' Haygood go over thar an' git him, while some o' the rest o' ye look 'bout the stable an' fodder stack thar. Mind my orders, an' see thet they air carried out.'

"His manner made me fear everything. A thought flashed inter my mind. Thar wuz thet horn thar"—Harry followed her eyes with his and saw hanging on hooks against the wall one of the long tin horns used in the south to call the men folks of the farms to their meals. It was crushed and battered to uselessness—"I thought I'd blow hit an' attract his attention. He mout then see them a-comin' and git away. I ran inter the house an' snatched the horn down, but afore I could put hit ter my lips Bill Pennington jerked hit 'way from me an' stamped on hit.

"'Deb Brill,' said he, with a mortally hateful look, 'yer peart an' sassy an' bold, an' hev allers been so, an' so's yer Yankeefied husband. Ye've hed yer own way often—too often. Now I'll hev mine an' wipe out some long standin' scores. Dave Brill hez capped a lifetime o' plague an' disturbance ter his betters by becomin' a traitor ter his country an' inducin' others ter be traitors. He must be quieted. Come out an' listen.'

"He pulled me out inter the yard. Dave wuz still choppin' away. Fur nearly every day fur nigh thirty years the sound o' his ax hed been music in my ears. I had larned to know hit, even afore we wuz lovers, fur his father's land jined my father's, an' hit seems ter me thet I could tell the note o' his ax from thet o' everybody else, a'most ez airly ez I could tell a robin's song from a blackbird's. Girl, woman, wife an' mother, I hed listened to hit while I knit, wove or spun, every stroke minglin' with the sounds o' my wheel or loom an' the song o' the birds, an' tellin' me whar he wuz, an' thet he wuz toilin' cheerfully fur me an' mine.

"Now, fur the fust time in all these years hits steady, strong beat brought mis'ry ter my ears. Hit wuz ez the tollin' of a bell fur some one not yit dead. My heart o'ny beat ez fast ez he chopped. Hit would give a great jump when the sound o' the blow reached me, an' then stand still until the next one came.

"At last came a long—O, so long a pause.

"'They've got thar,' said Bill Pennington, cranin' forward his head ter ketch the fust sound. 'He's seed 'em an' is tryin' ter git 'way. But he kin never do hit. I know the men I sent ter do the job.'

"Two rifle shots sounded a'most together, an' then immediately arter wuz a couple o' boastful Injun like yells.

"'Thar, Deb, heah thet? Ye'r a widder now. Be thankful thet I let ye off so easy. I ought by rights ter burn yer house an' put thet boy o' your'n whar he'd do no harm. But this'll do fur an example ter these mounting traitors. They've lost ther leader, an' ther hain't no one ter take his place. They'll know now thet we're in dead airnest. Boys, go inter the house an' git all the guns thar is thar, an' what vittles an' blankets ye want; but make haste, fur we must git away from heah in a hurry.'

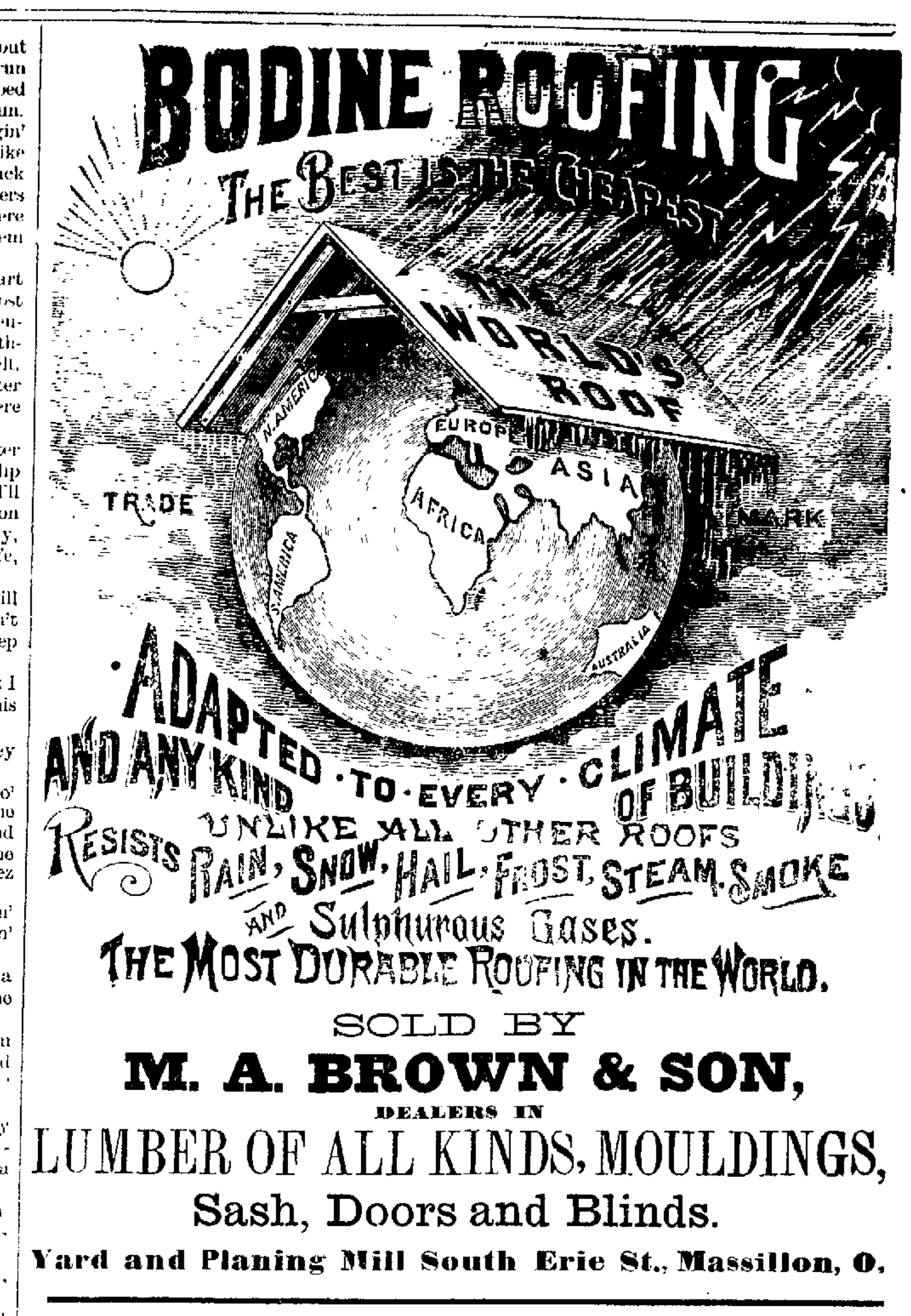
"I run ez fast ez my feet'd carry me to whar David lay stone dead. Fortner saddled his colt an' galloped off ter his cousin Jim Fortner's, ter rouse the home gyard. The colt reached Jim's house, bekase hits mammy wuz thar; but my son never did. In takin' the shortest road he hed ter cross the dangerousest ford on the Rockassel. The young beast wuz skeered nigh ter death, an' hits rider wuz drowned."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN APPLE JACK RAID.

The morning after the battle, Kent Edwards was strolling around the camp at Wildcat. "Shades of my hot-throated ancestors, who swallowed several fine farms by the tumblerful, how thirsty I am!" he said at length. "It's no wonder these Kentuckians are such hard drinkers. There's something in the atmosphere that makes me drier the farther we advance into the state. May be the pursuit of glory has something desiccating in it. At least, all the warriors I ever heard of seemed composed of clay that required as much moistening as unslaked lime. I will hie me to the hill of frankincense and the mountain of myrrh; in other words, I'll go back where Abe is, and get what's left in the canteen."

He found his saturnine comrade sitting on a log by a comfortable fire, restoring buttons which, like soldiers, had become "missing by



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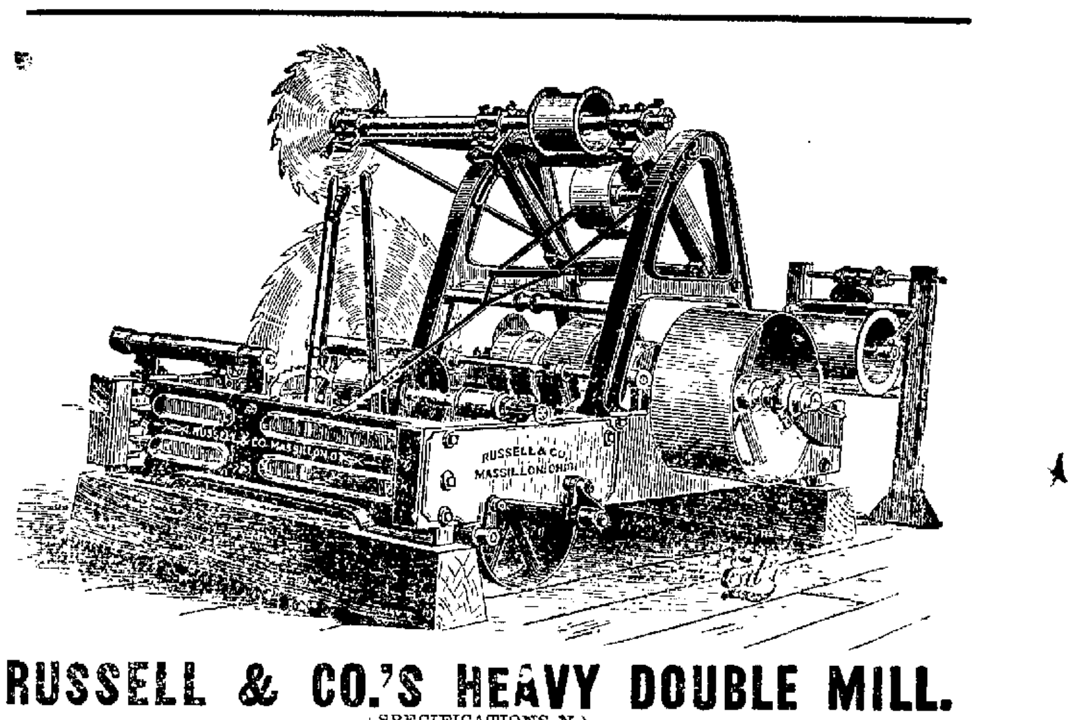
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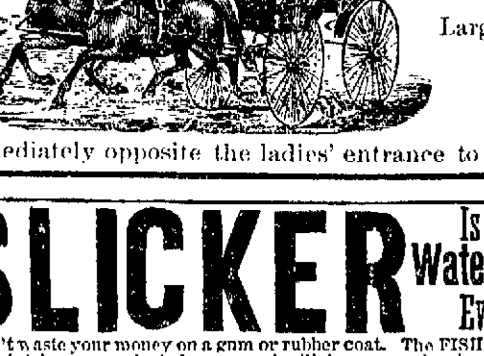
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reason of exigencies of the campaign."

Abe had stuck his needle down into the log beside him. Near were the buttons he had fished out of his pocket, and he was laboring with clumsy fingers and rising temper at an obdurate bunch of thread.

"I've been round looking over the field," said Kent, as he came up.

A contemptuous snort answered him.

"You ought to've been along. I saw a great many interesting things."

"O, yes, I s'pose. Awful interesting. Lot o' dead men laying around in the mud. 'Bout as interesting, I should say, as a spell o' setting on a coroner's jury. The things you find interesting would bore anybody else to death."

Abe gave the obstinate clump a savage twitch, which only made its knots more rebellious, and he looked as if strongly tempted to throw it into the fire.

"Don't do it, Abe," said Kent, with a laugh that irritated Abe worse still. "Thread's thread out here, a hundred miles from nowhere. You don't know where you'll get any more. Save it, my dear fellow, save it. Perchance you may yet sweetly beguile many an hour of your elegant leisure in unraveling its fantastic convolutions with your taper fingers, and——"

"Lord! Lord!" said Abe with an expression of deep weariness, but without looking in Kent's direction, "who's pulled the string o' that clack mill and set it to going? When it gets started once it rolls out big words like punkins dropping out o' the tail of a wagon going up hill. And there's no way o' stopping it, either. You've just got to wait till it runs down."

"The Proverbs say so fittingly that 'A fool delighteth not in wise instruction,'" said Kent, as he stepped around to the other side of the fire. His foot fell upon a projecting twig, the other end of which flew up and landed a very hot coal on the back of Abe's hand. Abe's action followed that of the twig, in the suddenness of his upspringing. He hurled an oath and a firebrand at his comrade.

"This is really becoming domestic," said Kent as he laughingly dodged. "The gentle amenities could not cluster more thickly around our fireside, even if we were married."

When Abe resumed his seat he did not come down exactly upon the spot from which he had arisen. It was a little farther to the right, where he had stuck the needle. He had forgotten all about it, but he rose with a howl when it keenly reminded him that like the star spangled banner, it "was still there."

"Don't rise on my account, I beg," said Kent with a deprecatory wave of the hand, as he hurried off to where he could laugh with safety. A saucy drummer boy, who neglected this precaution, received a cuff from Abe's heavy hand that thrilled the rest of the drum corps with delight.

When Abe's wrath subsided from this ebullient stage back to its customary one of simmer, Kent ventured to return.

"Say," said he, pulling over the coats and blankets near the fire, "where's that canteen?"

"There it is by the cups. Can't you see it? If it was a snake it'd bite you."

"It's done that already, several times, or rather its contents have. You know what the Bible says, 'Biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?' Ah, here it is. But gloomy forebodings seize me; it is suspiciously light. Paradoxically, its lightness induces gravity in me. But that pun is entirely too fine-drawn for camp atmosphere."

He shook the canteen near his ear. "Alas! no gurgle responds to my fond caresses:

Canteen, Mavourneen, O, why art thou silent,
Thou voice of my heart?

It is—woe is me—it is empty."

"Of course it is—you were the last person at it."

"I hurl that foul imputation back into thy teeth, base knave. Thou thyself art a very daughter of a horse leech with a canteen of whisky."

Abe looked at him inquiringly. "You must've found some, some place," he said, "or you wouldn't be so awfully glib. It's taken 'bout half a pint to loosen your tongue so that it'd run this way. I know you."

"No, I've not found a spoonful. The eloquence of thirst is the only inspiration I have at present. I fain would stay its cravings by quaffing a beaker of mountain distilled hair curler. Mayhap this humble receptacle contains yet a few drops which escaped thy ravenous thirst."

Kent turned the canteen upside down, and placed its mouth upon his tongue. "No," he said, with deep dejection, "all that delicious fluid of yesterday is now like the Father of his Country."

"Eh?" said Abe, puzzled.

"Because it is no more—it is no more. It belongs to the unreturning past."

"I say," he continued after a moment's pause, "let's go out and hunt for some. There must be plenty in this neighborhood. Nature never makes a want without providing something to supply it. Therefore, judging from my thirst, this country ought to be full of distilleries.

They buckled on their belts, picked up their guns and started out, directing their steps to the front.

In spite of the sunshine the walk through the battlefield was depressing. Scattered over the mountain side were fatigue parties engaged in hunting up the dead and burying them in shallow graves hastily dug in clay so red that it seemed as if saturated with the blood shed the day before. The buriers thrust their hands into the pockets of the dead with the flinching, nauseated air of men touching filth, and took from the garments seeping with water and blood, watches, letters, ambrotypes, money and trinkets, some of which they studied to gain a clew to the dead man's identity, some retained as souvenirs, but threw the most back into the grave with an air of loathing. The faces of the dead, with their staring eyes and open mouths and long, lank hair, cloyed with the sand and mud thrown up by the beating rain, looked indescribably repulsive.

The buriers found it better to begin their work by covering the features with a cap or a broad brimmed hat. It was difficult for the coarsest of them to fling a spadeful of dank clay directly upon the wide-open eyes and seemingly-speaking mouth.

"Those fellows' souls," said Kent, regarding the corpses, "seem to have left their earthly houses in such haste that they forgot to close the doors and windows after them. Somewhere I have read of a superstition that bodily tenements left in this way were liable to be entered and occupied by evil spirits, and from this rose the custom of piously closing the eyes and mouths of deceased friends."

"No worse spirit's likely to get into them than was shot out of 'em," growled Abe. "A Confederate with a gun is as bad an evil spirit as I ever expect to meet. But let's go on. It's another kind of an evil spirit that we are interested in just now—one that'll enter into and occupy our empty canteen."

"You're right. It's the enemy that my friend Shakespeare says we 'put into our mouths to steal away our brains.' By the way, what a weary hunt he must have in your cranium for a load worth stealing."

"There goes that clack mill again Great Cæsar! if the boys only had legs as lively as your tongue, what a racer the regiment would be! Cavalry'd be nowhere."

They walked on rapidly for a couple or three hours, without finding much encouragement in their search. The rugged mountain sides were but thinly peopled, and the few poor cabins they saw in the distance they decided were not promising enough of results to justify clambering up to where they were perched. At last, almost wearied out, they halted for a little while to rest and scan the interminable waves of summits that stretched out before them.

"Ah," said Kent, rising suddenly, "let's go on. Hope dawns at last. I smell apples. That's a perfume my nose never mistakes. We're near an orchard. Where there's an orchard there's likely to be a pretty good style of a house, and where in Kentucky there's good style of a house there's a likelihood of being plenty of good whisky. Now there's a train of brilliant inductive reasoning that shows that nature intended me to be a great natural philosopher. Come on, Abe."

The smell of apples certainly did grow more palpable as they proceeded, and Abe muttered that even if they did not get anything to drink they would probably get enough of the fruit to make an agreeable change in their diet.

They emerged from the woods into a cleared space where a number of roads and paths focused. To the right was a little opening in the mountain side, hardly large enough to be called a valley, but designated in the language of the region as a "hollow." At its mouth stood a couple of diminutive log cabins, of the rudest possible construction, and roofed with clapboards held in place by stones and poles. A long string of wooden troughs, supported upon props, conducted the water from an elevated spring to the roof of one of the cabins, and the water could be seen issuing again from underneath the logs at one side of the cabin. A very primitive cider mill—two wooden rollers fastened in a frame, and moved by a long sapling sweep attached to one of them—stood near. The ground was covered with rotting apple pomace, from which arose the odor that had reached Kent's nose.

"Hello!" said the latter, "here's luck: here's richness! We've succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, as the boy said who ran away from school to catch minnows, and caught a ducking, a bad cold and a licking. We've struck an apple-jack distillery, and as they've been at work lately, they've probably left enough somewhere to give us all that we can drink."

Abe's sigh was eloquent of a disbelief that such a consummation was possible, short of the blissful hereafter.

Inside of one of the cabins they found a still about the size of a tub, with a worm of similar small proportions, kept cool by the flow from the spring. Some tubs and barrels, in which the lees of cider were rapidly turning to vinegar, gave off a fruity, spirituous odor, but for awhile their eager search did not discover a bit of the distilled product. At last Kent, with a cry of triumph, dragged from a place of cunning concealment a small jug, stopped with a corncob. He smelled it hungrily.

"Yes, here is some. It's applejack, not a week old and as rank as a major general. Phew! I can smell every stick they burned to distill it. Abe, watch me closely while I drink. I magnanimously take the lead, out of consideration for you. If I ain't dead in five minutes you try it."

"O, stop monkeying and drink," was the impatient answer.

Kent put the jug to his mouth and took a long draught. "Shade of old Father Noah, the first drunkard," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "another swig like that would pull out all the rivets in my internal pipings. Heavens! it went down like pulling a cat out of a hole by the tail. I'm afraid to wipe my mouth, lest my breath burn a hole in the sleeve of my blouse."

Three quarters of an hour later the spirits in the jug were lowering and those in the men rising with unequal rapidity. Under the influence of the fiery stimulant, Kent's sanguine temperament boiled and bubbled over. Imagination painted the present and future in hues of dazzling radiance. Everything was as delightful as it could be now, and would become more charming as time rolled on. But with Abe Bolton drinking tended to develop moroseness into savagery.

"Ah, comfort me with applejack, and stay me with flagons of it!" said Kent Edwards, setting down the jug with the circumspection of a man not yet too drunk to suspect that he is losing exact control of his legs and arms. "That gets better the deeper down you go. First it was like swallowing a chestnut bur; now, old hand made Bourbon couldn't be smoother."

"A man can get used to a'most anything," said Bolton.

"I get gladder every day, Abe, that I came into the army. I wouldn't have missed all this experience for the finest farm in the Miami valley.

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
To soldier half a day,

Sir Walter Scott says—as I improve him."

"'Specially one of them soaking days when we were marching through the mud to Wildcat."

"O, those were just thrown in to make us appreciate good weather when we have it. Otherwise we wouldn't. You know what the song says:

For spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

"Well, for my part, one o' them days was enough to pison six months o' sunshine. I declare, I believe I'll feel mildewed for the rest of my life. I know if I pulled off my clothes you could scrape the green mold off of my back."

"And I'm sure that if we'd had the whole army to pick from, we couldn't 've got in with a better lot of boys and officers. Every one of them's true blue, and a man all the way through. It's the best regiment in the army, and our company's the best company in the regiment, and I flatter myself the company hasn't got two other as good men as we are."

"Your modesty 'll ruin you yet, Kent," said Abe, sardonically. "It's very painful to see a man going 'round underrating himself, as you do. If I could only get you to have a proper opinion of yourself—that is, believe that you are a bigger man than Gen. Scott or George B. McClellan, I'd have some hopes of you."

"We'll have one grand, big battle with the Secessionists now, pretty soon—everything's getting ripe for it—and we'll whip them like Wellington whipped Napoleon at Waterloo. Our regiment will cover itself with glory, in which you and I will have a big share. Then we'll march back to Sardis with flags flying and drums beating, everybody turning out, and the bands playing 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' when you and I come down the street, and we'll be heroes for the rest of our natural lives."

"Go ahead, and tell the rest of it to the mash tubs and the still. I've heard as much as I can stand, and I must have a breath of fresh air. I'm going into the other cabin to see what's there."

Kent followed him to the door with the jug in his hand.

"Kent, there's a man coming down that path there," said Abe, pulling himself together, after the manner of a half drunken man whose attention is powerfully attracted.

"Where?" asked Kent, setting the jug down with solicitous gentleness, and reaching back for his musket.

"There, by that big chestnut. Can't you see him? or have you got so much whisky in you that you can't see anything? He's in Confederate clothes, and he's got a gun. I'm going to shoot him."

"Maybe he's one of these loyal Kentuckians, Hold on a minute, till you are sure," said Kent, half cocking his own gun.

"The last words of Gen. Washington were: 'Never trust a nigger with a gun.' A man with that kind o' cloze has no business carrying weepons around in this country. I'm going to shoot."

"If you shoot with your hands wobbling that way you'll make him as full of holes as a skimmer. That'd be cruel. Steady yourself up a little, while I talk to him.

"Halt there!" commanded Kent, with a thick tongue. "Who are you, and how many are with you?"

"I'm a Union man," said Fortner, for it was he, "an' I'm alone."

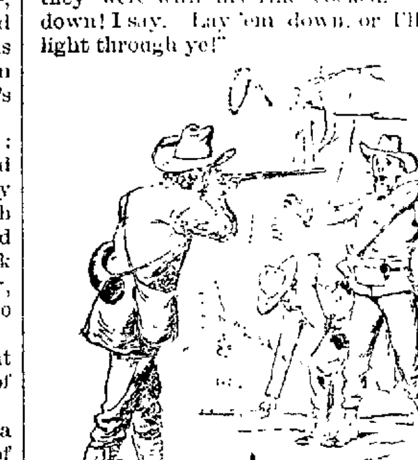
"Lay down your gun and come up here if you are a friend," ordered Kent.

The swaggering imperiousness in Edwards' tone nettled Fortner as much as the order itself. "I don't make a practice of layin' down my gun fur no man," he said proudly. "I'm ez good Union ez ary of you 'uns dar be, an' I don't take no orders from ye. I could've killed ye both ef I'd a-wanted ter afore ye ever seed me."

Bolton's gun cracked, and the bullet buried itself in the thick, soft bark of the chestnut, just above Fortner's head, and threw dust and chips in his eyes. He brushed them away angrily and instinctively raised his rifle. Kent took this as his cue to fire, but his aim was even worse than Abe's.

"Ruined again by strong drink," he muttered despairingly, as he saw the failure of his shot. "Nothing but new applejack could make me miss so fair a mark."

"Now, ye fellers, lay down yore guns!" shouted Fortner, springing forward to where they were with his rifle cocked. "Lay 'em down! I say. Lay 'em down, or I'll let daylight through ye!"



"Now ye fellers, lay down yore guns!"

"He's got us, Abe," said Kent, laying down his musket reluctantly. His example was followed by Abe, who, however, did not place his gun so far that he could not readily pick it up again, if Fortner gave him an instant's opportunity. Fortner noticed this and pushed the musket farther away with his foot, still covering the two with his rifle.

"Ye see now," he said, "thet I hev ye at my marcy, ef I wanted to kill or captur ye. Ef I gin ye back yer guns, ye'll admit thet I'm yer friend, and not yer inimy, won't ye?"

"It'll certainly look like an overture to a permanent and disinterested friendship," said Kent, brightening up; and Abe, who was gathering himself up for a spring to catch Fortner's rifle, let his muscles relax again.

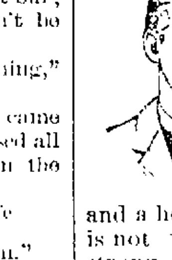
"Well, ye kin take up yer guns agin and load 'em," said Fortner, letting down the hammer of his rifle. "I'm Jim Fortner, supposed ter be the pizenest Union man on the Rockassel! Come along ter my house, an' I'll gin ye a good meal o' vittels. Hit's on'y a little piece off, an' I've got thar one of yer fellers. His name's Harry Glen.

(To be continued.

"UNCLE REMUS."

The True Story of Joel Chandler Harris, Dialect Author.

It is a pity to disturb the romantic tale that has gone about the country in reference to this popular writer. But the truth is he was not born in Africa, but in Putnam County, Georgia. He isn't a great Hebrew and Sanscrit scholar either, but an American boy, who never went to school anywhere enough to spoil him. Neither did his sweetheart die of yellow-fever and leave him alone with his grief and a head of snow-white hair. His hair is not white with grief, but is thick, strong, and stubby, and a good, honest red. His first work for the public was in a shanty printing office in the woods.



But the shanty printing office was burned during Sherman's march to the sea. Then young Harris went to Savannah, thence to Atlanta. Like Artemus Ward, this later genuine American humorist began life a printer. He was a reporter on the Atlanta *Constitution* when he wrote the first Uncle Remus sketch. It struck the note of success. The Uncle Remus stories are a lasting part of American literature as much as Burns' poetry is a part of Scotch life and history.

It is pleasant to know, too, that he did not invent the plantation stories and sketches, but that they are genuinely what they assume to be. Mr. Harris has gathered up the negro folk lore of the South and preserved it in permanent form. Only for him many choice and quaint treasures of literature would have been lost.

The best known of the sketches is the strange and striking legend of "Brer Fox and the Tar Baby and Brer Rabbit." Mr. Harris is 40 years old, a delightful friend, and a hard worker in literature and journalism. The *Century* magazine now publishes his productions in advance of their appearance elsewhere.

An Unfortunate Arnheim.

A young man with an expression of confidence on his face entered a Michigan avenue clothing store yesterday and asked:

"I am straight business. I want a suit of clothes. There are seven of us who will buy our clothes at the same place. I have been sent on ahead to get prices."

"Humph!"

"If I bring the other six here to buy what will you make this $20 suit for?"

The clothier went over and sat down by the stove with a disgusted look on his face.

"You didn't answer my question."

"My frendt, please go oudt. You make me werry tired!"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to bring the party here?"

"No, my frendt, I don't. All my sales to-day goes to an orphan asylum, and I like to keep 'em down to a summer coat and a pair of second-hand pants! Better try der man two door below."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MICHAEL DAVITT'S BRIDE-ELECT.

When He First Met Miss Yore—Her Narrow Escape from Drowning.

Michael Davitt, the father of the Land League and champion of the Irish cause, will shortly marry Miss Mary A. Yore, of St. Joseph, Mich. Mr. Davitt's attention was first attracted to his bride elect



Mary A. Yore.

at a musical entertainment in St. Francis de Sales Church, at Oakland, Cal. Miss Yore was singing soprano, and he was struck with the fine quality of her voice, and sought her acquaintance. She is the daughter of John Yore, of St. Joseph, who is a prosperous but not wealthy country merchant When little more than an infant she was adopted by her aunt, Mrs. James Canning, of Oakland, Cal., and has since lived with her, being regarded by Mr and Mrs Canning with as much affection as if she were their daughter in reality. Miss Yore was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Oakland, and it was there Mr. Davitt first saw her. This was six years ago. The young lady is now the principal soprano singer in the choir of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Oakland. It has been stated that she is an heiress in her own right This is not so. Mrs. Canning is very wealthy, and it is probable that a large portion of her property will go to her adopted daughter. Miss Yore, who has just passed her twentieth year, is a brunette, and of graceful figure. Her face is not strikingly handsome, but her charm of manner makes up for any lack of beauty of feature. She is a pleasing conversationalist. Her father is still living.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Yore to Mr. Davitt recalls the sad death of her mother in 1870, and the narrow escape of the bride elect from a tragic death at the same time. Mrs. Yore and her daughter, then twelve years old, were on their way to the funeral of a relative, when the tongue of the wagon in which they were riding became detached from the harness, and the vehicle was dashed against the side rail of a bridge, which gave way, precipitating the party into the river twenty feet below. The accident was witnessed by persons on the bridge who hurried to the rescue. A leaky boat was launched, but soon filled with water. Finally Mrs. Yore was drawn ashore with her daughter clasped in her arms. She was dead, but the child had escaped unharmed. Miss Yore was then adopted by a sister of her mother, and went with her new friends to California to live. A few years ago Miss Yore visited Ireland and afterward made a tour of Europe.

Worth $10,000,000.

Of the widow of the late Mark Hopkins, the California millionaire, the New York *World* says:

Mrs. Hopkins is a plain woman outside and inside.

She has no society airs, no social frills, no ambitions at all along the line of personal show yet she has probably expended more money on architects and buildings than any twenty women in the land. Her residence in Great Barrington, like that in California, is a vast pile of costly show, and of no special use. Some time ago she built a Congregational parsonage in Great Barrington, and is understood to have furnished it very nicely, and aided materially in the support of its occupants. Her neighbors speak of her without reserve, and they have but little to say. She is a comfortable-looking person, always wearing spectacles or eye-glasses, with severe taste in dress, and apparently but two desires in life—one to be known as the owner of a magnificent residence, the other to "die rich," so that Timothy, her mainstay and hope, may continue his standing among the millionairistic fraternity of the land. The extraordinary incidents that garland her life, that hang like pearls of bewilderment upon the string of her existence, afford her friends and neighbors and the public at large abundant opportunity for wonder and amazement, and certainly food for reflection. A humble-born New England girl, giving her heart and hand to a not overdesirable person, goes to seek with the husband of her heart a fortune in the far-off land, auriferous for some, pestiferous for many. Hard lines beat themselves in the faces of husband and wife. Care sits upon their weary eyelids, and time hangs heavy on their hands, for which occupation remunerative can not be found. A trivial incident unexpected, an accident opens a door, and in the twinkling of an eye they find themselves, husband and wife together in a chamber absolutely stored with the wealth of a Monte Cristo. Too solid to be made nervous, so utterly devoid of ambition, political or social, as to care nothing for the usual developments of sudden fortunes, animated by no loftly impulse, they simply shut the door and filled their pockets.

The old man died—the property survived.

"Yes, sir," said Jones, "women are awfully curious." "When did you make the discovery?" inquired Brown. "O, I've always held that opinion" was the reply, "but I have now demonstrated the fact." "How so?" "Why, you see, Thompson knows all about that Smith scandal, and I wanted him to tell me about it. He wouldn't though I offered him a $5 bill. When I told my wife about it she almost cried, and wanted to know why I didn't offer $10."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

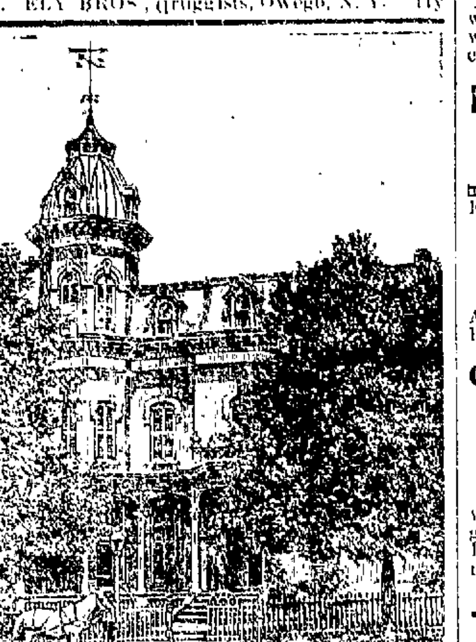
For 20 years Henry F. Balcom, of Shirley, Mass., suffered from rheumatism. He found no relief till he took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ELY'S
Cream Balm
Gives Relief at once and Cures
Cold in Head,
CATARRH,
Hay Fever.



Not a Liquid, Snuff or powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y. 1ly



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Backache, Crick, [illegible] pains, Sore Chest or pains in any part local or deep-seated, quickly relieved when HOP PLASTER is applied. A powerful strengthener, and the best pain plaster ever known. Made from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam and the virtues of fresh Hops. Always handy for sudden pains and weaknesses. Magic in action. 25c. 5 for $1.00, everywhere. Mailed for price. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

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The dose is small. One package contains a sufficient quantity for a long treatment.

CATARRH

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Easy and pleasant to use.

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Cure for the Deaf

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums
Perfectly RESTORE the HEARING, and perform the work of the **Natural Drum,** Always in position, **but invisible to others** and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. 25 4t

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Three new dwelling houses and one vacant lot on West Tremont street.
The Newstetter house on South East street.
A large lot fronting on West Main street.
Kent Jarvis' Second Addition, below Russell & Co.'s shops:
W. ½ of lots No. 32, 33 and 34 on Chester street.
Lot No. 6 on Erie street.
E. ½ of lots No 25, 26 and 27 Edwin street.
Lots No. 55, 56, 57 and 58, Edwin street.
W. ½ of lots No. 47 and 48 Dwight street.
One cheap dwelling house in Taylor Clay's Addition to Massillon, North of Cherry street.

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S. A. Conrad & Co.

MAIN STREET, MASSILLON,

dealers in Foreign and Domestic

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with a large stock of

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Paints, Glass, Etc.,

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Horse Shoes of Every Variety

Required by Diseased Feet.

Horses with Corns, Gravel, Quarter Cracks, Thrush Flat or Contracted Feet, will receive

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Also Over-Reaching, Interfering, Stumbling, Knee Banging, and everything requiring

Care and Skill in Shoeing

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BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Thos. Brooks is recovering from her late illness.

S. A. Peters has started another drill hole on the section.

John Dodd, of Pleasant View, is trying to organize a singing class

A meeting of those interested will be held at the school house Saturday evening to organize a literary society.

D. A. Leviers, drilling on the Sonhalter & Krause territory, drilled through four feet and seven inches of coal last week.

Mart Harbaugh is rigging up a set of drill tools for Jacob Christman. Mr. Christman intends drilling for coal on his farm west of town.

Mr. James Christman and Miss Mary Keller, of Wayne county, daughter of Mrs. Keller of this place, were married Tuesday, the 14th. They left the same day for Illinois.

The Salvation Army had a large crowd Thursday evening, mostly lookers on. Some of these from "Sixteen," indulged in a free fight on their way home There is talk of calling out the Home Guards, of the Salvation Army, to preserve order.

Mrs. W. H Peters received a letter from Tres Piedras, N. M., last Saturday that her husband and three companions were found dead near Ft. Wingsgate The writer of the letter supposed they came to their deaths from the bite of a tarantula. Mr. Peters leaves a wife and six children

The debate on nonpartisan vs. partisan Prohibition, between Harvey Smith and D W. Walter, at the township hall last Friday evening, was a success. Mr. Smith affirmed that partisan prohibition defers prohibition, and Mr. Walter denied the same. The opinion prevails among the majority of those who were present that Mr. Walter got a decided "cleaning out." Mr. Walter's answers were very illogical; he merely referred to portions of the arguments and neglected to answer the arguments as whole.

NAVARRE.

Literary has been adjourned until after the holidays.

A number from here are viewing the Cleveland cyclorama.

Miss Laura Garver is visiting her many Cleveland friends.

John McWhinney, of Justus, visited this place on business, Monday.

Old Mother Stehbarger was buried in the Catholic graveyard last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs Jacob Heun, of Redmon, Ill., are guests at the farm residence of Michael Zintsmaster.

Downing, as Spartacus the Gladiator, attracted numerous Navarreites to Massillon on Saturday night.

Miss Emma Ricksecker, after a protracted siege of diphtheria and rheumatism, is again able to be about.

The M. E church social is preparing to render a drama. "The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved," on New Year's night in Opera Hall.

Barefooted urchins on our streets last week made us forget December, and carried us rapidly, but for a short time only, forward to gentle spring.

Immediately after the close of St. Clement's fair, which is to be given about the holidays, they will have a drawing. An organ and a lady's gold watch are among the prizes to be drawn.

Miss Maggie Perry returned to her Massillon home Monday, after a week pleasantly spent among Navarre friends. The accomplished lady gives us a good opinion of Massillon belles.

CHAPMAN.

Miss Carrie Edwards, of Mineral Ridge, is visiting her many friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Richards are in Asthabula county, attending the funeral of a sister of Mrs. Richards.

Andy Burgel and Henry Suhr, of Massillon, came this way last Friday and picked up all the loose game we had.

Wm. Jacket and family relatives of our worthy postmaster, Thomas Masters, landed here fresh from old England last week.

Now would be a splendid time for the miners of the Sherrodsville district to advance their price of mining to a corresponding basis with other districts of the State.

The bill under consideration at Washington, D. C., extending the free delivery of the mails, leaves out Massillon, and takes in the city west of us, Wooster.

The difficulty between Phil. A Young and J. S. Coxe has been bridged over by Mr. Coxe taking possession of the stock and paying Mr. Young his demands.

Robert Bell came out and tested the scales at Willow bank No. 6, and found them correct. This mine was idle a few days last week, through the weigh boss, Wm. Hollinger, circulating a lie on the check weighman D. E. Reese. It seems he could not get ahead of Reese at the scales, and had to resort to the above. It was taken back by degrees, and now the white winged dove of harmony is again visible, and the mine running as usual.

ELTON.

A Week of Catastrophes.

Some of the young people tripped the light fantastic at Frank Beazel's one nigt last week.

On Saturday Zack Ickes had one foot crushed so badly that one toe had to be amputated.

Calvin Carr who has been working for George McFarren has changed his quarters and may now be found near Orrville

The literary society at Goat Hill is growing in interest and the discussions gain much from help given by the house holders

Tuesday, a young Italian had his leg broken, he is only a lad, and had been saving money to take him to his parents in South America. Drs. Reidenbour and McMillen have him in charge.

John Thomas the son of the post master was injured Friday. His charge not going off as soon as he expected, he went to examine it, just then the explosion occurred and he received the worst of the load in his face. Under the care of Drs. McMillen and Pease he is doing well but the loss of one eye and the marks and discolorations on his face will always be with him.

A Correspondent on the Public Library

A library building of elegant proportions, and ample dimensions, built within the circle of the business portion of the town, as for instance, the Main street end of the park, with broad walks leading to its entrances and encircling it; surrounded by trees of the five growth giving it an air of quietude and repose within. The library room inside to be of ample size, anticipating the demand for space for years to come, supplied with the largest number of the best books, present means would justify, not forgetting such works of art as might be from time to time afforded; a reading room with a full supply of the best newspapers and magazines of the day; a room for conversation, offices of convenience, and a lecture room if we find we can afford it. To be well lighted by day and by night, a pleasant temperature and good ventilation maintained, winter and summer, and where all classes, rich and poor, with equal privileges will be gladly welcomed on one common friendly ground.

That such a project carried to a successful issue would be of inestimable benefit to Massillon none can dispute, as a source of quiet pleasure, as a source of information, giving light in many a darkened place, as a means of tending ultimately to beneficial changes in places which are now our shame, by its great means of education, by means of those pleasant halls luring the lonely young man away from those sources of intemperance, infamy and crime and lastly but not least it will be a place, where the student, the scholar and those of literary proclivities may find works to meet their wants. That it would advertise and attract many a nice family to our city for a home, who can doubt; that it would ever be a lasting monument of a laudable undertaking, a source of credit to the town, giving evidence of an atmosphere of progress and culture, who cannot appreciate?

MASSILLON AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Maude Granger, the famous emotional actress, will appear in this city on Christmas eve.

The performance of the "The Tourists," on Monday night was exceedingly poor. The company had a small audience, but fully as large as it deserved

The Canton *Democrat* says of the new manager of the Charity School: "Mr. Southworth, is a gentleman, in the prime of life, wide-awake and energetic, and in every way qualified for the position

DOWNING AS SPARTACUS.

Every prediction, every press notice and every commendatory word said of Mr Robert Downing before his appearance in this city, Saturday night, was fully verified. There was only one verdict, and that was, that it was a mere complete presentation of a classical work, than any Massillon has ever had Excellent as it was in every detail, it led people to say, "I never liked tragedy until to-night"

Interest centered in Mr. Downing who, as Spartacus, held the audience as though within his grasp, one moment raising enthusiastic plaudits and the next throwing it into anger or sadness. He has a rich and rare voice, not so attractive as that of the late McCullough, but full of power. Graceful in every movement, he is also the possessor of a physique finer than that of any American tragedian. Scarcely inferior was Mr Aveling's Phasarius. His description of the crucifiction was fearfully realistic, and this and other superb work won for him several recalls.

The audience was not large but appreciative, a fact too characteristic to provoke favorable comment To be plain and not elegant, the Massillon theatregoer's hindsight is better than his foresight. Mr. Downing went from Massillon to Canton, and in a few days will open in the Star Theatre of New York.

PENCHANT PARAGRAPHS.

A CONDENSATION OF THE TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Political Pointers and Personal Palavers. Labor, Love and Trades's Trials—Hall Rumblings—Foreign Fancies and Fires. Casualties and Crimes—News Notes.

An exploding locomotive at Jersey Shore, Pa., killed Engineers Knight and Wearne, and Fireman Ramsey. Two machinists were fatally injured.

An infant child of Mrs. Jacob Wagner was burned to death at Tremont City, O.

Mrs. William Hutts was fatally injured by a runaway accident near Lafayette, Ind

Raymond B. Livermore, of the New York Produce Exchange, was accidentally killed by the cars on the Hudson River road.

By a collision on the Memphis & Charleston railroad, Conductor T. F. Greer had both legs cut off, and three tramps, who were stealing a ride, were killed.

Three tramps were killed by a freight train collision near Memphis Saturday.

Shapleigh & Cantwell's hardware store at St. Louis burned Saturday night. Two men lost their lives.

Mrs. McClure, her daughter and son were killed at Chicago Saturday night by gas from a coal stove.

Three large boilers at Charles Hofferbert's sawmill, Evansville, Ind., exploded. The fireman, Frank Paplin, was killed and others injured.

Personal.

The Liquor Dealers' Mutual Protective Association met in Louisville and elected W. H. Thomas president.

Thomas J. Vail has been re-elected secretary of the National Trotting association after a heated contest

Col. William G. Moore has been appointed chief of police of Washington, D. C.

The C, C, C & I. Mutual Assurance association elects Robert Blee, of Cleveland, president

C. V. Simmons, editor of the Hartford City, Ind., Telegram, has been made postmaster of that city

The explorer Henry Stanley has been summoned to Belgium by the king.

Frances Murphy will begin a series of temperance meetings in Cincinnati next Sunday evening.

Capt. Paul Boynton denies that he is any way connected with the Mexican filibustering scheme

Rev. Dr. William H Roberts, late of Princeton college, has been installed as a professor in Lane seminary, Cincinnati.

Cable Sparks.

"Rev." Theodore Kentinge, the clerical impostor, Dublin, was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

England's cabinet will introduce a coercion bill for Ireland as the first measure when parliament reassembles.

The queen will not allow newspapers containing reports of the Campbell divorce suit to be admitted into her household.

A workman at Berlin hurled a stone into the library of Emperor Wilhelm. The missile passed through the window, but injured no one.

The summer palace of King Charles, of Roumania, was wrecked by dynamite Saturday night The man who fired the stuff was killed by the explosion.

At Holmfirth, England, Saturday, Joshua Woodcock, insane, drowned his two young sons in the town reservoir and then threw himself in, also drowning.

The Death Roll.

J. William Nichols, a prominent Xenia, O., banker, is dead.

Benjamin Ogden, aged eighty years, one of the pioneers of the Wabash Valley, died at his home near Genoso, Ind., Thursday morning.

W. L. Gibbs, a traveling man for Stribley & Company, of Cincinnati, died at Nashville, Tenn. He will be buried at Rochester, N. Y.

Twelve members of the Forty-ninth congress have already died.

Ex-Governor Charles H. Crosswell, of Michigan, is dead.

Dr. Adams, a young physician, died at Marseilles, O., the cause of his death being overdoses of chloral, taken for nervous trouble

Labor Notes.

Sixty girls in Selz, Schwab & Co.'s shoe factory at Chicago are out on a strike.

The reports that the engineers of the Pennsylvania Railroad company were joining the Knights of Labor are pronounced untrue by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

Southern planters are combining in an effort to crush out the attempt of the Knights of Labor to organize field hands.

It cost Wisconsin $16,640 to call out the militia during the recent labor strikes in Milwaukee. The Knights of Labor who were charged with rioting have been tried but the jury disagreed, standing six to six.

Nine hundred Cincinnati coopers have struck for higher wages.

All the leading coal mines in the vicinity of Youngstown, O., are idle, with little prospect of a settlement of the labor dispute.

Business Troubles.

Field, Thayer & Company, of Boston, the largest dealers in boots and shoes in New England, have failed. Liabilities $6[illegible],000.

Myer & Ackerman, hardware dealers, of Milwaukee, have assigned. Liabilities, $14,000.

William R. Shoemaker, of Metropolis, Ill., has made an assignment. Liabilities $16,000; assets $6,000.

John & W. F. Howe & Company, dealers in blankets and yarns, of 130 West Pearl street, Cincinnati, have made an assignment to J. C Harper. Liabilities $125,000, assets $100,000.

Lake & Son, general merchants, London, have assigned. Liabilities, £1,000,000.

E. M. & W. Ward, of New York, shirt manufacturers, have failed for $50,000.

Political Pointers.

Louisville Courier-Journal wants to bet money that the next Republican presidential ticket will be: For president, Lucius Fairchild, Wisconsin; for vice president, William Walter Phelps, New Jersey.

The circuit court of Indiana has rendered a decision in the suit of State Senator Smith against the secretary of state to prevent him from delivering the returns to the lieutenant governor. It sustained the demurrer, and the case will probably be taken to the supreme court.

D. N. Surface, of Logansport, Ind., has withdrawn his affidavit, charging fraud in the election of A. R. Shroyer as state senator.

The Fire Record.

The Sterry House block, at Jonesboro, Ga., was destroyed by fire. Loss $40,000.

The extensive woolen mills at Clinton, Mich., were destroyed by fire. Loss $180,000.

Springfield's (Ill.) new $4,000,000 court house was injured $10,000 worth by fire.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of books belonging to the Oxford university burned Sunday

The court house at Poplar Bluff, Mo., burned. All the valuable books and papers were saved.

STOP and READ!

If You Wish Any Fine Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors

We have on hand the following brands which are known all over the world:

Guckenheimer's, Finch's Golden Wedding, Monongahela Rye and McBrayer's Celebrated Sour Mash Whiskies.

Any of the above brands in Full Quart Bottles at $1.00.

We also have the Pure California Port, Sherry and Angelica Wine, made from the Grape. Full quart Bottles at 50 cents.

Extra Fine Imported Liquors for Medicinal use. Give us a call and be convinced.

PENN LIQUOR CO.,

OLD P. O. ROOM, 29 S. ERIE ST.,

MASSILLON, - OHIO.

MASSILLON.

Wheat, per bushel	... to 75
Oats	27 to 28
Corn	to 35
Barley	65 to 70
Hay, per ton	10
Eggs, per doz.	18
Chickens per lb	
Butter	22
Potatoes	30 to 35

How Mean Some Men Can Be

The measure of meanness with which Richland county has treated Mr. Charles Krider and the Massillon police, after all that has been done by them is almost incomprehensible.

The rumor, published last summer, that the Richland authorities would not pay them their just reward for arresting the horse thieves proves to be entirely true. This is the way they got around it.

The man Mowers' horses were first stolen, and after that, the county commissioners offered a reward for the arrest of any thieves. Later several more horses were stolen, one from a man named Hunt. Mowers' advertised as a fact that a reward would be given if his horses were recovered and the robbers were caught, and Mr. Hunt, also.

The horses and thief, Landis were caught and Mr. Krider and Officer Hagan demanded the reward. The commissioners said that their reward only applied to cases occurring after Mowers' loss. Then the Stark county men asked for the reward for the Hunt horse, which was stolen after the commissioners offered the reward. They were put off until the trial of Landis. Right here is where the smallness of the scheme is most apparent. Landis was made to plead guilty to the charge of stealing the Mowers horses, and the stealing of the Hunt horse was purposely ignored. Now that Landis is safe in the penitentiary, it is claimed that, as he was never tried or convicted for stealing the Hunt horse, no reward can be paid. Thus the case now rests.

Health Bulletin.

Reports to the Ohio State Board of Health srom 66 observers (embracing 12 counties) show the following diseases to prevail for the week ending, Saturday noon, December 11, 1886. (Last two columns of figures are for previous week based on report of 74 observers).

FORM OF DISEASE (in the order of prevalence)	No. who report cases	No. of cases reported	No. who report cases	No. of Cases reported
Bronchitis, (acute)	10	121	42	126
Consumption	18	17	35	52
Malarial fevers	27	66	27	79
Pneumonia	25	54	26	32
Diphtheria	24	45	..	..
Diarrhoeal diseases	16	25	26	61
Erysipelas	15	17	13	17
Typhoid fever	9	11	11	24
Pleurisy	8	9	13	18
Measles	6	29	7	169
Croup	5	6	11	28
Scarlet fever	4	11	8	23
Whooping cough	4	7	8	21
Cerebro spinal meningitis	..	..	..	..

Acute bronchitis prevails as compared with last week. There has been an increase in cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and erysipelas; a decrease in cases of consumption, diarrhoeal diseases, typhoid fever, pleurisy, measles, croup, scarlet fever and whooping cough.

C. O. Probst, M. D., Secretary.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

On the occasion of the holidays, the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway will sell round trip tickets to all stations at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good going December 24, 25 and 31 and January 1. Good to return until Jan. 1.

The Pennsylvania Lines west of Pittsburg will sell holiday excursion tickets, at one fare for the round trip, to and from all stations, on December 24th, 25th and 31st 1886, and January 1st, 1887, good returning until January 3d, 1887, inclusive. For full information apply to nearest agent of the Pennsylvania Company, Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Company and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Railroad Company.

Holiday excursion at one fare for the round trip! The Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railway Company, Panhandle and Mt. Vernon Route, will sell excursion tickets to and from all stations on their line on the following dates—Dec. 15th, 26th and 31st, 1886, and Jan. 1st, 1887, good returning until January 4th, inclusive, at one fare for round trip.

West MASSILLON COAL Co.,

P. Sonnhalter & Co., Prop'rs,

Miners of the finest quality of Massillon Coal.

Best Quality of Massillon Lump.
Pure Nut for Cook Stove use.

Coarse and Fine Slack for Base Burners.

City Office at C. Warth's Grocery, West Main Street.
City Telephone 28.

City Agent and Collector, GEO. W. SCHROCK.
Bank Telephone 60.

It Ought to be Enforced Here.

The law forbidding the hauling of loads weighing more than 2,500 pounds in any wagon having a tire of less than four inches width over macadamized or graveled roads between the 15th of November and 15th of May is being enforced in neighboring counties in order to prevent newly made roads from being cut up by narrow tires.—*Lima Times.*

The sales of the Century Magazine have gone up over 20,000 copies in six weeks, since beginning the Life of Lincoln. A second edition of December will be issued on the 15th. A veteran New York publisher predicts that the permanent edition of the magazine will go beyond 300,000 before the completion of the Lincoln history.

We are informed by the several railroad agents of this place that they know of no persons in Orville loitering around the depots and insulting ladies. They are always on the watch to see that passengers receive proper attention and civil treatment and report that if any one insulted a lady he must have been some traveling man.—*Orrville Crescent.*

H. F. OEHLER'S

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STOVES, RANGES,

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

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14 W. Main St, - - MASSILLON

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y. 5-48-c-p-nr-t-e-or-1mf

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GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE.

SUCH AS

Parlor Suits,
Chamber Suits,
Bedsteads,
Bureaus,
Tables,
Lounges
SPRING BEDS,
Hair,
Husk and
Sea Grass
Mattresses
and the original
Woven Wire Mattress

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

JOHN H. OGDEN.

A. J. Humberger & Son.

SPECIALTIES.

Fine Lace Curtains

" Embroideries

" Dress Goods

" Parasols.

Call and inspect the Bargains we can show you in Hosiery.

DR. F. Z. GROFF,



Veterinary Surgeon,

Office and Infirmary near Sippo Station, 3½ miles west of Massillon.

Will treat diseases of all domestic animals, also perform all operations of surgery by the latest improved methods. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Residence connected with Massillon Telephone Exchange, also branch office at Z. T Baltzly's drug store, where full information can be had at all times, with telephone privileges. Postoffice, Sippo, Ohio.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for $2 and $3 per dozen.

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